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THE
COUNTRYS
COMPLAINT
Recovnting
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Anal. at end.

Mercurius Ruſticus:

OR,

The COUNTRIES Complaint of the barbarous Outrages committed by the

SECTARIES

of this late flouriſhing

KINGDOM.

Together with

A brief CHRONOLOGY of the Battels, Sieges, Conflicts, and other moſt remarkable Paſſages, from the beginning of this unnatural War, to the 25th of *March*, 1646.

Bruno Ryves

Jer. 15. 13.

Thy ſubſtance and thy treaſure will I give to the ſpoil without price, and that for all thy ſins, even in all thy borders.

LONDON:

Printed for *R. Royſton*, Book-ſeller to the King's Moſt Excellent Majeſty, and are to be ſold by *R. Green*, Book-ſeller in *Cambridge*. 1685.

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THE PREFACE.

WHen the ſins of this Kingdom were ripe for puniſhment, the Divine Juſtice permitted a great part of it to be beſotted with Diſcontents either wholly cauſeleſs, or ſuch as His Majeſty was pleaſed to remedy with Grants ſo unmeaſurably gracious, as could not otherwiſe be juſtified than by their importunity that demanded them, and His Majeſties Royall tenderneſs of his Subjects peace and ſafety.

Theſe Grants were ſo far from ſatisfying thoſe, whoſe broken fortunes and boundleſs deſires would not permit them to live without a Civil War, that they make of them no other uſe than thereby to ſtrengthen themſelves to demand more: till at laſt they broke out into a moſt unnatural Rebellion.

The people alwaies apt to cheriſh murmurs and invectives againſt their Princes,

and now grown wanton with the fruits of a long peace, incline to Abners *mind, and think the war (which yet they knew not) but a ſport. Therefore with a great facility they imbrace the deſign: and the baits to cover the Hooks with, are* the preſervation of Religion, *and* the vindication of Liberty. *And howſoever they cannot reconcile their practiſe with Gods command, which under* pain of damnation forbids all Subjects to reſiſt their King: *yet they are ſo wedded to that intereſt which they challenge in* Religion, *and Liberty, that for Gods command, if they cannot untie the Knot, they reſolve to cut it. Do but aſſure them that the forbidden fruit will make them as Gods, and they will eat it though it be forbidden: do but perſwade them that to take up arms againſt their Sovereign is the way to ſecure their* Religion *and Liberty, and they make bold with God for once to chooſe their own way for ſo good an end.*

From ſo deſperate Reſolution, had they had but Morall juſtice, they might have been kept back by the improbability of thoſe calumnies whereby

whereby His Majeſty was traduced, as intending to alter Religion *and infringe their Liberties.*

Or had Religion (*to which they do ſo Zealouſly pretend*) *had that potent influence upon them, it might have taught them,* that Religion cannot be defended by tranſgreſſing Gods commands, which are the Rule of it.

But if nothing elſe, yet even regard to their own pretenſions, the defence of Religion *and Liberty, ſhould have wrought in them a deteſtation of* Rebellion, *which is ſo contrary to both.*

For as an eye had to Gods dominion over us ſhould exact obedience to his commands, though never ſo much to our prejudice: So the meditation of his infinite goodneſs ought to win it from us, becauſe his commands enjoyn us onely what is for our good, if we could ſee it.

He would not have forbidden Subjects to defend Religion *againſt their King by force of Arms, but that he knew as Rebels can be no friends to Religion, ſo it gaines love and admiration by the innocent patience of*

those that profess it; *whereas* Bloodshed, Force, *and* Rapine, (*the fruits of* Rebellion) *procure* Hatred *or* Hypocrisie.

And for Liberty, *it is for the good of mankind, to forbid the assertion of it by Subjects Arms taken up against their Prince: both because that pretence would otherwise be used by those that have a design to make the abused people their own slaves, and because Rebellion doth more violate the Subjects liberty, than is morally possible for the worst Prince in times of peace to do.*

This truth was known before by speculation to a few, whose endeavours to infuse it into the distempered peoples minds, had the fate of Cassandraes *predictions*, to hit the truth and want belief, *till these sad times have at last verified it by a costly experience.*

That this may be more universally beneficial; you have too plentifull a harvest of Instances collected in the insuing Relations: wherein may evidently be seen, that this War which the multitude was so fond of, as the only means to preserve Religion

and

and Liberty, *hath been almoſt the utter ruin of them both.*

Here you ſhall find theſe great pretenders to Religion, *ſuppreſſing that which themſelves confeſs to be Divine Truth, Debarring poor priſoners the comfort of joyning their prayers together, enforcing men to take Oaths of blind Obedience to whatſoever they ſhould afterwards command them; turning out Clergy-men above all exception, and placing moſt ſcandalous and inſufficient wretches in their rooms, darting from their invenomed mouths moſt horrid Blaſphemies againſt our bleſſed Lord and Saviour, abuſing the ſervice of God, and profaning not only the Form of it, the Book of* Common Prayer, (*againſt which they have a profeſſed quarrel*) *but even Gods own Word, the* holy Bible, *which they pretend to reverence.*

Here ſhall you behold them not only (*like thoſe* Canes Sepulchrales) *violating the bones and aſhes of the dead, to make the world know that they believe what ſome of their fellows openly profeſs, that of thoſe ſometime living* Temples *of the* holy Ghoſt, *there ſhall*

ſhall be no reſurrection, but exerciſing their fury on the Churches of God; which they have defaced with Barbarous rudeneſs, defiled with more than beaſtly naſtineſs, and (as if contrary to their wont they had ſtudied the Book of Maccabees *to find out and out-do the moſt Heatheniſh wickedneſſes therein related, they have polluted the very* Altar *with their whoredoms.*

The Independents (*at whoſe door the moſt part of theſe profanations of the Houſes of God muſt lye*) *will hardly make the world believe they are in earneſt when they plead for Liberty of Conſcience in* Religion, *while they thus deface the places where it ſhould be taught and practiced.*

And as ill can the Presbyterians *make good their pretended zeal to* Religion, *and the Nurſe of it,* Learning, *having almoſt extirpated one of the moſt flouriſhing Univerſities of Chriſtendom.*

Then for the other point, the Subjects Liberty, the following Narrations will plainly ſhew that it hath not been ſpared by thoſe that would

would be accounted the Champions of it, when the violation of it might ſatisfie either their Luſt, *their* Covetouſneſs, *or their* Cruelty.

Their Luſt *hath prompted them not only to threaten Rape, but with violence to attempt it, and to wound and murther thoſe upon whom they could not effect their beaſtly purpoſe.*

To ſatisfy their Covetouſneſs, *they have unmercifully robbed of their fortunes, and expoſed to the extremeſt want, not only thoſe that were their oppoſites and able to hurt them, but thoſe whoſe ſex, age and condition might have melted ſtones into pitty, women, children, the ſick, the aged, women in labour, and even thoſe of their own party.*

Their Cruelty *hath not contented it ſelf with the murther of thoſe they hated, but as if they had been the profeſſed Schollars of that inhumane monſter, whoſe Maxim was,* Perimat Tyrannus lenis, in regno meo mors impetratur, *they have inſulted over the perſons and lives of their fellow Subjects with*

moſt

most exquiſite Tortures, whipt ſome to Death, and ſtarved others: they have made it a Crime in ſome that they were neighbours to thoſe whom they perſecuted for their Loyalty, and puniſhed others for ſhewing them mercy: nay to ſhew that their ambition was to chooſe out the ſharpeſt executioners of their Tyranny (though with the hazard of rendring the names of Chriſtians odious for their ſakes to the profeſſed enemies of Chriſtendom) they had once deſigned divers of prime worth and quality both of the Clergy and the Gentry to be ſold for ſlaves to their brethren the Turks *at* Argiers. *And ſo full of contagious venome is their malice, that it hath made Parents unnatural to their own children, ſuffering them to periſh by Famine becauſe they refuſed to Rebell againſt their Sovereign.*

To conclude, their malice hath ſo far tranſcended all bounds, that they have done miſchief where they were not invited by any benefit to themſelves or any other, only for the delight they took in doing it, burning houſes, ſpoyling goods, deſtroying Books, Evidences,

and

and Publick Records, to the prejudice of Posterity, the disturbance of Possessions, the obstruction of Justice, and the impairing of Learning, only to make themselves Sport: they have by breaking Articles of surrender, by offering savage force to the persons of messengers for Treaty, and to the goods and houses of foreign Ambassadors, *broken the Sacred Laws and disturbed the Commerce of Nations: and that nothing might be wanting to the height of their villanies, by the rude defacing of the Pictures and resemblances of His Majesty their Sovereign, they have declared their wicked intentions against his Sacred Person.*

Now if any shall indeavour to acquit the Grandees of the Faction by laying all the fault on private men or inferiour Officers; and shall averr that if complaint had been made to the Parliament, redress would have been given: let them know that by reading this Book it will appear that the bad success which wronged persons found, is a sufficient evidence that others should have lost their labour in complaining. For even their Justice was so obstructed

by

by that Faction that the beſt remedy of the fouleſt injuries was but Eli *his correction of his ſons, a cold admonition: and ſometimes a direct denial of Juſtice, yea and the goods of the ſufferers, given as a reward to thoſe that did the wrong.*

Wherefore ſince our imagined Sickneſs hath led us into a needleſs courſe of Phyſick, wherein we have almoſt purged and bled to death; if we love our own ſafety better than the gain of thoſe that live upon our ruins, let us at laſt be wiſe, and give over the Phyſitian.

In a word, we ſhall promiſe in the ſight of God, and remembring that Lyers are in the number of thoſe againſt whom the gates of the new Jeruſalem *ſhall be ſhut, to deal in the enſuing ſtories with all candor and ingenuity, not out of a deſire to render the actors of theſe impieties odious, or abuſe the Redder either with falſehoods or uncertainties, but to report nothing but what hath been examined and atteſted by men of known truth and integrity: And that the world may ſee what violent affections theſe Sectaries brought to theſe hoſtile Acts, we*

ſhall

ſhall begin with the times of peace, when the King had no formidable Army to inflame their Jealouſies, nor theſe men provoked to cruelty by any foregoing injuries; The Scene is Eſſex, *and the firſt man that ſhall be tendered to your view is Sir* John Lucas.

MER-

MERCURIUS RUSTICUS:

OR, THE

Countries Complaint, &c.

I.

Sir John Lucas *and Mr.* Newcomin *a Miniſter, barbarouſly uſed by the Browniſts and Anabaptiſts of* Colcheſter: *Sir* John's *Houſe plundered, his Mother, Lady, and Siſter abuſed, and committed to the common Goal. The unhumane uſage of Sir* William Boteler *in* Kent, *his Houſe plundered, and his Servants tortured,* &c.

ON *Monday, Aug.* 22. 1642. Sir *John Lucas* intended with ſome Horſe and Arms, to begin his Journey towards the North, to wait upon the King; which purpoſe of his being on *Saturday* by a treacherous Servant diſcovered to *John Langley* of *Colcheſter*, Grocer, and Captain of the Trained Bands; He, with *Henry Barrington*, Brewer, and Alderman of the Town, ſpent the next day, being *Sunday*, in riding to *Coggeſhall*, *Bocking*, *Bayntree*, *Halſteed*, and other Towns of their own Faction, to communicate to them the knowledg of it, and invite them with ſtrong guards of Muskets, to beſet the ways and intercept him in

his Journey, and did alſo (by the aſſiſtance of the Mayor) ſet a guard of *Colcheſter* Trainband, on *Sunday* night about his houſe. Sir *John Lucas* intended to begin his journey early by one or two a clock on *Monday* morning, ſuppoſing he might ſo paſs mith moſt privacy and no oppoſition, but the back gate at which he thought to iſſue out was no ſooner opened, but a ſtrong guard from under a hedge preſent themſelves, and one of them diſcharged his Musket as a Warning-piece to the Town, where the Alarm is preſently taken, the Drum ſtrook up, and the whole Town raiſed, the Voluntiers (of which there were 400 or 500 then in Town gathered to ſerve under the Earl of *Eſſex* and Lord *Say*) brought up the Beacon, by direction of *Dan. Cole* Alderman, fired; and Horſemen into all parts ſent forth to call in the Country againſt the Cavaliers in Sir *John Lucas*'s houſe.

The houſe is preſently beſet with at leaſt 2000 people, and two pieces of Ordnance are brought to make a Battery; at laſt they ruſhed into the houſe, and the firſt man they ſeize upon is Mr. *Newcomin*, Parſon of S. *Trinity* Pariſh in *Colcheſter*; they tear his cloaths off his back, beat him with their Cudgels and Halberts, and with infinite exclamations, carry him in triumph through the chief ſtreets of the Town; by the way entring into a wild but very ſerious conſideration, not whether he ſhould dye (for that they had reſolved at firſt) but to what death to put him; one votes drowning, another ſtoning, another bids beat out his braines. At length having conſulted with Alderman *Cole*, they carry him to the common Goal, commanding the Jaylor to put him in the ſtrong hold, (a place provided for the moſt deſperate Malefactors) affirming they would ſoon return

return to take further order with him. There he remained till one a clock, being then removed to another Chamber. They now return to their fellows who were ſearching Sir *John Lucas*'s houſe, ſome twenty of them ruſh'd into the Ladies Chamber, laid hands upon her, ſet a ſword to her breaſt, requiring her to tell where the Arms and Cavaliers were. The Horſe and Arms are ſoon found and ſeized on by the Mayor, who ſends the Arms to the Town-Hall, the Horſe to an Inn to be there kept on Sir *John Lucas*'s coſt, till they could be ſent to the Parliament. The People lay hands on Sir *John Lucas* his Lady and Siſter, and carry them attended with ſwords, guns, and halberts to the common Goal. Laſt of all they bring forth his Mother with the like or greater inſolency, who being faint and breathleſs, hardly obtained leave to reſt herſelf in a Shop by the way; yet this leave was no ſooner obtained, but the reſt of that rude rabble threatned to pull down the houſe, unleſs they thruſt her out, being by this means forced to depart from thence. A Countryman (whom the Alarm had ſummoned to this work) eſpies her, and preſſing with his Horſe through the crowd, ſtruck at her head with his ſword ſo heartily, that if an Halbert had not croſſed the blow, both her ſorrows and her journey had there found an end. Two Gentlewomen (one of which had long been ſick) by flight eſcaped their fury, but their moſt well-wiſhing neighbours dared not to be known to receive them into their houſe, the people threatning to burn that houſe that gave them entertainment. Having ſecured the Maſter, they now begin to plunder the houſe, all is prize that comes to hand, money, plate, jewels, linnen, woollen, braſs, pewter, *&c.* A few hours diſrobe

the houſe of that rich furniture that had adorned it many years. The Mayor and Aldermen ſtanding by all this while, but either not able, or not willing to conjure down the Devil which themſelves had raiſed up. All the ſervants they could meet with they bring to priſon, they lay hands on *John Brown*, (one who had been a ſervant to the family from the time of Sir *John Lucas*'s Grandfather) they bind him to a tree, ſet a Muſquet to his breaſt, and a ſword to his throat, and tie lighted matches between his fingers, and *John Furley* (a young pragmatical boy) examines him concerning his Maſters intentions, Horſes, Money, *&c.* but eſpecially concerning Mr. *Newcomin*, whether he had not given an Oath of ſecrecy? Whether he were not to ride a great Horſe? whether he were not habited in a Buff Jerkin and Velvet Coat, *&c.* Fear eaſily prompts the old man to anſwer what he thought would give content. Out of his Examination the Mayor frames an Information againſt Sir *John* and Mr. *Newcomin*, not forgetting to relate the good ſervice he had done, the Horſe and Arms he had taken, but withal implying how miſerably the houſe was plundered by the zealous people, adding in his Letters (and that very truly) that he could do no more than a Child among them, with theſe Letters he preſently diſpatcheth a Poſt to the Houſe of Commons.

About one a clock a new Alarm is raiſed, that 200 armed Horſemen are diſcovered in a Vault at Sir *John Lucas*'s; That they had killed nine men already, and were iſſuing forth to deſtroy the Town. The ſhops are ſhut up in an inſtant, and the multitude throng down thither to take or kill theſe Cavaliers. And becauſe they find none there, they now ſpend their rage upon the houſe, they batter down the

the doors and walls, beat down the windows, tear his Evidences, deface his Walks, and Gardens, do any thing that may do miſchief. From thence they go to his Park, pull down his Pales, kill his Deer, drive away his Cattel. And to ſhew that their rage will know no bounds, and that nothing is ſo ſacred or venerable which they dare not to violate, they break into S. *Giles* his Church, open the Vault where his Anceſtours were buried, and with Piſtols, Swords, and Halberts, transfix the Coffins of the dead.

And now the Mayors care begins to ſhew it ſelf, he ſets a guard upon the houſe that no hurt ſhould be done unto it, yet that Guard ſuffered 100 *l.* worth of corn (which at firſt was neglected as contemptible luggage) to be carried out, and the moſt of it to their own houſes. Another Guard he ſets upon the Priſon, leſt the Priſoners ſhould be aſſaulted by the people who were ſo much incenſed againſt them, though it had been fit to ſet ſome honeſt men to guard them from thoſe Guardians, who were as forward as the people to drink their blood.

On *Thurſday* comes down Sir *Thomas Barrington* and Mr. *Grimſton* as a Committee from the Houſe, who comming into the market place before the priſon-door (the Town Hall not able to receive the leaſt part of the multitude) there publiſhed two Orders from the Houſe, one wherein Sir *John Lucas* and his adherents were praclaimed guilty of high Treaſon for intending to aſſiſt the King. Another wherein thanks were given the People for the good ſervice they had done, yet they were told withal, that their Act of Plundering was againſt the ſenſe of the Houſe. Some of the agents in that work, produced a printed Order of Parliament (not heard of before among honeſt men) by which they juſti-

fied what they had done; Sir *Thomas Barrington* replyed that it was a falſe and feigned Order, contrived by the malignant party to render the Houſe odious, and very lovingly beſought the people to do ſo no more. And indeed the next weeks Diurnal tells us, that *upon occaſion of the outragious plundering in Eſſex, It was Ordered that thenceforward none ſhould Plunder but thoſe that were authorized by the Houſe to do it.*

Friday was deſigned for the carrying up of the Traytors (Sir *John Lucas* and *Newcomin*) for whom there was one Meſſenger come from the Black Rod, and another from the Serjeant at Arms, (for the Ladieswere declared no Priſoners after they had layn in the common Goal four days.) When the time of their departure was come, many thouſands of people were gathered together (both of Town and Country) a Drum being ſtruck up to give them warning. The Coaches are come, and the Priſoners called forth; only Mr. *Newcomin* they dared not carry forth as yet, becauſe the people threatned to tear him in pieces; as aſſuredly they had done, had not Mr. *Grimſton*'s care been very great, who placeing a Court of Guard on each ſide of Sir *Thomas Barrington*'s Coach from the Priſon door, brought him forth unexpectedly, and put him into the Coach, the people then not daring to ſtrike or ſtone him, leſt the miſchief intended on him ſhould light on Sir *Thomas Barrington.*

The Coach being guarded thus a mile out of Town, they paſſed on, ſuffering no other ſtrokes but thoſe of the tongue (bitter Curſes and Revilings) and thoſe they met withal abundantly, at *Chelmsford*, *Romford*, and in all the Towns whither the news of their Treaſon had gone before them,

Sir

Sir *John Lucas*'s captive Horſes being carried in triumph with the Coach all the way; at *London* Sir *Thomas Barrington* ſent the Horſes to the *Red Lion*, the Priſoners to the Serjeant at Arms, where they remained all *Sunday*, not permitted to go to Church with their Keeper: on *Monday* they were ſent for to the houſe, and committed Sir *John Lucas* to the *Gate-houſe*, Mr. *Newcomin* to the *Fleet*. Immediately iſſued out a Declaration of both Houſes to the whole Kingdom, but eſpecially to the County of *Eſſex*, ordered to be read in all Churches and Chappels; wherein for the better encouragement of good people (ſo run the words) it is told them that Sir *John Lucas*'s Horſe and Arms are imployed for the ſervice of his Excellency, that Sir *John*, and Mr. *Newcomin* are committed to ſeveral Priſons, and ſhall ſpeedily be brought to their Trial, to receive condign puniſhment according to their demerits.

Sir *John Lucas* was afterward enlarged, giving 40000 *l.* bail to appear upon ſummons, and not to depart *London* and the Suburbs without leave. Mr. *Newcomin* remained in the Fleet from *Aug.* 29. to *Sept.* 24. being never called for, and at length diſcharged.

Sir *William Boteler* of *Kent*, returning about the beginning of *April* 1642. from his attendance, (being then Gentleman Pentioner) on the King at *Yorke*, then celebrating Saint *Georges* feaſt, was by the earneſt ſolicitation of the Gentry of *Kent*, ingaged to joyn with them in preſenting the moſt honeſt and famous Petition of theirs to the Houſe of Commons, delivered by Captain *Richard Lovelace*, for which ſervice, the Captain was committed Priſoner to the *Gate-Houſe*, and Sir *William Boteler* to

the *Fleet*, from whence after ſeven Weeks cloſe Impriſonment, no Impeachment in all that time brought in againſt him, many Petitions being delivered and read in the Houſe for his inlargement, he was at laſt upon bail of 20000*l.* remitted to his houſe in *London*, to attend *de Die in Diem*, the pleaſure of the Houſe. And having thus danced attendance Six weeks more, at laſt he obtained leave for his health ſake to go to his own houſe in *Kent*, called *Barrhams Place* in *Teſton*, and from thence, for recovery of his health much impaired by long Impriſonment, he viſited the Wells near *Tunbridg*, leaving with his Servants both in *London* and in the Country a ſtrict charge as of his houſe, ſo to give him ſpeedy information, if Serjeant *Hunt* ſhould ſummon him to make his appearance: while Sir *William Boteler* remained thus a Priſoner to the Houſe, reſolving to yield obedience according to the condition of his Bond, 500 Horſe and Dragoons under the command of Colonel *Edwine Sandes*, Sir *John Seaton*, and *Dowglas*, accompanied by ſeveral Gentlemen his Neighbours, as Sir *William Brookes*, Sir *Michael Lucy*, Mr. *Richard Lea* Burgeſs for *Rocheſter*, Mr. *Blunt*, and others, on the 24. of *Auguſt*, between Eight and Nine of the clock at night, beſet his houſe: The Servants were within and the doors ſhut, only *William Nelſon*, Sir *William*'s Groom comming from the Stables, preſſed through the midſt of them to the Hall door, where *Sandes* and *Seaton* ſtood: They demand of him whether he belonged to Sir *William*, who anſwering that he did, Thou Rogue, ſaies *Sandes*, open the door; the poor Groom tried, but could not, but aſſured them that there ſhould be no reſiſtance made: and withal told them that his Maſter

ſter was at the Wells, but had left order to give them the beſt welcome the houſe could afford, and upon notice given would be ready (if they had ſuch Order) to render himſelf up to the Houſe of Commons, whoſe Priſoner he acknowledged himſelf to be: and withal offered that if they would have patience but while he went to the back door, the houſe ſhould open unto them. This ſo reaſonable an anſwer could not ſatisfie unreaſonable men, who it ſeems were reſolved to force the door, rather than have it opened, to give a peaceable admittance: Therefore they revile the Groom, call him Rogue, and threaten to kill him, not becauſe he would not, but becauſe he could not give them entrance. And to make good their threats, *Sandes* and *Seaton* commanded ſome of their Rout to hold him up againſt his Maſters Hall door, and bad ſome twelve or more Dragooners to give fire on him, which was done accordingly: on the word given, they that held him withdrew, not truſting to the undiſtinguiſhing bullet, and preſently the Groom fell down, by which means he eſcaped the fury of the ſhot, which took effect only on the door, and beat it down. The entrance that was offered, thus forced, the houſe is inſtantly filled by the Commanders, the Gentlemen their abettors and the Soldiers. The firſt man they meet with is *Benj. Wiand*, Sir *William*'s Steward, who being demanded by *Sandes* where his Maſter was, returned anſwer, the ſame in effect which before they received from the Groom: *Sandes* was as courteous to the Steward as to the Groom, calls him Rogue, and tells him that he would have his Maſter alive or dead, commands him to bring him to the Chamber where Sir *William* did lodge, their drawn Swords and Muſquets bent upon

upon him extort obedience. Being brought into the Bed-chamber, *Sandes* demands whether there were no private Outlet or Cloſet? to lay all naked before him, the Steward folds back the Hangings, by which means the Colonel diſcovers a Cloſe-ſtool, which at worſt could not be ſo loathſom, as he was before he died: This ſight inraged him, not only to revile the Steward, calling him Rogue, but cruelly to beat him with his Pole-ax; and having thus prepared him, he commands him upon no leſs pain than the loſs of his life, to reveal his Maſters Plate and Mony; and to inforce the diſcovery from him, with drawn Swords they prick him, and force him from one Room to another. At laſt being come to the Dining Chamber, Colonel *Sandes* cauſes a dozen of Candles to be lighted, and ſo to be held to and under the Stewards hands, and lighted Match to be applied between his fingers, for the ſpace of a quarter of an hour, *Sandes* himſelf all the while looking on, commanded both Candles and Match to be renewed, as often as either went out, or burnt dull. In this Torment they continued the poor ſoul, until both his hands were ſhamefully burnt, not being able to relieve himſelf by that diſcovery for which they tortured him. Nor was that barbarous cruelty thus practiſed on the Steward only, from him they deſcend to the reſt of the Servants, whom they prick with their Swords, beat with their Pole-axes to the indangering their lives, and all this to extort a Confeſſion where their Maſters Mony and Plate were: but when this inhumanity produced not the effect they looked for, they broke up every door, plundered every Trunk and Cheſt, and examined every dark place, from the Cloſet and Cabinet, to the Powdering-Tub and Oven. Nay the

Cellar

Cellar eſcaped not their fury; What they could not drink, either Wine or Beer, they let out and poured upon the ground. In this ſearch they found and carried away five hundred pounds in money, and ſome ſtore of Arms. And becauſe the great adventures of Valiant Knights muſt not be forgotten, To the Eternal fame of Sir *William Brookes* we are to tell you, that when the Ladies Cloſet was broken open, beſides the Charitable Proviſions of *Medicinal Syrupes* and *Salves* for the poor and the needy Neighbours, all which were trampled under foot and ſpoiled, There were ſome hoſpitable Proviſions for entertainments, as divers ſorts of Preſerves and other Sweet-meats, and in theſe this doughty Knight had his finger as deep as any, except a common Soldier, who ſeeing him feed greedily on a Gally-pot, and preſuming his judgment to be good in the choice, (for the Proverb is true which end ſoever you put formoſt, *A liquoriſh tail hath a liquoriſh tooth,*) rudely thruſt his whole fiſt all begrimed and beſmeared in blood and powder, into the pot with him: which as it turned his worſhips ſtomach for the time, ſo it may ſerve as a ſure Prognoſtick, That if theſe Diſtractions go on, where the Gentleman hath his finger, the Clown will be ſure to have his fiſt. But to leave him to his Sweet-meats, which perchance may have ſour ſawce, and return to the Colonel and his plundering Regiment. Being Maſters of the Houſe, they plundered and pillaged not only Sir *William Boteler*, but all his Servants, men and maids, not only their Cheſts, but their very pockets. News of this being brought to Sir *William Boteler* the next morning early by three of the Clock, and finding by their threats, that his life was in danger, he reſolved

ſolved to fly for protection to the King at *Nottingham*: In his way thither at *Pinkeny Mowlton* in *Northamptonſhire*, he was ſeized on by the Country people, and by about 150 Horſe conveyed firſt to *Northampton*, and from thence to *London*. About the beginning of *September* he was brought before the Houſe of Commons, and there in a full Houſe was examined twice; to whom he gave a full and clear ſatisfaction in every particular. And being unimpeached, the whole Houſe being utterly unable to accuſe him of any the leaſt kind of offence or Delinquency, Sir *William Boteler* did then and there in the publick Houſe make his Complaint of this intolerable oppreſſion and injuſtice, charging by name before the Houſe, Colonel *Edwine Sandes*, Sir *John Seaton*, Sir *Michael Liveſey*, Mr. *Richard Lea*, who then was preſent ſitting in the Houſe, and Sir *William Brookes* with Felony and Burglary, for breaking up his houſe in the night, and ſtealing and carrying away his Mony and Goods: and implored the Juſtice of the Houſe againſt them. And now behold their great zeal of Juſtice, their care of the Subjects Property, and the freedom of their perſons from illegal Impriſonment; inſtead of harkening to his juſt complaint, and relieving him in his loſſes, to keep *Magna Charta* inviolable, they Remand Sir *William Boteler* again Priſoner to the Gate-houſe, where he remained for ſix months longer: at laſt being certainly informed, that it was really intended if not ordered by the Houſe to ſend him to *Ipſwitch*, he indeavoured and effected an eſcape from the Gate-houſe, and got ſafe to *Oxford*, where he atteſted all theſe particulars.

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

II.

Sir Hen. Audley's *houſe Plundered: Variety of Inſolencies committed by the Rabble of* Eſſex, *upon M.* Laud, *M.* Honifold, *M.* Stevens, *and M.* Symmons, *Miniſters. The Counteſs of* Rivers *Plundered to the value of* 100000. *Pounds*, &c.

THe laſt weeks *Mercurius* told you of the Plundring of Sir *John Lucas* his Houſe in *Eſſex*, and the barbarous Inſolencies practiſed on him and his. The Tumult was raiſed and made confident by Succeſs, they go on in Triumph, and like a violent Torrent ſwelling above its Channel, carry all before them, and fearing no oppoſition, they divided themſelves into ſeveral Companies, every place where they come taſts of their Fury and Madneſs: Some go to Sir *Henry Audly*'s at *Beerechurch*, whoſe houſe they plundred of its Furniture, and his Grounds and Paſtures of his Cattle.

Others go to M. *Eraſmus Laud*, a poor Miniſter of *Little Try*, whoſe very name with theſe men was a Crime and reaſon enough to expoſe him to their Rage: Guilty he was of nothing but a good and honeſt Name, yet they ſpoil him of his Goods, drive away his Cattle, rob of 20 *l.* in Monies, his own and his Wives Cloaths, all except thoſe upon their backs: M. *Laud* knowing divers of them, and knowing them to be *Colcheſter* Men, repaired thither to the Mayor for Juſtice, and by chance found him well circumſtanced for an action

an action of that nature, both in reſpect of Place and Company, for he found him at the *Moote-Hall*, and the Aldermen his Brethren with him: Being come thither, he was ſo far from finding what he ſought for, Juſtice, that he was not permitted to make his complaint, M. *Cole*, one of the Aldermen telling him openly, that they knew him and his Cauſe, he was the Miniſter of *Try* that was Plundred the day before, but they had other Buſineſs in hand and he muſt be gone, for they could not hear him.

Others of them went to M. *Honifold*, a Batchelor in Divinity, and near 70 years of age, dwelling in *Colcheſter*, there they rifle his Houſe of all its Furniture, take away his Bonds, Bills, and Evidences, leave not a Shelf behind them, nor a Pin to hang a Hat on. The good old Man, thinking that Spoil and Robbery had been as puniſhable now as when he was a young Man, and not knowing that the pretending defenders of the Law had baniſhed all Law out of the Kingdom, went to crave the Mayors aſſiſtance, to reſtore his Goods and puniſh the Offenders. Alderman *Cole*, the *Fulk* of *Colcheſter* being preſent, told him, that he wondred he would offer to come abroad being a Man ſo much hated, and ſo rated him away. In his return, a multitude of Boys and rude People throng about him, and proſecute him through the ſtreets with Exclamations and Outcries: Nor do they ſtay here, their hands ſecond their tongues, throwing ſtones and dirt at him. So little did either the hoary Head and venerable old Age, or the priviledg of his ſacred Function afford him protection from the inraged multitude: Many ſee him, ſome pity him, but none dare own him or take him into pro-

protection, leſt they ſhould divert this ſwelling tide of popular fury from the good old Man, and draw it on themſelves; at laſt bowels of compaſſion yearn on him, a Kinſman of his emboldened, what by the urgency of Nature, and the conſtraint of Charity, opens his doors to afford him ſhelter from this ſtorm, but all in vain; like ſo many Bears robbed of their Whelps they double their rage, the multitude threaten to pull down the houſe unleſs the prey be delivered up unto them: The good old Man ſeeing the inexorableneſs of his perſecutors, to make a full return of the kindneſs which he found, reſolves rather to expoſe his own Perſon as the ſubject of their fury, than his Kinſmans houſe: and ſo he did, for out he goes unto them, and now having retrieved the Game, they purſue him with a high advanced din and confuſed clamour: At laſt when all other means to eſcape their fury failed, he made a voluntary captivity his ſafety, and took the Common Gaol for his Sanctuary.

Having thus thrown Maſter *Honifold* into Priſon, not ſo much the Ignominy of the place where they had lodged him, or ſaciety of contempt of Gods Miniſter which they had caſt upon him, as the want of more day-light, ſets an end to this days Frenzie. They part for the preſent, but reſolve to meet next morning; and ſo they do, a day or two are too ſcanty to act their boundleſs malice. Being met, their next plundering expedition is to the Counteſs of *Rivers* houſe at S.*Oſyth*, a rich prize: There they enter the Houſe, and being entred, they pull down, cut in pieces, and carry away her coſtly Hangings, Beds, Couches, Chairs, and the whole Furniture of her Houſe, rob her of her Plate

Plate and Monies: They tear down her Wainſcot, Leads, and Windows, they leave not a Door, nor ſo much as a Bar of a Window behind them. The Counteſs with her Family, forewarned of their intentions to come thither, made an eſcape, and retired to her Houſe at *Melford* in *Suffolk:* Thither within a day or two they purſue her, *Eſſex* is too narrow to bound the madneſs of the *Eſſex* Schiſmaticks; in *Suffolk* they meet with ſome that are as mad as themſelves: Few Counties (the more is the pity) but can yield Companions in ſuch Outrages. From thence ſhe hardly eſcapes with her life: ſhe abandons her Houſe, and leaves it to the mercy of theſe new miniſters of new Juſtice, who not only rifle the Houſe, but make ſtrict ſearch for her Perſon. And that you may gueſs what ſpiritual men they were, and likewiſe in what danger this Honourable Perſon was in, they expreſs themſelves in this rude unchriſtian language, *That if they found her, they would try what fleſh ſhe had.* From whence ſhe fled to St. *Edmunds-Bury,* where the Gates were ſhut againſt her an hour at leaſt; at length ſhe was ſuffered to lodge there that night, and next day with a ſtrong Guard ſhe was conveyed out of Town, and ſo keeping her ſelf as private as ſhe could, made an eſcape to *London.* Her loſſes at both her Houſes, were valued at an Hundred thouſand pounds at leaſt, though ſome that knew the rich Furniture that adorned both, affirm it to be no leſs than an Hundred and fifty thouſand pounds, beſides her Parks in both places were utterly ſpoiled. One of theſe Plunderers, whoſe name was *Bowyer,* was apprehended in *London* ſelling ſome of theſe Goods in the very act, and for this committed to *Newgate* as a Felon, two of the Coun-

Counteſs's Servants entring into Recognizance to give in Evidence againſt him for the King, but upon his Petition to the Houſe of Commons, it was ordered he ſhould be diſcharged without paying any Fees, which was done accordingly. And 'twas but an overſight that his proſecutors had not been laid in his place, and publick thanks decreed him for his zeal to the Cauſe.

Mr. *Stevens*, Parſon of *South-Hamfield* in *Eſſex*, hearing that the Plunderers of that County were coming on him, took Horſe and fled, and ſo ſaved both himſelf and his Horſe, for he knew that both were ſought after. The Father being fled, the Children left to their own providence, bethink how to ſecure thoſe little pieces of Plate which each had received from the bounty of their Godfathers and Godmothers; neither time nor acquaintance could give them latitude of much choice where to hide it, and thinking any place ſafer than their own Houſe, they run to a poor Woman their Neighbour, and there with her they depoſite their whole Treaſure. When the Plunderers came and found that the Birds were flown, having intelligence, or as ſome ſay, but ſuſpecting that the poor Womans houſe might hide Mr. *Stevens* his Goods, they go to her Houſe and demand them: The Woman denies that ſhe hath any of Mr. *Stevens* his Goods: hereupon one of the Plunderers ſtrikes her on the head with a Club with ſuch violence, that her Brains came out at her Noſtrils. The poor Woman being thus murthered, the bloody Murtherers inſult over her, and ſay, that the juſt hand of God was upon her, for lying againſt her knowledg, and denying thoſe parcels of Mr. *Stevens* his Goods that were in her poſſeſſion: ſo uſual a

thing it is with theſe men to blaſpheme God, and intitle him to all thoſe wickedneſſes which they commit on others.

Mr. *Edward Symmons*, Parſon of *Rayne* in *Eſſex*, in the Months of *June* and *July*, 1642. Preached againſt the ſin of Rebellion and Diſobedience, and againſt traducing the King, *ſlandering the footſteps of Gods Anointed*, and refuſed to promote the Civil War (then begun) by ſtirring up the People to contribute Money, Plate, and Horſes to the maintenance of ſo unnatural, ſo deſtructive a Diviſion, as moſt of the Miniſters of thoſe parts did. This as it was more remarkable in him, ſo it was more heinouſly taken from him, in regard of his former intimate acquaintance with Mr. *Stephen Marſhal*, Parſon of *Finchingfield* in *Eſſex*, the great Incendiary of this unhappy War, and had given him the right hand of Fellowſhip: Hereupon he was ſent for to the Houſe of Commons by a Purſevant, and was told, *That he being an Honeſt Man* (but of a different judgment from the Sence and Vote of the Houſe) *did more prejudice to the good Cauſe in hand, than a hundred Knaves, and therefore would ſuffer accordingly:* Which ſaying ſince that time, hath been plentifully made good, and verified in many particular Oppreſſions and Sufferings, unjuſtly inflicted on him and his whole Family.

Firſt, He was Impriſoned and moſt illegally deprived of his Liberty, for no other cauſe, but becauſe he would not, contrary to the dictate of Religion, and his own Conſcience, countenance and promote an accurſed Rebellion againſt his gracious Sovereign.

Secondly, He was referr'd after to the Committee for *Scandalous Miniſters*, thereby to blaſt his Credit

Credit and Reputation in his Miniſtery: a moſt diabolical and diveliſh Courſe, and a work of him who *is the accuſer of the Brethren*, to defame honeſt Orthodox Miniſters with the odious name of *Scandalous* and *Malignants*, though made ſo neither by error in Doctrin, Wickedneſs of life, or Debauchneſs of converſation, but by the malignity of a Vote, knowing, that by this means, ſuch Miniſters doctrines and Teſtimonies will be of little or no credit afterward with the vulgar: for had it been Scandal in a true and proper ſenſe, which they indeavoured to take away out of the Church, they would never have brought over his head, ſo ſcandalous, ſo infamous a man to be Lecturer in his Cure as they did: for to the wounding of Mr. *Simmons* his Soul, and the indangering the Souls of his Pariſhoners, one *Lemuel Tuke* is appointed Lecturer in Maſter *Simmons* his Church, a man by education a Weaver, and that had not ſo much as ſaluted either Univerſity, yet *while men ſlept* he intruded into a Cure of Souls in *Nottinghamſhire*, from which ever ſince the Parliament began he hath been a *Nonreſident*: for not long after the ſitting of this Parliament, his Pariſhoners framed a Bill againſt him to the Lower Houſe, Articling againſt him, not only as negligent, but inſufficient in his calling: Nay they accuſe him of no leſs than *Barretry* and *Battery*, *Drunkenneſs* and *Whordom*, and ſome ſuch other ſins, which in the judgment of all honeſt men, make a man truly and properly ſcandalous: yet this man thus Articled againſt to the Houſe of Commons as Scandalous, is thought worthy to be ſubſtituted as a Coadjutor in Mr. *Simmons* his Cure, who only was voted Scandalous, becauſe not Rebellious: ſo that all the World may judge what it is to be ſcan-

dalous in this new ſenſe, To honour the King, and to live in obedience to the eſtabliſhed orders of the Church.

Thirdly, having preached that it was unlawful to take up Arms againſt the King, and contrary to the Doctrine of the Scriptures to contribute to a War againſt him, in oppoſition to *Lemuel Tuke*, who laboured to poiſon his People with Sedition and Rebellion, affirming openly, that in ſome Caſes it was lawful not only to *Reſiſt*, but (which I tremble to relate) to *kill the King*; inſtancing in the example of *Athaliah*, 2 *King.* 11. yet the ſaid *Tuke* is countenanced and encouraged, whereas Maſter *Simmons* for aſſerting the Truth, was ſummoned before the Committee, there to anſwer as a Delinquent: who was ſo far from a Retractation, that he juſtified the Doctrine: which he did ſo fully, that one of the Committee was convicted of it, yet as he himſelf did, ſo he would have Maſter *Simmons* to withold that Truth in unrighteouſneſs: for Sir *Thomas Barrington* (who was the man) confeſſed that it was a Truth and a Divine Truth, yet not fit to be preached at all times, no not by thoſe that were intruſted with it by God himſelf, no though it might be in ſome danger of Impeachment. At laſt being charged to preach no more ſuch Doctrine, and putting in bail, by the Committee he is permitted to return to his charge. But behold what it is to be voted a Delinquent, or a ſcandalous Miniſter by the Committee; it is to be put out of the protection of the Law, and expoſed to the fury of the people: for on his return Oath is made before a Juſtice of Peace, that at *Halſtead* in *Eſſex* it was concluded that an hundred men from *Cogſhall* and *Colcheſter* ſide (ſome of that Crew that plundered

plundered Sir *John Lucas* his houſe)ſhould ſuddenly ſurprize Mr. *Simmons* in his houſe, Plunder his goods, and cut off his perſon as one not fit to live, becauſe he was (as they ſaid) againſt the Parliament: But by the good providence of God this Conſpiracy was diſcovered and prevented.

Fourthly, they oppreſſed him in his State, for after his return home, ſeeing the neceſſity of oppoſing that inundation of wickedneſs which was overflowing his Charge, and preſſed earneſtly in conſcience according to his duty and place, to labour to undermine that throne of Satan which by the Luxation of the nerves and ſinews of Government, was like to be ſet up both there and in all parts of the Kingdom, he bent himſelf in his Sermon chiefly againſt the prevailing ſins of the time, as Lying and Slandering, Rebellion and Treaſon, Pride and Oppreſſion, Malice and Cruelty: yet theſe Sermons by his malicious enemies were interpreted little better than Libells againſt the Parliament: and upon Information given he was ſent for up, three or four times, to the Lower Houſe, to his very great charge and trouble, tho when he came to *London* he was never called to anſwer to the Accuſation. And becauſe he refuſed to contribute voluntarily to the maintenance of the Rebellion, his malicious Neighbours reſolved to extort it from him in a ſeeming legal way: for in the rates made for the Royal Subſidy, they raiſed him far beyond his juſt proportion, and therefore in the firſt rate, they ſeized him twice as much, and in the ſecond almoſt thrice as much as themſelves; and contrived their buſineſs ſo cunningly, that they cauſed him to be ſent for up to the Parliament while theſe things

were in doing, and returned rates in to the Exchequer in his abſence, that ſo he might not have the opportunity, by complaint of a juſt grievance, to relieve himſelf.

Laſtly, having by moſt unjuſt vexations exhauſted his Eſtate, and drained his purſe: without hearing his defence indeed without further ſummoning him to appear, they ſequeſter his Parſonage and Glebe, and Tyth, and put one *Robert Atkins* a ſtranger into Cure; and as they put his Livelyhood into a ſtrangers hands, ſo they put his life into the power of his Enemies, who are authorized to apprehend him, and carry him Priſoner to *Cambridg*: but upon Intimation given, he withdrew himſelf, and leaving all to the mercy of his Enemies, was forced by flight to ſecure his Perſon.

And here by the way give me leave to obſerve one thing to the Courteous Reader, and it is the Reaſon which was alledged in the ſequeſtration of Mr. *Simmons* his Parſonage, and indeed is generally uſed in all theſe ſequeſtrations, and it is, *For the better ſupply of an able and godly man in the ſaid Church*: I would they could tell us where we ſhould find theſe two Epithites *Able* and *Godly* to meet in any one of thoſe which they have ſubſtituted in the Revenues and imployments of thoſe Orthodox Divines, which they have baniſhed from their Cures and families: do but ſurvey the new Plantations which they have made, and you will think that *Jereboams* Prieſts were riſen again from the dead, the loweſt and baſeſt of the People: for while honeſt, learned, and conſcientious men could not ſuffer themſelves to be made the baſe inſtruments to corrupt and ſeduce the Ignorant

rant multitudes to comply with the reaſonable practices of the heads of this Rebellion, it was neceſſary to ſeek out and invite ſuch of the Clergy into their Party, whom either want of Merit, or want of Honeſty, had left deſtitute of Means; and when Orthodox Men are diſplaced or driven away, and ſuch Trencher Chaplains put in their places, we may eaſily gueſs what work is in hand, even the alteration of the Government: For while they are ſo earneſt both to Preach and Print that other Forms of Government are God's Ordinance as well as Monarchy, they will in time go on to undervalue Monarchy in compariſon of the reſt: But to leave my Digreſſion, and to return to Mr. *Simmons.*

His Living Sequeſtrated, and his Perſon expoſed to the licence of his verieſt Enemies, but he withdrawing himſelf from this Storm, and being out of their reach, they reek their malice on his poor Wife and Children, and his aged Father: They threaten to beat down the Houſe about their Ears, unleſs they would yield poſſeſſion to Mr. *Atkins,* His Father, for cutting down three Trees on the Glebe for neceſſary uſes, and an honeſt Pariſhoner for loving Mr. *Simmons,* and plowing his Land, were moſt maliciouſly handled, and ſent for up before the Committee in the *Exchequer Chamber:* And when after all theſe Threats and Oppreſſions they ſtill keep poſſeſſion of the Parſonage Houſe, having no place elſe wherein to put their Heads, at laſt, *May* the 15, *Watt Tyler,* I mean *Watt Long,* whom ſome call Colonel *Long,* came with ſome Troops of Horſe, and caſt his whole Family out of Doors, his aged Father, his Wife and three Children, the eldeſt but ſeven years old, and his

Servants; and ſo gave poſſeſſion of the Houſe to Mr. *Atkins.*

He that deſires to be better ſatisfied concerning this faithful Miniſter of God, and what raiſed this Perſecution againſt him, let him have recourſe to that Learned and Orthodox Book of his lately Publiſhed, called, *A Loyal Subjects Belief*, worthy every Mans reading, wherein he ſhall ſee a ſolid and ſatisfactory Anſwer to all thoſe Arguments divulged by way of a Letter by *Stephen Marſhal*, the great Patriarch of Rebellion, whereby he indeavours to maintain the Lawfulneſs of this preſent War againſt the King: In which Letter you may ſee the true Character of a Cauterized Schiſmatick, for as if he were afraid the World ſhould not think him ſealed up to a Reprobate ſenſe, and paſt all grace of Repentance; he tells us that as ſoon as he hath recovered his Health (much impaired by a hot eager proſecution of this Rebellion) he intends to return (with the Dog to his Vomit) to ſacrifice his ſtrength to the ſervice of the Cauſe and his Excellency, in all which, while he labours to free himſelf from the imputation of Madneſs, and apologizeth againſt a prevailing Report, that the horror of his guilt had diſtracted him, he proves himſelf to be madder than ever the World took him.

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

III.

The great increaſe of Browniſts and Anabaptiſts at Chelmsford *of late years. Their abuſe of the Church, and Doctor* Michelſon *Parſon there. Their Tenets in matters of Religion. Maſter* Cornelius *a Miniſter Plundered,* &c.

ESSEX is a deep Country, and though we have Travelled almoſt two Weeks in it, yet we cannot get out: We are now at *Chelmsford*, which is the Shire-twon, and hath in it two thouſand Communicants; all theſe are Pariſhioners of one and the ſame Church, for there is but one Church in this great Town, whereof at this time Doctor *Michelſon* is Parſon, an able and godly Man. Before this Parliament was called, of this numerous Congregation there was not one to be named, Man or Woman, that boggled at the Common-Prayers, or refuſed to receive the Sacramant kneeling, the poſture which the Church of *England* (walking in the foot-ſteps of venerable Antiquity) hath by Act of Parliament injoyned all thoſe which account it their happineſs to be called her Children. But ſince this magnified Reformation was ſet on foot, this Town (as indeed moſt Corporations, as we find by experience, are Nurſeries of Faction and Rebellion) is ſo filled with Sectaries, eſpecially *Browniſts* and *Anabaptiſts*, that a third part of the People refuſe to communicate in the Church-Lyturgie, and half refuſe to receive the

the bleſſed Sacrament, unleſs they may receive it in what poſture they pleaſe to take it. They have amongſt them two ſorts of *Anabaptiſts*; the one they call the Old Men, or *Aſperſi*, becauſe they were but Sprinkled: The other they call the New Men, or the *Immerſi*, becauſe they were overwhelmed in their Rebaptization.

In *Auguſt*, 1641. there was an Order publiſhed by the Houſe of Commons, (indeed by ſome leaders in a Committee) for the taking away all Scandalous Pictures out of Churches, in which there was more intended by the Authors than at firſt their Inſtruments underſtood, until inſtructed by private information how far the People were to inlarge the meaning. When this Order came forth, there was ſtanding in the Chancel a goodly fair Window at the Eaſt end, untouched from the firſt foundation of the Church, in which was painted the Hiſtory of Chriſt, from his Conception to his Aſcenſion: And to perpetuate the memory of the Benefactors, in the vacant places there were the Eſchochions and Arms of the ancient Nobility and Gentry, who had contributed to the building and beautifying that fair ſtructure. In obedience to the Order, the Church-wardens took down the Pictures of the bleſſed Virgin, and of Chriſt on the Croſs, and ſupplied the places with white Glaſs. But the Sectaries who underſtood the ſenſe of that Order better than the Church-Wardens, did reſt very ill ſatisfied with this partial imperfect Reformation: That therefore they might, according to the phraſe of the Times, make a through Reformation, on the Fifth of *November* in the Evening, all the Sectaries aſſemble together, and in a Riotous manner with long Poles and Stones, beat down and deface the whole Window. This

This exerciſe of an uſurped power in the People without the lawful Magiſtrate, like that which *Andreas Coroloſtadius* put in practice in the Reformation under *Luther*, and was ſharply condemned by him; and indeed gave the unhappy occaſion to that Schiſm, which is hardly made up at this day; ſtirred the ſpirit of the Doctor to inveigh, the next Lords Day, againſt popular tumultuous Reformations, though to the better: As being vitiated, *Firſt*, By the defect of lawful Authority, which cannot reſide in the People. *Secondly*, In the intemperancy of the proſecution, who commonly caſt out one Devil by another; aboliſhing Superſtition with Sedition. This ſo incenſed the Sectaries thus to be oppoſed in their furious Zeal, that they threatned the Doctor to ruine him, if he preached any more on that ſubject: And to let him ſee how welcome ſuch Doctrine was unto them, there was a Carbine diſcharged at a Window of that room where the Doctors uſual abode was, the Bullet paſſed through the place, and in all probability had ſlain him, had not the good Providence of God (without which a Sparrow falls not to the ground) diverted him unexſpectedly from a buſineſs before known to be appointed for that place and hour. This deſign fruſtrated, about a fornight after, one of theſe new Proſelytes, a young Clothier, with others poſſeſſed with the ſame frenzy, came into the Church immediately after Divine Service was ended, laid violent hands upon the Doctor, took him by the Throat, and would have torn his Surplice off his Back, and were ſo ſo inraged, that had not ſome of his honeſt peaceable Pariſhoners come to his reſcue, they had in all probability endangered his Life: But whom they could

could not wound with their hands, they cut with their tongues, *as with a ſharp Razor:* They revile him and call him *Baals* Prieſt, and Popiſh Prieſt, for wearing the Rags of *Rome*; nay, they cry out againſt him as a perjured Perſon, that had violated his faith engaged in the Proteſtation, to aboliſh Popery, of which (in their opinion) wearing the Surpleſs was a part. Many attempts they made upon the Doctor and his Curate, affronting them, both in officiating Divine Service, and adminiſtration of the Sacraments; but they being countenanced by a conſiderable part in the Town, the Sectaries could not effect what they deſired, until at laſt in the Months of *June*, *July*, and *Auguſt*, 1642. they were animated by the coming of the Forces raiſed in *Eſſex*, *Suffolk*, and *Norfolk:* For as they raiſed each Company it was ſent to *Chelmsford*, the common Rendezvouz, and there ſtaied until they were made up three hundred, or four hundred, and ſo ſent to *London*. In all the time of their ſtay there, the Doctor lay at the mercy of the Soldiers, who egg'd on by the *Browniſts* and *Anabaptiſts* of the Town, uſed his Houſe as their Quarter, conſumed his proviſions for his Family, and commanded there as Lords. Amongſt many Outrages committed by the Soldiers, Three are moſt remarkable.

Firſt, Upon a Faſt Day, they ſend a Command to the Doctor, that he ſhould not pray for the *Biſhops*, nor ſo much as make mention of them in his Lips, nor uſe the Book of Common-Prayer; if he did, they threaten to pull him out of the Pulpit, and tear him in pieces: The Doctor not intimidated by their Threat, gives order to his Curate to read the Prayers appointed; which accordingly he did.

did. The Soldiers right bred, being Volunteers of *Colcheſter* and *Ipſwich*, and rightly deſigned too, for my Lord *Sayes*'s own Regiment, fit Soldiers for ſuch a Leader, irreverently ſit with their Hats on, make a noiſe to drown the Curates voice, nay, they call to him to come out of his *Calves Coope*, meaning the Reading-Desk, and make an end of his Pottage: The Curate remembring that advice of our Saviour, *Not to caſt Pearls before Swine, nor holy things to Dogs*, gives over reading, unwilling to expoſe the holy Worſhip of God to ſo foul Contempt and Scorn. Having thus ſilenced the Curate, their Commanders looking on, they violently take the Sacred Bible to tear it, but being reproved for it by Sergeant Major *Bamfeild* then preſent, they exchange the Bible for the Book of Common-Prayer: Having it in their power, in ſolemn Triumph they carry it into the Streets, and that which holy Martyrs inſpired by the Holy Ghoſt compoſed, and ſealed the truth and ſanctity of it with their deareſt Blood, theſe Savage Miſcreants rent in pieces: Some of the leaves they tread under feet, ſome they caſt into the Kennel, ſome they piſſed upon, and ſome they fixed on the end of their Clubs and Cudgels, and in a Triumphant manner marched with them up and down the Town.

Secondly, About a Week after when the Doctor was in the Chancel, there to Interr the Corps of a Gentleman lately deceaſed, theſe Soldiers ruſhed into the place with an intent to bury the quick with the dead, to put the Doctor into the ſame Grave, which they had done (for no other reaſon but becauſe he uſed the Form preſcribed by the Church

Church at burial of the Dead) had he not been powerfully reſcued by his Pariſhoners.

Laſtly, When the glad Tydings were brought to *Chelmsford*, that *Epiſcopacy* was voted down by the Houſe of Commons, all uſual expreſſions of an exulting joy were uſed; amongſt the reſt, Bonfires were kindled in every ſtreet, but moſt of the Fuel was violently taken from the Doctor's Wood-yard. And now the pile raiſed and the fire kindled, they want nothing but a Sacrifice, this they reſolve ſhall be the Doctor himſelf: To this purpoſe, the *Separatiſts* of the Town, aſſiſted by two Companies of Soldiers, in the Evening aſſault him in his Houſe, ſeiſe upon his Perſon, and are ready to carry him to the Fire, there to throw him headlong into the midſt of it: But ſome of his Friends having information of the deſign, go and acquaint the Commanders with the bloody intentions of their Souldiers, who preſently take a Guard and reſcue the Doctor out of their power, as ſoon as ever they had ſeized on him.

Since that oppreſſed and worried every day by theſe ravenous Wolves, he was forced to forſake his Charge (as many other godly Miniſters are) and to fly for his Life; leaving his Wife and eight Children to the mercy of the Rebels, who have deprived his Family of all their Livelihood, and expoſed them to extream want: Nay, they have ſeveral times broken violently into his Houſe under pretence to ſearch for him, and have held Piſtols cocked, and Swords drawn, at the Breaſts of his Children and Servants, charging them upon their Lives, to reveal where the Doctor was.

It was lately certified from thence, by a chief Member of that Town, and no friend of the Doctors,

ctors, that he finds the eaſe there to be far worſe than he expected; for while they hoped that the power being (Traiterouſly) wreſted out of the King's hand, they ſhould have ſhared it amongſt themſelves, they find that either the power is fallen into their hands that are far beneath them, or elſe hath raiſed theſe men up far above them, for as he writes, *The Town is governed by a Tinker, two Coblers, two Taylors, two Pedlers,* &c.

And that the World may ſee what a Syſteme of Divinity theſe Coblers and Taylors are like in time to ſtitch together, and what Principles they intend to Rule by, I ſhall here ſet down certain preparatory preluſory Propoſitions which they uſually Preach (for Preach they do) to their infatuated Diſciples, and by them are received as the Divine Oracles of God: And you ſhall have them in their own Terms, *viz.*

Firſt, *That Kings are the Burdens and Plagues of thoſe People or Nations over which they Govern.*

Secondly, *That the relation of Maſter and Servant hath no ground or warrant in the New Teſtament, but rather the contrary: For there we read,* In Chriſt Jeſus there is neither bond nor free, *and,* we are all one in Chriſt.

Thirdly, *That the Honours and Titles of* Dukes, Marqueſſes, Earls, Viſcounts, Lords, Knights *and* Gentlemen, *are but Ethnical and Heatheniſh diſtinctions amongſt Chriſtians.*

Fourthly, *That one man ſhould have a Thouſand Pounds a Year, and another not one Pound, perhaps not ſo much, but muſt live by the ſweat of his Brows, and muſt labour before he eat, hath no ground, neither in Nature or in Scripture.*

Fifthly,

Fifthly, *That the Common People heretofore kept under Blindneſs and Ignorance, have a long time yielded themſelves Servants, nay, Slaves to the Nobility and Gentry: But God hath now opened their Eyes, and diſcovered unto them their Chriſtian Liberty: And that therefore it is now fit that the Nobility and Gentry ſhould ſerve their Servants, or at leaſt Work for their own Maintenance; and if they will not Work, they ought not to Eat.*

Sixthly, *That Learning hath always been an enemy to the Goſpel, and that it were a happy thing if there were no Univerſities, and all Books burnt, except the Bible.*

Seventhly, *That any man whom God hath* (as they call it) *Gifted, may be choſen by the Congregation for their Paſtor: And that Impoſition of Hands by the Biſhop and Presbytery, are meer Popiſh Innovations.*

What more additions to theſe monſtrous Opinions, the wildneſs of ſuch mens Brains, aſſiſted by the cunning of the Devil, and incouraged by the uſurped power of theſe Times may produce, we muſt leave to the diſcovery of Time. In the interim (good Reader) ſtand amazed, and wonder at this excellent pattern of the intended bleſſed Reformation. Had not God, to prepare us for deſtruction, deprived us of Knowledg, had he not cloſed our Eyes that we ſhould not ſee, and hardned our Hearts that we ſhould not underſtand, were we not a people as the Prophet ſpeaks, forſaken and meted out for deſtruction, it could not be, but that Mankind would riſe up againſt this Generation of Vipers, and their Protectors, and ſweep them away, to uſe the Metaphor of the Holy Ghoſt, *with the beeſom of deſtruction*, who if a while connived at,

at, will prove Moths fretting to the deſtruction both of Church and State: For in this Model, you may ſee the *Babel* which is now in building, and the budding forth of thoſe Brambles, out of which (if not timely quenched) will come forth a Fire (as it is in *Jothams* Parable) which will devour the *Cedars* of *Lebanon.*

The ſame godly Reformers, which plundred Maſter *Laud*, before mentioned, came afterwards to Maſter *Cornelius*, Parſon of *Peldon*, in the ſame County of *Eſſex*, whom they rob of all his goods, within doors and without: They ſpared not his Library, nor his Wives Child-bed Linnen, though ſhe was great with Child, and in danger by the fright ſhe took at their coming, to have occaſion to make uſe of them before her due time, they plunder him to the value of Four hundred pounds, a very great ſum in a poor Clergy-mans purſe, eſpecially as theſe Times go. For relief of his Loſs, he ſends his Servant to the Mayor of *Colcheſter* (a famous Juſticiary, as you may remember the laſt Week, in the relation of Mr. *Laud*, and Mr. *Honifields* Caſes) having made his Complaint, and accuſed the plunderers by name, the Mayor knew that ſome body deſerved Commitment, but had the ill luck to be miſtaken in the perſon, and therefore inſtead of the plunderers, he Commits Maſter *Cornelius* his man to the Gaol, where he is lodged for a Malignant, until his Maſter (plundred of his Man too) came and put in Bail, that his Servant ſhould be forth-coming, to anſwer to all Objections the next Seſſions. Maſter *Cornelius* knowing that he ſhould in vain expect Juſtice where he found Oppreſſion, from the Mayor goes to Mr. *Gardner*, a Juſtice of Peace not far off, who

grants his Warrant for apprehenſion of the parties: Who being apprehended (though for Felony) put in Bail to anſwer the next Seſſions. When the time came, Mr. *Cornelius* indicts theſe plunderers, the Bill was found by the Grand-Jury upon the evidence of three or four Witneſſes, who were Spectators, and ſaw them carry away the Goods: Nay, the priſoners at the Bar not only confeſſed the Fact in their Examination before the Juſtice, when they were firſt apprehended, but in the face of the Court, and preſence of the Jurors: Yet the Petty-Jury, contrary to Reaſon and their own Conſciences, found the Indictment againſt the King. The Court wondring at ſo wilful blindneſs, cauſe the *Statute* to be read, lay open the Evidence, and remand them back, not doubting but comparing the Fact with the Law, the Reſult would be a Verdict for the King: They perſiſt in their Obſtinacy, and return *Ignoramus*. Being asked by the Bench, how they could go againſt ſo clear Evidence? They anſwered in general, Becauſe they did not think PLUNDERING (a new name for an old Theft) to be Felony by the Law: But being beaten out of this ſtarting hole, though ten are Convicted, yet two ſtand out, and give this reaſon, that they were a Malignants Goods, and the Parliament had given power to plunder ſuch: But when it was replied, That no ſuch Order was produced, nor was it pleaded by the Priſoners at the Bar; they then profeſſed openly, that theſe men arraigned at the Bar were honeſt men, that they had an Intent to do them favour, and they would do it. Hereupon the Bench juſtly incenſed againſt ſo wilful perjury, binds over the Jurors to anſwer it the next Aſſizes: And withal, order

Mr.

Mr. *Cornelius* to Indict theſe plunderers again upon another Felony; he obeys their command, and the Grand-Jury find it to be *Billa vera:* But when the Under-Sheriff went out to Impanel a Jury to try the priſoners, he could find none but Separatiſts, who attended there that day purpoſely to be of the Jury, and profeſſed openly, that they ſtaied there to ſave the priſoners. Happy men theſe, that may commit Murthers, Robberies, and Thefts, and yet fear no Condemnation, neither at the Tribunal of God or Man. It is an uſual doctrine of this Sect, *That God ſees no ſin in his Children,* (for that name they will ingroſs to themſelves, though no men leſs deſerve it) and it ſeems they are reſolved to ſee no ſin one in another. It was a wild ſaying of a great Patriarch of theirs, That the Children of God were *Heteroclites,* becauſe God did often ſave them, even contrary to his own Rules. I know not how true they will find this aſſertion at the Great Day, when Murther ſhall be Murther, and Theft Theft, and God that Righteous Judg, who without reſpect of perſons, ſhall render to every man according to his deeds, yet here on Earth, if theſe men may judg one another, they may commit what wickedneſs they liſt, and let the Reins looſe to all kinds of Villany, and yet be ſaved contrary to all the Rules of Law and Juſtice.

Mr. *Archer,* Lecturer at the ſame place, in his Sermon encouraged the people to take up Arms againſt the King, but it may be objected, ſays he, that the Gentry gainſay this Doctrine, and the Learned utterly diſclaim it as Erroneous and Damnable; but what though the Gentry and Learned (as you call them) diſſent, yet let it not Stagger

your belief of this undoubted Truth: For I tell you that in my Conſcience you may do it, and in doing it you are ſo far from ſinning, that you will do that which is acceptable to God. Be liberal therefore in contributing to this holy War, and ſending forth men to fight this Battel of the Lord. This man in his Prayers and Sermons, conſtantly calls the Parliament, *The Lords Anointed*, but with what Oyl it is not yet determinated: I am ſure by experience, we find that it is not *Oyl of Gladneſs.*

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

IV.

Sir Rich. Minſhul's *Houſe in* Buckinghamſhire, *plundered by the Lord* Brooks *command. The Kings Picture abuſed. A Houſe burnt near* Hounſlow *by the Lord* Wharton's *Souldiers. Mr.* Wiborow, *and Mr.* Thorn, *the one a Miniſter in* Eſſex, *the other in* Bedfordſhire, *the firſt ill-intreated on the Lords Day by the Lord S.* John's *Troopers, the other unjuſtly committed to Priſon for a private revenge.*

ON Monday, the 15 of *Auguſt*, 1642. Sir *Richard Mynſhul* of *Bourton*, in the County of *Buckingham* Knight, furniſhed with ten Horſe and Arms, began his journey into the North to wait upon the King, as in the duty of a Servant and Subject he was bound. This being diſcovered (for they have ſpies in every corner) to the Lord *Brook*, Sir *Peter Temple*, Sir *Rich. Ingoldsby*, Maſter *Goodwine*, and others then at *Aylesbury*, leaders of an Army raiſed againſt his Majeſty. It fell under conſi-

conſideration to make Sir *Richard Mynſhul* a precedent to deter others from ſerving the King, ſince it was not to be done but by expoſing their perſons to Impriſonment, and their Eſtates to Plundering, for the Reſult of that deliberation was, that ſince they could not ſecure his perſon, they would ſeiſe on his Eſtate. Nor do they ſtay long before they put the ſentence in execution: For on Thurſday the 18 of *Aug.* the Lord *Brook* commanding a great part of the Army, came to Sir *Richard*'s Houſe, and in caſe he ſhould find Reſiſtance, they bring divers pieces of Ordnance to batter the Houſe: but being come they find no oppoſition. The firſt company that enters the Houſe were under the command of one Captain *Jones*, who either deteſting the Oppreſſion, or yet not fleſhed in the ſin, which but then found footing in this Kingdom, (for this was the firſt of this kind committed in *Buckinghamſhire*, and the ſecond in *England*) moderated the eagerneſs of the Soldiers ſharp ſet on the prey, ſo that they gleaned but a little here and there; this moderation renders Captain *Jones* ſuſpected for a Papiſt, both to the Lord *Brook*, and the reſt of the Commanders: Nay, he is not only voiced for a Papiſt, but a Rumour is raiſed that he was Bribed into this Moderation, and had taken a reward to ſpare Sir *Richard*'s Goods: The Captain blaſted with theſe reports, the jealouſie of him grew ſo high that they threaten to kill him: To avoid the fury of the Soldiers he is fain to withdraw himſelf, nor durſt he appear before a Servant of Sir *Richards* had made Oath, that he was Innocent of any ſuch Contract. And now the Lord *Brook* and his Company being maſters of the Houſe, the firſt thing on which they expreſs their rage is the Kings

Picture, which with their Swords they moſt traiterouſly pierce through in divers places: And not content to wound him in that repreſentation, (whoſe perſon God miraculouſly hath, and we hope will preſerve from them) they whet their Tongues againſt their Sovereign, uſing Traiterous and ſcornful Language againſt him: By all which it is more than manifeſt to all the World, what they would do to the Subſtance, if they had him in their power, that expreſs ſuch malice on his ſhadow: Having at firſt entrance violated their Loyalty to their King (according to his Majeſties frequent predictions) their fellow Subjects cannot expect Juſtice at their hands: Now all is lawful prize that comes to hand, Money, Plate, Jewels, many ſuits of rich Hangings, Linnen, Bedding, they plunder from the Cabinet to the Larder, and make clean work as they go, leaving no Booty for a ſecond plunder. And though that Houſe were but one, yet in that one they plundered three, Sir *Richard* having diſrobed two Houſes, one in *Eſſex*, the other in *London*, thinking to ſecure all in this third: While theſe things were in doing, the Lord *Brook* with other Commanders, commands the Wine-Seller to be broke up: But in a ſaucy imitation of greatneſs, they will not drink without a Taſter, yet not being confident enough profeſſedly to own Regal obſervances for prevention of danger, a pretence was made that the Wine was poiſoned, and one of Sir *Richard*'s Servants is compelled (a Piſtol ſet to his Breaſt) to begin and lead the way, that if there were any danger, the experiment might be made in him; he having gained a cup of Wine by their diſſembled State, they follow freely, and drink very liberally to the good ſucceſs of their deſigns;

deſigns: without ever ſcrupling whether drinking ſo, did not come within the nature of *a Health.* And indeed 'twas an overſight that *Caſuiſt Prin* was not conſulted in the Caſe, the Cup often gone round, at laſt ſome inſpired with the Spirit of Wine, propheſied that Sir *Richard*'s Treaſure was buried in the Cellar, preſently they fall to digging, and inſtead of Treaſure, find a Mine of Bottles; they drink up the Wine, and in indignation break the Bottles: From hence to cool the Wine, they go to the Beer-Seller, and in both what they could not drink, they break the Veſſels, and let run on the ground: After this they break open the Library, and the place where he kept his Evidences: They ſeiſe on all the Bills, Bonds, Deeds, Evidences, Writings, and Books, which they find whether Sir *Richard*'s, or his Friends; ſome of theſe they take away with them, ſome they tear in pieces, ſome they bind in bundles, and make them ſerve inſtead of Fuel, both to heat Ovens, and to roaſt Meat for their Supper; and would by no means ſuffer any of them to be redeemed, though large ſums of Money were offered for them: The Houſe it ſelf eſcapes not their fury, wanting Ladders to come at the Lead, they ſupply this defect with the Racks broken down from the Stables; they rip up the Lead and carry it away, they tear down the walls of the Houſes with Spades and Mattocks, they dig up the lower Rooms, hoping there to find more Treaſure: They break the Windows, Doors, Wainſcot, Seelings, Glaſs, they take away all Iron Bars, Caſements, Locks, Keys and Hinges: They break open his Wool-houſe and Barns, and empty all: They enter the Dove-houſe, and like Vermine deſtroy the Pidgeons; onely one of theſe Vermine

falling from the Holes, brake his Back and died thereof: and becauſe they could not carry away his Houſe covertly they indeavour to fire it, to this purpoſe they leave Matches burning in the Mats, but were diſcovered. From his Houſe they iſſue out into his Grounds; there they lay all common, they break up his Rales and Fences: Of his Sheep what they did not eat, they ſold, Sheep worth 20 *s.* for 12 *d.* Lambs worth 10 *s.* for 6 *d.* and the reaſons why the rates of their market were ſo low, were, firſt, they were a Malignant and a Traitors Goods (ſo they ſtiled Sir *Richard.*) Secondly, They were ſold to their Brethren, and therefore muſt afford good Penniworths. The reſt of the Stock they run their Swords or Pikes into moſt of them and ſpoiled them. Nor was Plunder the only thing they looked after, Blood is in their thoughts. Firſt, They ſend a Troop of Horſe to purſue Sir *Richard*, and threaten to cut him as ſmall as Herbs to the Pot: They clap a ſtrong Guard on Sir *Richard*'s Lady, deny her a Bed to lie on, though the Neighbours earneſtly intreated to kill them if they can find them: Who (poor Souls) affrighted with theſe barbarous Inſolencies, fled into the Field, and hid themſelves in growing Hemp, and there lay on the Ground almoſt 20 Hours, without Meat or any ſuſtenance, ſo that what with fright and dampneſs of the Earth, ſome of them contracted dangerous Sickneſſes, and hardly eſcaped with Life. The Terrour which fell upon the Country thereabout was ſo great, that the neighbouring Juſtice of Peace durſt not grant his Warrant to ſearch after any of Sir *Richard*'s Goods, though earneſtly intreated to it: And the Neighbours were ſo ill uſed and threatned, to extort confeſſion

ſeſſion from them where Sir *Richard* was, or where any of his Goods were conveyed, that ſome ſwooned for fear, ſome fell mad, and ſome died. Certain it is their carriage was ſo barbarous, that it inforced Mr. *Jo. Crew*, one of the Company, to profeſs his diſlike, and to tell the Lord *Brooks* and the reſt, That they being Law-makers ſhould not be Law-breakers, nor make ſuch precedents as would diſcover their intentions, and render them odious unto the Country: Since that, knowing Sir *Richard* to have put himſelf for preſervation of his Life under his Majeſties Protection, they have cauſed his Pond-heads to be digged down, and have deſtroyed all his Fiſh, they have cut down his Woods, and ſeiſed on all his Lands, or made them utterly unprofitable unto him, for they will not ſuffer any Bayliff or Servant of his to take any care of his Eſtate, but have often ſent parties of Horſe to ſeiſe on them, or kill them.

At a place called *Kings-harbour* near *Hounſlow-heath*, three Soldiers, under the Command of the Lord *Wharton*, came into a Houſe to drink, going away, they of the Houſe demand Money for their Drink: So unexpected an affront did ſo incenſe the Soldiers, that one of them told his Companions he would ſhew them how they ſet Houſes on fire in *Ireland*, and ſo put his Carbine into the Thatch and diſcharged it, ſet the Houſe on fire and departed. The General *ESSEX* returning from *London*, came by as the Houſe was on fire, complaint is made unto him, that the owner of the Houſe was undone, but all in vain, his Excellency was not at leiſure to do Juſtice.

The Counteſs of *Rivers* (who as you heard in the ſecond Weeks Relation, was Plundered to the value

value of an Hundred thouſand, or an Hundred and fifty thouſand pounds) finding her abode here unſafe, having loſt her Goods, and her Perſon in danger; to ſecure her ſelf, reſolved for a time to abandon her Country, and rather expoſe her ſelf to the hazard of Travel, than commit her ſelf to that protection which the contemned Laws now afford. To this purpoſe ſhe obtained a Paſs to go beyond Seas: While ſhe was in preparing for her Voyage, Mr. *Martin*, Plunder-maſter General, he that ſo familiarly ſpeaks Treaſon, and ſteals the King's Horſes, or doth any thing, plunders the Counteſs of her Coach-Horſes, notwithſtanding a Warrant from the Lords Houſe to ſecure them: And when this Warrant was produced to ſtave off this Parliament Horſe-taker, he replied, That if the Warrant had been from both Houſes he would obey it, as coming from the higheſt authority in *England*, (ſure this man was born with Treaſon in his Mouth) but ſince it came *But* from the Lords he did not value it. When this Warrant could not prevail, the Counteſs obtains a Warrant from the Earl of *Eſſex*, to have the Horſes reſtored unto her again, but Mr. *Martin* to overbear all, procures an Order from the Houſe of Commons to keep them. This Honourable Ladies Goods were ſeiſed on, though Licenſed to paſs by the Lords, and ſearched and allowed by the Cuſtome-Houſe.

At *Pebmarſh*, in the ſame County of *Eſſex*, on the Lords Day, divers of the Parliament Voluntiers came into the Church, while the Parſon, Mr. *Wiborow* was in his Prayer before Sermon, and placed themſelves near the Pulpit, and when he was in his Prayer, one of them ſtruck divers times with his Staff againſt the Pulpit to interrupt him, and

while

while he was in his Sermon, in contempt of the place where they were, and the ſacred action in doing, they were almoſt as loud as the Preacher, to the great diſturbance of the Congregation. No ſooner was the Sermon ended, and the Parſon come out of the Pulpit as far as the Reading-desk, but they lay violent hands upon him, rent his Clothes, threaten to pull him in pieces in the Church. With much intreaty they ſpare him there, and permit him to go into the Church-yard; he is no ſooner come thither, but they aſſault him more violently than before: Mr. *Wiborow* ſeeing the Conſtable (who all this while ſtood a ſpectator of his hard uſage) calls unto him, and charges him in the King's Name to keep the Kings Peace: At his requeſt they did a little forbear him: But before he could get half ways Home, they aſſault him again, and demand the Book of Common-Prayer which he uſed in the Church, (That which was found by the Pariſh, being torn in pieces before) which he refuſing to deliver up unto them, they reek their fury on him: They tug and hale him, and vow to kill him, unleſs he deliver up the Book of Common-Prayer to their pleaſure; he ſtoutly refuſeth: Hereupon they fall upon him, ſtrike up his Heels, and take it from him by force, and ſo carry it away in triumph.

Mr. *Blakerby* (a ſilenced Miniſter heretofore) preaching at *Halſtead* in the ſame County, told them, That to bow at the Name of *Jeſus*, was to thruſt a Spear into Chriſt's ſide; and ſuch Miniſters as ſigned Children with the ſign of the Croſs, did as much as in them lay to ſend ſuch Children unto the Devil.

When

When the Earl of *Eſſex* and the reſt went from *Reading* to *London*, after the unhappy (to ſay no more) ſurrender of that town, they left there a Committee, conſiſting of none but City Captains and Tradeſmen, theſe according to the authority committed unto them, ſummon all the able men of the Pariſhes thereabout, to appear before them at *Reading*, and Aſſeſſed them at their pleaſure. In *Marlow* they Aſſeſſed one Mr. *Drue* at 1000 *l.* they fell to 500 *l.* he refuſing to pay was Impriſoned; but the Priſon being moſt naſty and loathſom, denied the accommodation of Bedding, was forced to pay 300 *l.* Mr. *Horcepoole*, they aſſeſſed at 200 *l.* Mr. *Chaſe* (a man plundered before) at 40 *l.* 20 pound was offered, but nothing will be abated of 30. *Eliot* a Butcher, at an 100 *l.* and Impriſoned. *Cocke* a Baker, at 20 *l.* Mr. *Fornace*, the Vicar (not ſuffered to ſpeak for himſelf becauſe a Malignant) at 10 *l.* and paid ſeven. *John Langley* 10 *l.* *Thomas Langley* 20 *l.* *William Langley* 5 *l.* and *Wilmot* his Servant 5 *l.* *John More* 80 *l.* *Hoſkins* a Shoomaker 5 *l.* *Cane* an Innkeeper 7 *l.* Rates ſo Illegal, or had they been Legal, ſo unequally proportioned to theſe mens Eſtates, that had Ship-money been ſtill on foot, it would not have drawn ſo much Money out of their Purſes in forty or fifty years, as this Blew-Apron Committee at *Reading*, removed ſome ſeven or eight Degrees from the Cloſe Committee at *Weſtminſter*, extorted from them at one clap. O that we were but ſo wiſe as to compare our Conditions! certainly then we could not but acknowledg the juſt wrath of God upon us for our Ingratitude, murmuring ſo much when we had ſo little cauſe, and bleſs God for the

return

return of our former Peace, though with all its Grievances, and thoſe maliciouſly aggravated.

Mr. *Giles Thorne*, Batchellor in Divinity, and Parſon of S. *Cutberts* in *Bedford*, was upon Sunday in the beginning of *Auguſt* laſt, 1642. apprehended in his Pariſh Church immediately after he came out of the Pulpit (having preached three Sermons in the Town that day) by the Lord *Saint-Johns* Troops, who lay then in *Bedford*, and in a very boyſterous manner carried away to an Inn in the Town, not permitted to go home to his Houſe to viſit his Family, nor any of his Friends ſuffered to come to him: The next day he was carried away to *London*, where when he had lain more than three Weeks under the Meſſengers hands, he was brought to his Trial at the Bar in the Lords Houſe: Accuſations are framed againſt him out of Sermons preached nine years before. Witneſſes are produced to prove the Articles, who ſo well remembred what they were to ſay, that they were fain to read their Depoſitions out of Papers which they brought in their hands. Mr. *Thorne* gives ſo full an Anſwer to all the Objections, that the Lords pronounce themſelves ſatisfied, and him Innocent, only the Lord *Say* diſputes with him, and the Earl of *Bullingbrooke* grumbles at him. At length it is pretended that there is another Witneſs in the Country that can ſay ſomewhat, (eſpecially if it be written down in a Paper, as it was to his fellow Deponents): Hereupon he is committed to the *Fleet*, there to remain till that Witneſs can be prevailed with to find leiſure to come up. About three Weeks after the Witneſs appears, and is Sworn, and contrary to the Rules of that Court, is ſent to be examined by a Clerk. Mr. *Thorne*, with much ado

ado obtains a Copy of his Depoſitions; which upon view contain no new Matter, but what he had before anſwered unto and cleared: Hereupon he Petitions again for a Sentence; he is ordered to attend the Houſe: After a chargeable attendance of many days with his Keeper, he is called, the Cauſe reviewed, upon the review, the Earls of *Pembroke*, *Holland*, *Clare*, and divers others affirm, that in their conſciences they had Acquitted him at the firſt hearing, and now upon the review, found nothing to alter their opinion, and therefore thought it fit he ſhould be Diſcharged. But well fare a good Neighbour at a dead lift: The Earl of *Bullingbrook* objects, That he is a man of a Malignant ſpirit, that he hath great Intereſt in the Affections of the People amongſt whom he lives, and therefore if Inlarged and remitted Home, may do much prejudice to the good Cauſe in hand; upon theſe juſt and weighty Conſiderations, Mr. *Thorne* is remanded to the Fleet: Since that time he hath uſed the aſſiſtance of many Friends, drawn many Petitions, humbly deſiring that he might be heard: Or if the great Affairs of State would not afford their Lordſhips ſo much leiſure, that he might have leave upon Bail to go down to attend his Cure, until their Lordſhips ſhould pleaſe to call for him: But was ſo far from obtaining his deſire, that he could never get ſo far towards it, as to have his Petition read. His Pariſhoners ſenſible of his Oppreſſion and their own Injury, being bereaved of the comfort and labours of their own Paſtor, ſent up a Petition ſubſcribed with three hundred hands to the ſame effect, that Juſtice might have a free uninterrupted courſe, either to Condemn or Abſolve him, but all in vain: So that for ought we yet underſtand

derſtand he is ſtill a Priſoner, and for any thing we are informed to the contrary, he is without hopes for Enlargement, though his Judges have pronounced him Innocent. And now would you know the true cauſe of all this Oppreſſion? Know then that it is poſſible for the High Court of *England* to be made the Inſtrument of private Revenge: For Sir *Sam. Luke* divers years ſince ſuing Mr. *Thorne* in the *Star Chamber*, it was Mr. *Thornes* unhappineſs to get the day of him, an injury which Sir *Samuel* could never forget, and did now revenge it by the help of the Earl of *Bullingbrook*, the Lord *Saint Johns* Son, and his own intereſt in the Houſe. This ſtory hath been atteſted by ſome that were both Ear and Eye-witneſſes of theſe particulars, and let me be ſubſtituted Priſoner in Mr. *Thornes* place if he (for ought I know) know any thing that I know this, or intended to make it known to the World.

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

V.

Warder *Caſtle gallantly defended by the Lady* Arundel, *againſt Sir* Edward Hungerford *and his power: His perfidiouſneſs in breaking the Articles of Surrender: His barbarous uſage of the Lady, her Children, and Goods. Mr.* John Bykar, *a Vicars Son, murthered at* Coventry. *Mr.* Abraham Haynes *Robbed, Abuſed, and unjuſtly Committed*, &c.

ON Tueſday the ſecond of *May*, 1643. Sir *Edward Hungerford*, a chief Commander of the

the Rebel in *Wiltſhire*, came with his Forces before *Warder* Caſtle in the ſame County, being the Manſion-Houſe of the Lord *Arundel* of *Warder*: But finding the Caſtle ſtrong, and thoſe that were in it reſolute, not to yield it up unleſs by force, called Colonel *Strode* to his help: Both theſe joyned in one, made a Body of 1300. or thereabout. Being come before it, by a Trumpeter they ſummon the Caſtle to ſurrender: The reaſon pretended was, becauſe the Caſtle being a Receptacle of Cavaliers and Malignants, both Houſes of Parliament had ordered it to be ſearched for Men and Arms, and withal by the ſame Trumpeter declared, that if they found either Money or Plate, they would ſeiſe on it for the uſe of the Parliament. The Lady *Arundel* (her Husband being then at *Oxford*, and ſince that dead there) refuſed to deliver up the Caſtle, and bravely replied, That ſhe had a command from her Lord to keep it, and ſhe would obey his command. Being denied entrance, the next day being Wedneſday, the third of *May*, they bring up the Cannon within Musket ſhot and begin the Battery, and continue it from the Wedneſday to the Monday following, never giving any intermiſſion to the beſieged, who were but 25 fighting men, to make good the place againſt an Army of 1300. In this time they ſpring two Mines; the firſt in a Vault, through which Beer and Wood, and other neceſſaries, were brought into the Caſtle: This did not much hurt, it being without the foundation of the Caſtle. The ſecond was conveyed into the ſmall Vaults, which by reaſon of the intercourſe between the ſeveral Paſſages to every Office, and almoſt every Room in the Caſtle, did much ſhake and indanger the whole Fabrick.

Fabrick. The Rebels had often tendered ſome unreaſonable conditions to the Beſieged to ſurrender, as to give the Ladies, both the Mother and the Daughter in Law, and the Women and Children Quarter, but not the Men; the Ladies both infinitely ſcorning to Sacrifice the Lives of their Friends and Servants, to redeem their own from the cruelty of the Rebels, who had no other crime of which they could count them guilty, but their fidelity and earneſt endeavours to preſerve them from Violence and Robbery, choſe bravely (according to the Nobleneſs of thoſe Honourable Families from which they are both extracted) rather to die together, than Live on ſo diſhonourable terms. But now the Caſtle brought to this diſtreſs, the Defendants few, oppreſſed with number, tired out with continual watching and labour from Tueſday to Monday, ſo diſtracted between Hunger and want of reſt, that when the hand endeavoured to adminiſter Food, ſurprized with ſleep, it forgat its imployment, the morſels falling from their hands while they were about to eat, deluding their Appetites now when it might have been a doubt which they would firſt have laded their Muſquets withal, either Powder before Bullet, or Bullet before Powder, had not the Maid-ſervants (valiant beyond their Sex) aſſiſted them, and done that ſervice for them. Laſtly, Now when the Rebels had brought Petarrs, and applied them to the Garden Door (which if forced, opened a free paſſage into the Caſtle) and Balls of wildfire to throw in at their VVindows, and all hope of keeping the Caſtle was taken away, now, and not till now, did the Beſieged ſound a Parley. And though in their Diurnals at *London*, they have told the VVorld

that they offered Threeſcore thouſand pounds to redeem themſelves and the Caſtle, and that it was refuſed, yet few men take themſelves to be bound any thing the more to believe it, becauſe they report it. I would Mr. *Caſe* would leave preaching treaſon, and inſtruct his Diſciples to *put away Lying, and ſpeak every man truth with his Neighbour:* Certainly the World would not be ſo abuſed with untruths, as now they are: Amongſt which number this report was one, for if they in the Caſtle offered ſo liberally, how came the Rebels to agree upon Articles of Surrender, ſo far beneath that Overture? For the Articles of Surrender were theſe:

Firſt, *That the Ladies and all others in the Caſtle, ſhould have Quarter.*

Secondly, *That the Ladies and Servants ſhould carry away all their Wearing Apparel, and that ſix of the Serving Men, whom the Ladies ſhould nominate, ſtould attend upon their Perſons, whereſoever the Rebels ſhould diſpoſe of them.*

Thirdly, *That all the Furniture and Goods in the Houſe ſhould be ſafe from Plunder, and to this purpoſe, one of the ſix, nominated to attend the Ladies, was to ſtay in the Caſtle, and take an Inventory of all in the Houſe, of which the Commanders were to have one Copy, and the Ladies another.*

But being on theſe terms Maſters of the Caſtle, and all within it, 'tis true, they obſerve the firſt Article, and ſpare the lives of all the Beſieged, though they had ſlain in the defence at leaſt 60 of the Rebels: But for the other two, they obſerve them not in any part: As ſoon as they enter the Caſtle, they firſt ſeiſe upon the ſeveral Trunks and

and Packs, which they of the Caſtle were making up, and left neither the Ladies or Servants any other wearing clothes but what was on their backs. There was in the Caſtle amongſt many rich ones, one extraordinary Chimney-piece, valued at two thouſand pounds, this they unterly deface, and beat down all the carved works thereof with their Pole-Axes. There were likewiſe rare Pictures, the work of the moſt curious Pencils that were known to theſe latter times of the VVorld, and ſuch that if *Apelles* himſelf (had he been now alive) needed not to bluſh to own for his. Theſe in a wild fury they break and tear in pieces, a loſs that neither coſt nor Art can repair. Having thus given them a taſte what performance of Articles they were to expect from them, they barbarouſly lead the Ladies, and the young Ladies children, two Sons and a Daughter, Priſoners to *Shaftsbury*, ſome four or five miles from *Warder*. VVhile they are there Priſoners, to mitigate their Sorrows, in triumph they bring five Cart-loads of their richeſt Hangings and other Furniture through *Shaftsbury* towards *Dorcheſter*, and ſince that, contrary to their promiſe and faith given, both by Sir *Edward Hungerford* and *Strode*, they have Plundered the whole Caſtle: So little uſe was there of the Inventory we told you of, unleſs to let the VVorld know, what my Lord *Arundel* loſt, and what theſe Rebels gained. This havock they made within the Caſtle. Without they burn all the Out-houſes, they pull up the Pales of two Parks, one of Red Deer, the other of Fallow: what they did not kill, they let looſe to the world for the next taker. In the Parks they burn three Tenements and two Lodges, they cut down all the Trees about the Houſe and

Grounds, Oaks and Elms, ſuch as few places could boaſt of the like, whoſe goodly buſhy advanced heads drew the eyes of Travellers on the Plains to gaze on them, theſe they ſold for Four-pence, Six-pence, or Twelve-pence a piece, that were worth three, four, or five Pound a Tree: The Fruit-trees they pluck up by the Roots, extending their malice to commit ſpoil on that that God by a ſpecial Law protected from deſtruction, even in the Land of his Curſe, the Land of *Canaan:* For ſo we read, *When thou ſhalt beſiege a City, thou ſhalt not deſtroy the Trees thereof, by forcing an Ax againſt them, for thou mayſt eat of them, and thou ſhalt not cut them down to employ them in the Siege: only the Trees which thou knoweſt that they be not Trees for Meat, thou ſhalt deſtroy,* Deut. 20. 19, 20. Nay, that which eſcaped deſtruction in the Deluge, cannot eſcape the hands of theſe children of the *Apollyon* the deſtroyer. They dig up the heads of twelve great Ponds, ſome of five or ſix Acres apiece, and deſtroy all the Fiſh: They ſell Carps of two foot long for two-pence and three-pence apiece: They ſend out the Fiſh by Cart loads, ſo that the Country could not ſpend them: Nay, as if the preſent Generation were too narrow an Object for their rage, they plunder Poſterity, and deſtroy the Nurſeries to the greater Ponds: They drive away and ſell their Horſes, Kine, and other Cattle: And having left nothing either in the Air or Water, they dig under the Earth, the Caſtle was ſerved with Water brought two Miles, by a Conduit of Lead: And intending rather miſchief to the Kings Friends than profit to themſelves, they cut up the Pipe and ſold it (as theſe mens Wives in *North-Wiltſhire* do Bone-lace) at Six-pence a Yard; making that waſte

waſte for a poor inconſiderable Sum, which two thouſand pounds will not make good. They that have the unhappy occaſion to ſum up theſe loſſes, value them at no leſs than an hundred thouſand pounds. And though this loſs were very great, not to be parallel'd by any, except that of the Counteſs of *Rivers*, yet there was ſomething in theſe Sufferings, which did aggravate them beyond all example of Barbarity, which this unnatural War now did produce, and that was *Rachels* Tears: Lamentation and Weeping, and great Mourning, a Mother weeping for her Children, and would not be comforted becauſe they were taken from her; for the Rebels as yon hear, having carried the two Ladies Priſoners to *Shaftsbury*, thinking them not ſafe enough there, intend to remove them to *Bath*, a place then much infected both with the Plague and the Small Pox: The old Lady was ſick, under a double confinement, that of the Rebels and her own Indiſpoſition, all were unwilling to be expoſed to the danger of the Infection, eſpecially the young Lady, having three Children with her, they were too dear, too rich a treaſure to be ſnatched away to ſuch probable loſs without reluctancy: Therefore they reſolve not to yield themſelves Priſoners for that place, unleſs they will take the old Lady out of her Bed, and the reſt by violence, and ſo carry them away. But the Rebels fearing leſt ſo great Inhumanity might incenſe the People againſt them, and render them odious to the Country, decline this, and ſince they dare not carry all to *Bath*, they reſolve to carry ſome to *Dorcheſter*, a place no leſs dangerous for the Infection of Schiſm and Rebellion, than *Bath* for the Plague and the Pox. To this purpoſe they take

the young Ladies two Sons (the eldeſt but nine, the younger but ſeven years of age) and carry them Captives to *Dorcheſter.*

In vain doth the Mother, with tears intreat that theſe pretty pledges of her Lords affections, may not be ſnatched from her: In vain do the Children imbrace and hang about the Neck of their Mother, and implore help from her that neither knows how to keep them, nor yet how to part with them; but the Rebels having loſt all bowels of Compaſſion, remain inexorable. The complaints of the Mother, pitiful cry of the Children prevail not with them, like ravenous Wolves they ſeiſe on the Prey: And though they do not crop, yet they tranſplant thoſe *Olive Branches that ſtood about their Parents Table:* A barbarous fact, and ſuch as muſt look out of Chriſtendom for a precedent, and hardly find it though among the Heathen, except among the unwaſhed *Turks*, who take Chriſtian Children from their Mothers Breaſts either to make a Seminary for their Guards of Janizaries, or by deſolation to make them Eunuchs unſuſpected Guardians of their Concubines, or if in Chriſtendom amongſt none but the Jeſuits their Brethren, a Generation whom they would be thought moſt to hate, yet are known moſt to imitate, *Exod.* 21. To *ſteal* a Man was death by the Law of *Moſes*, nay, the *Romans* that ſaw by no other Light, but that dim Spark of Nature diſcerned the equity of this Law, as is apparent in their *Lex Fabia de Plagiariis:* And though theſe men blanch the Inhumanity, pretending that they rob the Mother to inrich the Church, to bring them up in the true Religion, it were worth the while to ask (if they would vouchſafe an anſwer) what

what they mean by the true Religion, if they mean the Proteſtant, or to ſpeak more properly, the Religion of the Church of *England*, it is apparent they perſecute that, but ſuppoſe (which we do not grant) that they did bereave Parents of their Children to that purpoſe to bring them up in the true Religion, yet cannot a good Intention warrant an unlawful Act, nor ought they to do evil that good may come of it: Nor do we find ether that the Church was ever pleaſed with ſuch Acceſſions, or that God did give a bleſſing to ſuch unwarrantable Zeal. When *Seſibutus*, King of *Aragon*, in the Year 600. prevailed againſt the *Saracens*, and in a better Zeal than this, but not according to knowledg, compelled his Captives to be Baptized, he quickly found his error by the want of Gods bleſſing upon his endeavours, nay, Gods diſlike was ſo viſible in the ſucceſs, that the Church of God obſerving it, determined, That the Children of Infidels not having the uſe and exerciſe of right Reaſon, ſhould not be Baptized *Invitis Parentibus*, contrary to the conſent of the Parents. And the fourth Council of *Toledo*, *Cap.* 56. diſallowing the inconſiderate zeal of *Seſibutus*, forbad *to compel any man to the Faith under the cenſure of Anathema*, and determined withal, that *to baptize Children without the conſent of the Parents, is all one as to compel men of full age to be Baptized.* The ſame determination is cited and approved by the *Canoniſt*, *Diſt.* 45. *Cap. De Judæis*, and were it but conſiſtent with the nature of this work, it were eaſie to decry this Jeſuitical Turkiſh practice by moſt impregnable Arguments, both in the Schoolmen and Caſuiſts: But I muſt leave this to Men of the ſacred Function, and only beg leave to infer, that if it be not law-

ful to baptize the Children of *Jews*, *Infidels*, or *Hereticks*, without conſent of their Parents: Though without Baptiſm when it may be had, there is no entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven, certainly it muſt be far more unlawful being baptized to take them from their Parents, to ſeaſon their tender years with dangerous principles leading to Prophaneneſs, Browniſm, Anabaptiſm, and Rebellion. A juſt indignation againſt ſo barbarous practice hath tranſported me in this argument farther than I intended, though not ſo far as the heinouſneſs of the fact deſerves, therefore if any man deſires to be more fully ſatisfied of the power and intereſt which Parents have over and in their Children, being an *Inheritance given them of the Lord*, as the Prophet *David*, and the poſſeſſion of their Parents, as *Ariſtotle* in his *Politicks*, and the great violation of Juſtice in relation of the Laws of God, Nature and Men, in deſpoiling their Parents of them, let him have recourſe to that Learned and Elegant diſcourſe of *Petrus Ærodius*, Chief Juſtice or Preſident of *Anion*, in his Book *de Patria Poteſtate*, who being robbed of his Son, ſtoln from him by the Jeſuits, to plant him as a hopeful Imp in their Society, and not able to reſcue him out of their power, though he implored, and had the King of *Spain*'s aſſiſtance (for thither he was carried) purſues his Son with Arguments and Labours to recal him to his Obedience, by laying before him his duty artificially Collected, and ſtrongly applied from the Laws, Divine, Natural, and Moral, and therefore to him I remit him, and turn my diſcourſe into its proper channel.

On Friday, the 12 of *May*, 1643. Mr. *John Bykar* (Son to the Vicar of *Dunchurch*) was with his

his Father in Law, one of the High-Conſtables of *Warwickſhire*, at the Market at *Coventry*. Being in a Houſe in the City, he received ſome rude affronts from a Soldier of that Gariſon: He being a very civil man, of good Moderation, and it ſeems well inſtructed not to anſwer a Fool in his Folly, or being reviled to anſwer again, withdrew himſelf from the place to decline the inſolent madneſs of the Soldiers, and free himſelf from his provocations: Being come into the ſtreets, ſecure, as he thought, from all violence, he was ſuddenly run through the Body, and falling down, died inſtantly. His offence was (for as yet we can hear of no others) that he was a *Parſons* Son; ſo inveterate malice to that Function and all depending on it, do theſe Rebels bear. And therefore if in this Relation you meet with frequent mention of Affronts, Oppreſſions, Plundering, and Murthers of the Miniſters of the Goſpel, do not attribute it to any partiality, as if the Relator were more querulous for them than others, but to a ſerious deſire to proportion his Labours in a juſt meaſure to the merit of each mans caſe.

Maſter *Abraham Haynes* of *London*, in *September* laſt, travelling into *Shropſhire*, to viſit his Daughter and ſome other Friends, being benighted, was forced to take up his Lodging in a little Village ſome eight miles ſhort of his Daughters Houſe: After Supper, his Hoſt in a ſeeming way of Courteſie comes to viſit his Gueſt, and brings with him two or three of his Neighbours, whereof the Conſtable was one, to bear him company. After a little diſcourſe, they will needs perſuade him that he is a *Malignant*, a hard word in thoſe parts before this Parliament began, but however it ſerved the

the Conſtables turn well enough to lay hold on him: Having ſeiſed on him, they ſearch him, under pretence that he carried Letters of dangerous conſequence, but ſearching, they find what they ſought for, his *Money*, 14 *l.* he had about him, this as good Booty they take from him, and for fear he ſhould run away from his Money, that night they ſet a ſtrong Watch upon him. Next morning very early they carry him before a Parliament Man, reſiding about two miles diſtant from that place, who moſt Committee-man like out of the abundance of his Juſtice, though no crime were objected, nor any thing found about him to render him liable to reſtraint, but only the ſin of having 14 *l.* or becauſe he was guilty of the Conſtables affirming him to be a Malignant, he commits him to his former guardians, by them to be conveyed to *London*. Mr. *Haynes* unwilling to come ſo near his Journeys end, and yet not arrive there, tenders Bail, Gentlemen of the beſt rank and quality in the Country; but it will not be accepted: He deſires to have leave to ſend a Meſſenger to his Daughter where he was that day expected, but it will not be granted: Away they carry him, they mount him and his man upon two poor Jades, while my Hoſt and Mr. Conſtable ride on their Geldings. The firſt night they will allow him no Supper, unleſs he will pay for it, though they knew he had no Money, having themſelves ſeiſed on all he had. Afterward, upon much opportunity and earneſt intreaty, they are pleaſed out of his own Moneys, to allow him a poor thin allowance of Food by the way. Being arrived at *London*, they bring their Priſoner before the Committee, who upon an implicite faith ſend him unheard, unaccuſed,

cuſed, unexamined Priſoner to the *Fleet*, where after he had lain ſix Weeks, having made uſe of many Friends, and preſented many humble Petitions, and ('tis thought ſome Monies too) he is reſtored to his Liberty upon this ground, that there were no Articles, nor any Accuſation found in the Committee againſt him: But for his Money that (in the great Juſtice and Equity of the Committee) was beſtowed upon his Accuſers, as a juſt reward of their zeal to the Parliament.

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

VI.

Willingborow *in* Northamptonſhire, *miſerably Plundered. Mr.* Flint *a Curate, Murthered by a Rebel there. The Rebels breach of Faith at the ſurrender of* Sudely *Caſtle, and their abuſe of the Church and Monuments there. Colonel* Purefoy's *defacing S.* Marys *Church, and the Chappel, with other Monuments in* Warwick, *&c.*

THat the Kingdom might not be undone but at their own charges, ſundry Ways and Arts, both by force and intreaty, have been uſed to extort Monies from the Kings good Subjects, to maintain the preſent Rebellion. Amongſt others, Mr. *Gray* of *Wellingborow*, Clark of the Peace for the County of *Northampton*, was aſſaulted by perſuaſion, and very earneſtly ſolicited by Sir *Rowland S. John*, to contribute liberally to this unnatural War: But his refuſal to partake in ſo crying a ſin, did produce a double

double effect, indignation in the Rebels, that hate all men that run not into the ſame exceſs of Treaſon and Rebellion with them, becauſe others backwardneſs doth upbraid their forwardneſs that ruſh into Rebellion like the Horſe into the Battel: But brought forth imitation in others, not only in *Wellingborow*, but in ſome Villages bordering on that Town: Who ſeeing ſo good a preſident of Loyalty, refuſe with him to hearken to ſo Traiterous propoſals: And now thinking themſelves indangered by their refuſal, and expoſed to the mercy of Rebel Plunderers, they enter into a conſultation how to ſecure themſelves from violence, and reſolve to come to each others aſſiſtance, if the Dragooners from *Northampton* or any elſe ſhould aſſault them, upon notice given by jangling their Bells: And that the World might not think their fears to be groundleſs, on the 26 of *December*, 1642. at 12 of the Clock at Night, Captain *Francis Sawyer* (and as is ſuppoſed a Brother of Sir *Gilber Pickerings*) attended by a 100 Dragoons, beſet Mr. *Grayes* Houſe; and the ſignal of jangling the Bells being diſcovered by ſome of the Town that were of their faction, to prevent the Alarm to the Country, they tie up the Bell-ropes, and place a Guard of twelve Muſqueteers in the Church-yard, to ſecure the paſſage to the Belfrey: Having thus beſet the Houſe, and as they thought fruſtrated the device of calling the Confederate Villages to their help, Captain *Sawyer* demands entrance, Mr. *Gray* out of his Window, tells him that he and his Family were in Bed, and withal deſired to know what their intentions were, thus in the dead of the night to diſturb their reſt, and what Warrant they had to command entrance? They return him anſwer that

that they had a Warrant to apprehend his Perſon, and ſeiſe on his Plate and Arms for the uſe of the Parliament: Half an hour was ſpent in this Parley, Mr. *Gray* protracting the time, that perhaps his Neighbours hearing of his danger, might come to his reſcue: Which accordingly fell out, for ſome of the Town hearing that the Rebels had beſet Mr. *Grayes* Houſe, haſten towards the Church that by the ſound of the Bells (the Signal agreed on) they might ſummon the Country: When they come thither, they find the way intercepted, a Guard of Muſqueteers denying them entrance: but inraged to find oppoſition where they did not expect it, they fell foul on the Guard, beat them off, took five of their Muſquets, forced their entrance, and ſo rang the Bells. Hereupon the Rebels, fearing that their entrance was delayed, thereby to gain time till the Town and Country might come in to his Reſcue, brake open a Window, and put in one or two of their company, who preſently open the Doors to them and give them free entrance: Having thus poſſeſſed themſelves of the Houſe, their firſt work is to ſeiſe upon Mr. *Gray*'s Perſon, to this purpoſe they make directly to his Chamber, whom they found in his Shirt, and would hardly give him leave to put on his Clothes; and that their ſeiſing of his Perſon might not be without all ſhew of Authority, they produce a Warrant ſigned by the Earl of *Eſſex*, in which Mr. *Gray*'s name was, this they ſhew only, but will not permit them to read it. All the Monies and Plate which they found in the Houſe they take away, and as for Mr. *Gray* himſelf having taken him Priſoner, they compel him to go on foot from *Wellingborow* to *Welby*: While they are on

their

their way towards *Welby*, ſome 40 or 50 men from *Wellingborow*, armed only with Swords and Staves, come to Reſcue Mr. *Gray* from the Rebels: After a ſhort Skirmiſh (wherein one or two of the Purſuers were hurt only, not ſlain) finding that they were unequal for the Rebels both in Number and Arms, leaving the Prey in the hands of the Oppreſſors, they retreat to *Wellingborow*: Being returned thither, they find Five hundred of the Country come in to their aſſiſtance: The common People (who ſeldom love or hate moderately) inraged that Mr. *Gray* ſhould thus be taken from them, eſpecially ſome of his poor Neighbours, who in him were robbed of the relief which they received from his Charity, reſolve to make ſome of the Rebels Faction in that Town ſenſible of their diſpleaſure; and therefore ſince they cannot reek their anger on the Rebels that did the fact, they fall foul on thoſe that did approve it, if they were not Abettors and underhand Contrivers of it: They break their Windows, break into ſome of their Houſes, and ſpoil their Goods. Amongſt the number of thoſe that ſuffered under the fury of the People, a Chandler and a Cooper underwent the greateſt Loſs, yet it could not be much, ſince upon a ſtrict ſurvey, the whole ſpoil done in the Town did not amount to 30 *l.*

Many of this aſſembly, utterly diſliking ſuch diſorders, did not only reprove the chief Actors in this Outrage, but to diſcountenance their proceeding withdrew themſelves: They of the Town to their Houſes, they of the Country to their ſeveral Habitations; ſo that by the break of day the Tumult was appeaſed, and the Town cleared. While theſe things were in doing, the Cooper and one or

two

two with him poſt away to Mr. *Perne*, the Parſon of *Welby*, a Turbulent and Seditious man, and make their complaint to him, and to inflame him that was too apt to kindle without their help, they do not only aggravate their own loſſes at *Wellingborow*, but tell him that they threatned to come and do the like at *Welby*: Mr. *Perne* (changing his black Coat for a gray) inſtantly goes to *Northampton*, and there repreſents the injury done to their Faction at *Wellingborow*, and the pretended danger of *Welby* ſo effectually, that by Noon that Tueſday, Colonel *Norwich* commanding in chief, Sergeant-Major *Mole*, Captain *John Sawyer*, Captain *Francis Sawyer*, Captain *Pertlow*, Captain *Redman*, Captain *Farmar*, Captain *Harrold*, with 500, but others ſay 1000 Horſes and Dragooners, came to *Wellingborow*: Being come thither, they divide themſelves into ſeveral Troops, to make good ſeveral paſſages into the Town, thereby to keep out the Country that were coming to their aid, Captain *John Sawyer*, with 80 or a 100 Dragooners enters the Town at that ſide which leads to *Welby*; and riding in the Front of his men marched directly towards Mr. *Neile* of *Woollaſton*, and ſome few with him who ſtood to oppoſe him: *Sawyer* diſcharges at Mr. *Neile*, and whom he miſſed with his Bullet he would be ſure to hit with his Tongue, ſhooting out Arrows, even bitter words, calling him *Popiſh Raſcal*: But what reward ſhall be given unto thee, O thou falſe Tongue? He ſtaied not long without it, for the words were no ſooner ſpoken, and (to ſecond his words) a charge given to his Soldiers to give fire, but he received what he would have given, his deaths wound by a ſhot in the Head and Neck by Gooſe-ſhot, which made him fall on his

Horſe

Horſe-neck, which ſhot was ſeconded by a Country-man, who with a Club beat him off his Horſe into the Dirt; being thus beaten down, the Women to revenge their Husbands Quarrel faſten on him, but Mr. *Oliver Gray* (Nephew to Mr. *Gray* before mentioned) and Mr. *Woolaſton* reſcued out of their hands, who otherwiſe had immediately died the death of *Siſera*, by the hands of Women: Reprieved thus for ſome few hours, they carry him to one *Gray*'s Houſe an Alehouſe-keeper, whoſe Wife was Captain *Sawyers* Aunt, where they adminiſtred what they could, but in vain, for after two and twenty hours Languiſhment he died: As ſoon as Captain *Sawyer* was fallen, his Soldiers inſtantly ran away, only his Son, unwilling to leave his Father, followed him to the hazard of his life, by many Wounds which he received. In other Parts of the Town, the Townſmen quit themſelves like valiant Soldiers and loyal Subjects, and with very little help of the Country, kept the Rebels out: Mr. *Gray*'s man and another, with each man his Muſquet, kept out above a 100 at the lower end of the Town, and repelled them twice or thrice; and had not Captain *Sawyer* coming to himſelf a little before his death, perſuaded them that it was in vain to ſtand out, there being three Pieces on the way from *Northampton*, to Batter the Town (which proved true) and withal perſuading them to write a Letter to the Commanders, promiſing that upon their ſubmiſſion the Town ſhould be ſecured, they had held it out to the laſt man: But the dying Captain prevailed with them, they write a Letter according to his advice, which as they ſay was ſigned by his own hand, the apprehenſion of his deſperate condition having put new thoughts

thoughts in him. But this Reſolution not being ſo fully made known to the Town, as a buſineſs of that concernment ought to have been, ſome of the Town, being ignorant of any Treaty, made ſome ſhot, and the Rebels willing to take advantage, ruſh into the Town, put both thoſe of the Town and Country to flight. Captain *Francis Sawyer* much inraged for his Brother, and coming near the place where his Brother was Wounded, ſeeing Mr. *Flint* the Curate of *Harrowden* ſtand there, not any way ingaged in the Reſiſtance, having not given any provocation, he barbarouſly ſtruck him with his Pole-Ax, and cleft his Head down to the Eyes, of which Wound he died inſtantly: The Earth drinking up that innocent Blood, ſhed by the hand of an accurſed *Doeg*, which like the Blood of *Abel*, calls loud in the Ears of God for Vengeance upon them, who authorize and countenance ſuch horrid Murthers; *Curſed be his anger for it was fierce, and his wrath for it was cruel.*

Being maſters of the Town, at three of the Clock in the Afternoon they begin to Plunder, and continue the Spoil until the next Day-light failed them, until Wedneſday night. In this time they carry away the Wealth of the Town to *Northampton* and other places, ſparing none but thoſe whoſe Tongues are framed to *Shiboleth*, men of their own Faction, whether they were active againſt them, or ſtood Neuters: By which Eſſay, thoſe Luke-warm men (who ſtand Pendulous equally poiſed between Rebellion and Loyalty, and know not which ſide to lean unto) may gueſs what meaſure they are like to receive from the Rebels hands, if ever they come to have them in their power.

In the Town, two men eſpecially ſuffer under theſe Free-booters, Mr. *Gray* and Mr. *Fiſher*; from the firſt being Clerk of the Peace, they take away the Commiſſions of Peace, the Seſſions Rolls, together with his own Evidences and Leaſes, all his Houſhold-ſtuff, even to his very Bed-cords, leaving but one Sheet for his Wife and five Children: His Wheat and other Corn they give to their Horſes; what they did not eat, they threw into the Streets, and trampled it in the dirt. From the other they took Goods, and other things, amounting to a very great Sum: And to compleat their wickedneſs, to their Oppreſſion they add Scorn; for having taken away all that they could, in deriſion they affix Protections in writing under Colonel *Norwich* his hand, at his and ſome others doors, forbidding any man to Plunder. Generally what they could not carry away, they ſpoil, ſo that the Loſs ſuſtained by the Town, is valued at Six thouſand pounds.

They took Mr. *Neile* Priſoner, and ſome Forty more, amongſt them they took the Vicar, Maſter *Jones*, a grave and learned man, but lame and very ſickly, and having Plundered him of all he had, they mount him on a poor Jade, with a Halter inſtead of a Bridle; the reſt they tie two and two together, and drive them before them to *Northampton*. Mr. *Gray*, as I told you, was the day before led Priſoner to *Welby*, from thence to *Northampton*, where his Priſon cannot afford him protection from the fury and rage of the Soldiers; to make way to his death, they threaten to pull down the Houſe where he was confined: And the Commiſſioners finding that he could not remain there with any ſafety, were conſtrained to ſend him

him away Priſoner to *London.* Being come thither, Articles are framed and exhibited againſt him, which being examined at a Committee, and no proof at all made, he was Voted to be diſcharged his Impriſonment: yet to delude Juſtice, and the *Petition of Right*, the Chair-man could never find a time to make his Report to the Houſe, ſo that he remained a Priſoner for a long time.

On the 28. of *January*, 1642. the Caſtle of *Sudely*, upon Compoſition, was delivered up to the Rebels; there were Articles agreed on and ſworn to, but as he ſpake truly, *Children were deceived with Apples, and Men with Oaths*; the Rebels as they ſwear to Articles for their advantage, ſo they break them as eaſily for their advantage, and make Perjury an eaſie uninterrupted paſſage to Theft and Robbery, for theſe Rebels brake as many Articles as they ſwore unto: they plunder not only the Caſtle, the Seat and Houſe of the Lord *Chandois*, and *Winchcombe* a neighbouring Village, to the utter undoing the poor Inhabitants, but in defence of the Proteſtant Religion, and vindication of the Honor of God, they profane his Houſe. There is in the Caſtle a goodly fair Church, here they dig up the Graves, and diſturb the aſhes of the dead: they break down the ancient Monuments of the *Chandoſes*, and inſtead thereof, leave a prodigious Monument of their Sacrilegious profaneneſs: for each part of the Church they find a peculiar way to profane it: the lower part of it they make their Stable, the Chancel their Slaughter-houſe. Unto the Pulpit (which of all other places in probability might have eſcaped their Impiety) they faſten pegs to hang the Carcaſſes of the ſlaughtered Sheep: the Communion-Table, according to their own Language,

they make their Dreſſer or Chopping-board to cut out their meat; into the Vault, wherein lay the Bodies of the *Chandoſes*, an ancient and honorable Family, they caſt the guts and garbage: mingling the loathſom Intrals of Beaſts, with thoſe Bones and Aſhes which did there reſt in hope of a joyful Reſurrection. The Nave or Body of the Church was all covered with the dung and blood of Beaſts: and which was (if it be poſſible) a degree beyond theſe Profanations, in contempt of God and his holy Temple, they defile each part and corner both of Church and Chancel with their own Excrements; and going away, left nothing behind them in the Church (beſides Walls and Seats) but a ſtinking Memory, that part of the Parliament Army raiſed for the defence of Religion, had been there. Let that railing *Rabſhekah*, or jeering *Sanballet*, I mean the Author of the ridiculous Pamphlet, intituled, *One Argument more againſt the Cavaliers*, read this Story, and then tell me which are moſt guilty of prophanation of Churches, the *Cavaliers* or the *Round-heads*; which were moſt profaned, either St. *Mary Maudlins* in *Oxford*, or the Church at *Sudly* Caſtle: and yet this Dog ſticks not with *Shimei* to bark at his Sovereign and blaſpheme his Piety, as if the Rebels brought from *Cyrenceſter* had been Quartered in this Church by his approbation, who to expiate that guilt, gave an hundred and fifty pounds to adorn and beautifie that Church. The truth is, there was a fault in the Commanders for lodging *them* in *Churches*, who if they had had their due, had been *hanged for Rebellion*, their carcaſſes expoſed to the *Fowls of the air*, and the *Beaſts of the field*, that the *Ravens of the valleys* might have had their due portion, and never ſuffered them to come

come ſo near the Church, as to have the priviledge of Chriſtian Burial in the Church-yard. *So, even ſo, let all the Kings enemies periſh, O Lord, and let all the people ſay.* Amen.

In Saint *Maries* Church in *Warwick*, and the Chappel (commonly called the *Earls Chappel*) adjoyning to the Choire of that Church, are divers fair Monuments of the *Beauchamps*, anciently Earls of that place; which Family long flouriſhing there, had been great Benefactors and Beautifiers of that Church, whereof *Thomas Beauchamp* (Earl of *Warwick*, and Earl Marſhal of *England*, and one of the Founders of the moſt noble Order of the Garter, in the Reign of King *Edward* the Third) built the Choire now ſtanding, in the midſt whereof is his Monument, and adorned the Windows, with the Pictures of Himſelf, his Wife, and Children which were many; upon the Surcoats of the Men were their Arms skilfully depicted, the Women having the like, and Mantles, over which were the Arms of their Matches, their Husbands being the prime Nobility of thoſe times: The like Portraitures in Glaſs, but much more rich and coſtly, were in that ſtately Chappel before-mentioned: In this ſtood the Monument of Earl *Richard*, being Braſs gilt; and in the Opinion of judicious obſervant Travellers, eſteemed the rareſt Piece erected for any Subject in the Chriſtian World: but ſuch is the barbarouſneſs of the pretenders to Reformation, that upon Wedneſday the 14. of this inſtant *June*, the Souldiers, by the appointment and encouragement of one whom (in theſe degenerous Times wherein the dregs of the People are made Commanders for the advancement of Rebellion) men call Colonel *Purefey* (a man of a mean deſperate Fortune,

but by the means of the late Lord *Brooke*, choſen Burgeſs of Parliament for *Warwick*, and who had the greateſt Influence in ſeducing that unhappy Lord to this deſperate Rebellion, in which he miſerably periſhed:) did beat down and deface thoſe Monuments of Antiquity; and not content with this, by the ſame Command they break down the Croſs in the Market-place, not leaving one ſtone upon another, *Purefey* all the while ſtanding by, animating and encouraging them, until they had finiſhed their ſo barbarous Work. In which the World may obſerve, that theſe men are the ſworn Enemies, not only of pretended Superſtition, but of the Enſigns of Nobility and Gentry, that if their *Diana*, I mean their *Parity*, may take effect, Poſterity may forget, and not read the diſtinction of Noble from ignoble, in theſe venerable Monuments of ancient Nobility: there being in theſe Windows ſomething indeed to inſtruct a Herauld, nothing to offend the weakeſt Chriſtian.

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

VII.

Doctor Cox *barbarouſly uſed by the Earl of* Stamford *at* Exeter, *contrary to the Law of Arms. The unheard-of Cruelties committed by the Lord* Grey *of* Groby *and his Souldiers, on the perſon, houſe, goods and ſervants of Maſter* Nowell *in* Rutlandſhire. *Dr.* Bargrave *ill intreated by Col.* Sands *in* Kent, *&c.*

AFter the great and happy Defeat given by the Victorious Sir *Ralph Hopton* to the Devonſhire Forces

Forces at *Starton*, it pleaſed the Commanders of His Majeſties Forces to entertain thoughts of Clemency towards the remainder of the Rebels. To teſtifie to the World therefore, that there was nothing more in their deſires than a Thrift of Chriſtian Blood, and withal, to heap *coles of fire upon their heads*, to conquer them by kindneſs whom they had often conquered by the ſword: by their Letters they ſignifie their readineſs to cloſe up thoſe wide rents between them, by a Treaty. And that a Meſſage of Peace might be well ſuited with a Meſſenger, they ſent the Letters by Dr. *Cox*, Doctor of Divinity, who, attended by a Trumpeter, came to *Exeter* that Sunday in the After-noon. The Trumpeter, as the manner is, gave the Town warning, as ſoon as he came within ſight of the Guard, and preſently an Officer came to receive him, who blind-folding him with a Handkerchief pinn'd over his Eyes, conducted him through the City unto the Earl of *Stamfords* Houſe: having admittance there, the Doctor takes off his Handkerchief, but accidentally did not diſpoſe of the pin that faſtned it, but ſtill kept it in his Hand: the Earl had no ſooner ſet his eyes upon the Doctor, but preſently he reviles him, and calls him all the reproachful Names he could imagine, and ſwore that he would hang him inſtantly: but firſt, to extort a confeſſion from him, he offers a Knife or Dagger to his Breaſt, demanding an anſwer to ſome Interrogatories: the Doctor not affrighted with ſuch rough uſage, replies very diſcreetly, That he had received commands to deliver certain Letters from the Commanders of the *Corniſh*, to thoſe of the *Devonſhire* Army, but that he had no Commiſſion to ſatisfie any different and by-demands; this denial

to anſwer, *together with after dinner*, inflamed the Earl, and put him into a new fit of Railing: and for variety ſake he did intermix the opprobrious names, with many menaces and offers of ſtabbing him: In the end, ſeeing that this harſh welcome could effect nothing, nor awe the Doctor to make any diſcovery, he demands the Letters: the Doctor, that he might clear his hands, and ſo dive into his Pockets ſuddenly, put the Pin which he held in his hands between his lips: hereupon one *Baxter*, a Serjeant-Major of the City, obſerving the motion of his hand, but not perceiving what it conveyed to his mouth, cryed out, *What doth the rogue eat there? he ſwallows Papers of Intelligence*: With this the Earl, forgetting the Gravity and ſerious Deportment of a Peer of the Kingdom of *England*, began in an antick manner to leap, and skip, and friſk, crying out, *Treaſon, Treaſon, he comes to betray the City, Courage my brave blades*: and ſo turning to the Doctor, he ſet his Dagger again to his Breaſt, and demanded what it was that he had put into his mouth? The Doctor mildly and ſoftly putting his hands to his lips, took the Pin thence, and ſhewing it to his Lordſhip, ſaid, *It is a Pin, my Lord.* The Serjeant-Major thinking to intercept the ſuppoſed *Intelligence* going down the Doctors throat, inſtantly flies to him, took him by the throat, and griped him ſo hard, that he had almoſt ſtrangled him. The Earl himſelf (moſt unworthily) crying out, *Cut the Villains throat, cut it*: nor did he command another, what he would not do himſelf, for with his own hands he offered his Knife thrice at the Doctors throat to cut it, but the Doctor ſtill put it by, °God, who is *a preſent help in trouble*, reſtrained the Earl, and delivered the Doctor out of his hands.

hands. Nor was it his hap to ſuffer from Honorable hands only, the ſtanders by are not idle, but follow ſo leading an example: as if he had been ſent for from *Cornwall* to *Exeter* on no other errand than to be made the City ſcorn, and the ſubject whereon their wanton inſolency ſhould vent it ſelf: every one in the Room had a fling at him: ſome with their fiſts beat him about the head; others ſcratch his face; one with his fingers boars his ears, to his extream torment another with his fingers rakes in his mouth, hoping there to find ſome Papers of *Intelligence*: one tears his hair, another forces his hand down his throat, and the thing for which they make this ſtrict ſearch, is *Intelligence*, ſome ſcrole of *Intelligence*: Sure there is much want of *Intelligence* in their own heads, that made ſuch ſtrict inquiſition for it in another mans. Well, this purſuit of *Intelligence* ſo long they continue, and ſo eagerly, that the Doctor fainting under ſo barbarous uſage, was ready to give up the Ghoſt, and for fear he ſhould dye under their hands, they leave him a ſad emblem of that entertainment which the Meſſengers of Peace find from the men of this Generation. Let that rebellious City remember and tremble at that condolement of our Saviour over the like ſin: *O Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem, thou that killeſt the Prophets, and ſtoneſt them that are ſent unto thee.* I am unwilling to go on and read her deſtiny, and therefore ſhall return to the ſtory.

Having in this unchriſtian manner inſulted long enough upon the Doctor, they divert their rage, and ſpend the reſt of their Fury on the Trumpeter; and having either before, in part breathed out their madneſs, or not thinking the poor Trumpeter ſo Malignant as the Doctor, though they uſed him bad

bad enough, yet they expreſs not ſo keen a malice againſt him as againſt the Doctor. Having ſatiated themſelves by cumulating Injury upon Injury upon them, they are both commanded to an outward Room; here they are aſſaulted by freſh Furies, for they had not ſtaid long there, but two Aldermen renew the ſame Inſolencies, and act the Injuries all over again, and the very dregs of the People animated by their example, bear them Company. After this, the Earl commits them to Priſon, and being brought into the Room where they were to lodge, they were ſtript naked, and their Cloaths narrowly ſearched: and though after all this ſcrutiny nothing could be found, yet *Intelligence* is the thing the Earl looks after, and *Intelligence* he will have if it be to be had. And though the World never took his Lordſhip for a Phyſitian, yet he preſcribes two Vomits, where his Honour had his *Simples*, I know not, but the Compoſition was of a green colour, divided into two Draughts, put into two Bowls, theſe the Earl commands to be adminiſtred to the Doctor and the Trumpeter, that ſo they may vomit up thoſe ſuppoſed Papers of *Intelligence*, which Serjeant-Major *Baxter* thought they had ſwallowed: the Doctor, the chief Patient, begins firſt, whom inſtantly they ply with Poſſet-drink, having likewiſe ſome infuſion in it to provoke and help on the Potion taken: all night long did they keep the Doctor at this Exerciſe, though they ſaw that what came from him, came with great difficulty and torment, yet they gave not off, till at laſt it drew Blood from him: all the return that was made into the Baſin, was very exactly ſtrained, to ſee if there were any rag of *Intelligence*: but there was none: but in caſe it ſhould work both

ways

ways (though his Lordſhip had many about him wonderous fit for ſuch Imployment) yet whom he placed Sentinel for the Poſtern, if any *Intelligence* ſhould chance to eſcape that way, my intelligence fails me. This Inhumane uſage brought the Doctor ſo low, that in three days he was not able to receive any Suſtenance. In this his extremity and weakneſs, he had many viſits from the people of the Town, who like *Jobs* comforters, revile him inſtead of pitying him: and the third night, as he lay very ſick and weak in his Bed, there came into his Chamber a man very likely to prove the Meſſenger of death unto him; his name was *Doune*, Lieutenant to Captain *White*, who preſently asking for the Jeſuite, and calling him Rogue, and as many baſe names as himſelf deſerved, offered to lay violent hands upon him: but one of the Soldiers abhorring ſo barbarous Cruelty, in meer mercy to a dying Man, as he had reaſon to judge him, interpoſing, reſtrained him from acting thoſe Murderous thoughts which he brought with him. After the Doctor had remained Priſoner five or ſix days, and having recovered ſo much ſtrength as to hold out another worrying, he was (with an ill intention in ſome) brought before the Council of War, where, upon the Doctors complaint of the hard uſage he had undergon, ſome of the prime Gentry being aſhamed of the Cruelties acted on him, being a Meſſenger, and in that regard by the Law of Arms ought to be priviledged from all Affronts, much more from ſuch violent Outrages, Sir *John Northcoote* indeavoured to palliate the buſineſs, and to take off from the odiouſneſs of it, by alledging the Contents of the Letters, which indeed being for ſome Preparatories and Overtures

of

of Peace, might inrage theſe men that were Enemies unto it: To which the Doctor replyed, that under favour that could be no ground, nor yet excuſe for their ſavage uſage of him; becauſe they had beaten him, and almoſt murdered him in the Earl of *Stamfords* preſence, before they knew the Contents of the Letters, or read ſo much as one ſyllable of them, or indeed received them, the violent Serjeant-Major ſeizing on him before he could deliver them: This ſo unanſwerable a return, put the Knight to his *Italian* ſhrug, and rejoyned no more, but *I know not That.* After a Week (and more) Impriſonment, the Earl commands the Doctor to be carryed aboard the *Hope of Toptham*, where the ſtench and noyſom ſmell of the Ship had almoſt poyſon'd him. The Doctors Wife hearing of her Husbands Impriſonment, came to *Exeter* to ſee him; but before ſhe came her Husband being Shipt for *London*, on much intreaty ſhe obtained leave to go on Ship-board to ſee him; but on her return, ſhe was Impriſoned till her Husband being under Sail, ſhe had liberty to go away. After ten days being at Sea, the Doctor arrived at *London*, where he was long detained Priſoner at the Lord *Peters* his Houſe in *Alderſgate-ſtreet.*

The Lord *Gray*, with ſome other Rebels under his Conduct, came to Mr. *Nowels* Houſe, Brother to the Lord *Nowel* that now is, demanding his Perſon priſoner, and his Arms for the uſe of the Parliament. Maſter *Nowell* modeſtly replyed, That he knew not wherein he had offended, that he ſhould forfeit his Liberty or Goods to the Juſtice of the Parliament: his Houſe was his Caſtle, his Arms were his Defence, and his Liberty was precious unto him; ſo that he could not ſatisfie their demands

mands in any thing. Hereupon they plant a Cannon very near the Houſe; ſo near, that the Fire of it took hold of an Out-houſe that was thatched; this Houſe, though burnt down, was not of any great conſequence. Therefore they diſcharge again, and beat down a beam of his Dwelling-houſe, but hurt no man within it: and making a third ſhot, they beat down a Chimney, and the fall of it bruiſed the foot of one of his Servants. At laſt, finding that Mr. *Nowel* was reſolved to make good his houſe againſt them, notwithſtanding their Cannon Battery, and would not deliver up his Perſon to Captivity, nor his Houſe to their Plunder, they fire ſix of his Neighbors Houſes; in one of which there was a Woman in Labor, by which means the Neighbors were compelled to expoſe her to a probable, by ſnatching her from a certain deſtruction; for in the midſt of her Throws and Pangs of Child-birth, they were fain to carry her in a Chair out into the Streets: having a while ſported and warmed themſelves at thoſe Flames, at which the poor Inhabitants wept and wrung their Hands, they threaten, that unleſs Mr. *Nowel* will yield himſelf Priſoner, and deliver up his Houſe to their pleaſure, they will not only fire his Houſe, but will not leave a Houſe unburnt in the whole Pariſh. This ſo affrighted the poor Inhabitants his Neighbors, that Men, Women and Children, come with tears, and earneſtly beſeech him to ſurrender himſelf, rather than ſuffer them to be ruined, and utterly ſpoiled before his face. Overcome at laſt, not by the Rebels Ordnance, but by that which ſpake louder in his Ears, the pitiful complaints and out-cries of his Neighbors, he ſounds a Parley, the reſult of which was:

Firſt,

Firſt, *That the Rebels ſhould ſee the Fire quenched.*

Secondly, *That all in his houſe ſhould have liberty to depart whither they pleaſed.*

Thirdly, *That none ſhould enter the Houſe but Commanders.*

But this generation of *Truce-breakers* (that keep Faith neither with God nor man, and break Oaths faſter then ever *Sampſon* did his Cords, whom nothing can tye faſt but a Halter, the ſtrongeſt Obligation for a Traytor) were no ſooner entred the Houſe, but preſently they ſeize on Maſter *Nowell* and Maſter *Skipwith* as their Priſoners: and whereas by the Article of agreement, none were to enter the Houſe but Commanders; and ſince, if the Article had been kept unviolated, there were like to be as many Thieves within as without doors; Therefore Commanders and Common Souldiers, Common Souldiers and Commanders, all Thieves, enter the Houſe and rifle it. They take away his Goods, cut the Ticks of his Beds, burn the Feathers, tear in pieces his Accounts, Writings, and Evidences, and *That* which we have not read in the black Catalogue of the outrages of the Rebellious Iriſh, was attempted by theſe; for in the Examinations upon Oath of thoſe that report the miſerable Sufferings of the poor Proteſtants in *Ireland*, and the barbarouſneſs of the *Iriſh*, publiſhed by Order of Parliament, we do not find that God gave them up to ſo roprobate a ſenſe, as to commit or attempt any Rapes; give the Devil his due, this ſin we find not laid to their charge: But theſe bleſſed Reformers, whom they have not bluſhed blaſphemouſly to call, *The Hoſt of God*, and *Chriſts Armies*, and *Champions of Religion*, added this to the reſt of their

their innumerable Wickedneſſes, That they attempted to raviſh two of his Maid-ſervants; one was dumb, but fourteen years of age; another had her knee put out of joint, ſtriving to reſiſt a Villain in ſo Beaſtly an attempt. In a word, their practices were generally ſo Wicked, ſo Impious, that one that ſtood Spectator of all paſſages, and obſerved ſtrictly what was done, affirms, That Mr. *Griffith* (whom ſome call Prince *Griffith*) was the only civilized Man amongſt them. Having committed theſe Inhumane Acts among the Living, they go into the Church among the Dead, and there deface a goodly Monument, which this noble Gentleman, Mr. *Nowell*, had erected for his deceaſed Wife: deeply wounding the living Husband, by ſpoiling that Memorial which he had conſecrated to the dear memory of his dead Wife. Having ranſacked all from the living to the dead, they carry away Mr. *Nowell* and Mr. *Skipwith* Priſoners to *London*, and commit them to ſafe Cuſtody in the Lord *Peters* his Houſe (before mentioned) in *Alderſgate ſtreet*, where they remained Priſoners for a long time.

Colonel *Sandyes*, in his perambulation of *Kent*, beſtowed a Viſit upon Dr. *Bargraves* Houſe, then Dean of *Canterbury*, the Dean himſelf then being from home. *Sandyes* came late in the Night, and the whole Family were in Bed: they ſoon raiſe the Houſe, and where they did not find they make an entrance, forcing Miſtris *Bargrave*, a virtuous good Gentlewoman (whom their haſty Summons had permitted to caſt only her Night-gown about her) to wait upon them from room to room, not ſuffering her to turn aſide (though ſhe for Modeſty ſake requeſted that favour at their hands) to draw

draw on her Stockings, unleſs they might ſtand by and ſee it done. They rudely ruſh into Miſtris *Boys* her Chamber, the Widow of Dr. *Boys* Dean of *Canterbury*, a Gentlewoman about fourſcore years old, there they ſeize upon a Cabinet of hers, and break it open, (though the good Old woman would very fain have had it ſpared, and offered them the Key to open it) they find in it forty five pounds in Old Gold, which ſhe had laid by to beſtow as Legacies upon her Friends: this they hug and call their own. She intreats them to forbear it, and directs them to her Will which was laid up with the Gold, and in that they might ſee how ſhe had bequeathed it. Upon peruſal of the Will, they find that ſhe had made Dean *Bargrave*, her own Brother, her Executor; this they pronounce a Crime of ſo high a nature, that nothing could expiate the guilt, but the forfeiture of the Gold, and the Cancelling of the Will; but by the earneſt mediation of Mr. *King*, one of their Company, at length they are perſwaded to reſtore the Gold, and ſpare the Will. From hence they go to the Chamber where young Mr. *Bargrave* the Deans ſon did lodge; *Sandys* valiantly breaks his Sword (which hung at his Beds-head) before his face, and calling him out of his Bed, ſends him Priſoner to *Dover-Caſtle*. Soon after, the Dean haſtning home to comfort his diſtreſſed Family, *Sandys* hears where he was lodged at an Inne at *Graves-end*, and as he was undreſſed and ready to go into Bed, *Sandys*, and thirteen of his Souldiers, preſs into his Chamber with their Swords drawn, and command him to yield himſelf a Priſoner; which the Dean (having neither power nor will to reſiſt) did accordingly; having (without any reaſon given) brought him a Captive to

London,

London, they commit him Priſoner to the *Fleet,* where after he had lain three weeks, he was at laſt releaſed, without ever being examined, or ſo much as called to the Houſe. After this *Sandys* writes (I bluſh to mention ſo degenerous a Pamphlet) a Book, and was not aſhamed to call it, *His Travels into Kent,* unworthy his Predeceſſors, to ſtrain the name of *Sandyes* with ſuch Travels: In this worthleſs Commentary, the Regiſter of his perpetual Infamy; amongſt other things he faſtens the Note of a debauched drunken young Fellow, upon young Mr. *Bargrave,* a Gentleman of ſo ingenuous a Countenance, ſo modeſt and ſweet a Temper, that he deſerves a far better Character. The old Dean, a Grave and learned Gentleman, heart-broken with theſe Injuries, ſoon after dyes; the World in the mean time Condemning *Sandyes,* not ſo much for his Barbarity, as Ingratitude in dealing thus with him, who had not many years before, been a ſpecial means to ſave him from the Gallows, when he was Indicted for a Rape at the General Aſſizes at *Maydſtone.* But you know the old Proverb, *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he will cut your Throat.*

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

VIII.

Maſter Swift, *Parſon of* Goodwich *in* Herefordſhire, *his Wife and ten Children moſt inhumanly dealt with by Captain* Kirle, *a ſtony-hearted Rebel. The Duke of* Vendoſme *plundred at* Uxbridge, *with other frauds and abuſes committed by the Rebels*, &c.

WHen the Earl of *Stamford* was in *Herefordſhire*, in *October* 1642. and pillaged all that kept Faith and Allegeance to the King, information was given to Miſtris *Swift*, Wife of Mr. *Thomas Swift* Parſon of *Goodwich*, that her Houſe was deſigned to be plundered: To prevent ſo great a danger, ſhe inſtantly repaired to *Hereford* where the Earl then was, ſome ten miles from her own home, to Petition him, that no violence might be offered by his Soldiers to her Houſe or Goods: He moſt nobly, and according to the goodneſs of his Diſpoſition, threw the Petition away, and ſwore no ſmall Oaths, That ſhe ſhould be plundered to morrow. The good Gentlewoman, being out of hope to prevail, and ſeeing there was no good to be done by Petitioning him, ſpeeds home as faſt as ſhe could, and that Night removed as much of her Goods, as the ſhortneſs of the time would permit: next Morning, to make good the Earl of *Stamfords* word, Captain *Kirle*'s Troop, conſiſting of ſeventy Horſe, and thirty Foot which were hangers on,

on, (Birds of prey) came to Mr. *Swifts* houſe; there they took away all his proviſion of Victuals, Corn, Houſhold-ſtuff, which was not conveyed away: they empty his Beds, and fill the Ticks with Malt; they rob him of his Cart and ſix Horſes, and make this part of their Theft the means to convey away the reſt: Miſtris *Swift* much affrighted to ſee ſuch a ſight as this, thought it beſt to ſave her ſelf though ſhe loſt her Goods; therefore taking up a young Child in her arms, began to ſecure her ſelf by flight; which one of the Troopers perceiving, he commanded her to ſtay, or (holding his Piſtol at her Breaſt) threatned to ſhoot her dead: ſhe (good woman) fearing death whether ſhe went on or returned; at laſt, ſhunning that death which was next unto her, ſhe retires back to her Houſe, where ſhe ſaw her ſelf undone, and yet durſt not oppoſe or ask why they did ſo? having thus rifled the Houſe, and gone, next morning early ſhe goes again to *Hereford*, and there again Petitions the Earl to ſhew ſome compaſſion on her and her ten Children, and that he would be pleaſed to cauſe her Horſes and ſome part of her Goods to be reſtored unto her: the good Earl was ſo far from granting her Petition, that he would not vouchſafe ſo much as to read it: when ſhe could not prevail her ſelf, ſhe makes uſe of the mediation of Friends: theſe have the repulſe too, his Lordſhip remaining inexorable without any inclination to mercy: at laſt, hoping that all mens hearts were not Adamant, relentleſs, ſhe leaves the Earl, and makes her Addreſs to Captain *Kirle*, who, upon her earneſt intreaty, grants her a Protection for what was left, but for reſtitution, there was no hope of that; this Protection coſt her no leſs than

thirty ſhillings: It ſeems Paper and Ink are dear in thoſe parts. And now thinking her ſelf ſecured by this Protection, ſhe returns home, in hope that what was left ſhe might injoy in peace and quietneſs: She had not been long at home, but Captain *Kirle* ſends her word, that if it pleaſed her, ſhe might buy four of her own ſix horſes again, aſſuring her by his Fathers Servant and Tenant, that ſhe ſhould not fear being Plundered of them any more by the Earl of *Stamfords* Forces while they were in thoſe parts. Encouraged by theſe promiſes, ſhe was content to buy her own, and depoſited eight pound ten ſhillings for four of her Horſes. And now conceiving the Storm to be blown over, and all danger paſt, and placing much confidence in her purchas'd protection, ſhe cauſeth all her Goods, ſecured in her Neighbors Houſes, to be brought home; and ſince it could not be better, rejoiced that ſhe had not loſt all. She had not injoyed theſe thoughts long, but Captain *Kirle* ſent unto her for ſome Veſſels of Cyder, whereof having taſted, but not liking it, ſince he could not have Drink for himſelf, he would have Provender for his Horſe; and therefore inſtead of Cyder, he demands ten Buſhels of Oats. Miſtris *Swift* fearing that the denial might give ſome ground of a Quarrel, ſent him word, that her Husband had not two Buſhels of Oats in a year for Tythe, nor did they ſow any on their Gleab: both which were moſt true: yet to ſhew how willing ſhe was (to her power) to comply with him, that the Meſſenger might not return empty, ſhe ſent him forty ſhillings to buy Oats. Suddenly after, the Captain of *Goodrige Caſtle*, ſends to Mr. *Swifts* houſe for Victual and Corn; Miſtris *Swift* inſtantly repairs to him, and ſhews

ſhews him her Protection: He, to anſwer ſhew with ſhew, ſhews her his Warrant, and ſo without any regard to her Protection, ſeizeth upon that Proviſion which was in the Houſe, together with the Cyder which Captain *Kirle* refuſed. Hereupon Miſtris *Swift* writes to Captain *Kirle*, complaining of this Injury, and the Affront done to him in ſlighting his Protection: But before the Meſſenger could return with an Anſwer to her Letter, ſome from the Caſtle come a ſecond time to plunder the Houſe, and they did what they came for: Preſently after comes a Letter from Captain *Kirle* in Anſwer to Miſtris *Swifts*, telling her, That the Earl of *Stamford* did by no means approve of the Injuries done unto her; and withal, by word of mouth, ſends to her for more Oats: She perceiving, that as long as ſhe gave, they would never leave asking, reſolved to be drill'd no more: the Return not anſwering Expectation; on the third of *December*, two hours before day, Captain *Kirles* Lieutenant, attended by a conſiderable number of Horſe and Dragoons, comes to M. *Swifts* Houſe and demands entrance; but the doors being kept ſhut againſt them, and not able to force them, they broke down two Iron Bars in a Stone Window, and ſo with Swords drawn and Piſtols cocked, they enter the Houſe. Being entred, they take all Maſter *Swift* and his Wives Apparel, his Books and his Childrens cloaths, they being in Bed; and thoſe poor Children that hung by their Cloaths, unwilling to part with them, they ſwung them about, until (their hold-faſt failing) they daſhed them againſt the Walls. They took away all his Servants cloaths, and made ſo clean work with one, that they left him not a Shirt to cover his Nakedneſs.

There was one of the Children, an Infant lying in the Cradle, they rob'd that, and left not the little poor Soul a rag to defend it from the cold. They took away all the Iron, Pewter and Braſs, and a very fair Cup-board of Glaſſes, which they could not carry away, they broke to pieces: and the four Horſes lately redeemed, are with them lawful prize again, and left nothing of all the Goods but a few ſtools for his Wife, Children and Servants, to ſit down and bemoan their diſtreſſed Condition. Having taken away all, and being gone, Miſtris *Swift*, in compaſſion to her poor Infant in the Cradle, took it up almoſt ſtarved with cold, and wrapped it in a Petty-coat which ſhe took off from her ſelf: and now hoped, that having nothing to loſe would be a better protection for their Perſons, than that which ſhe purchaſed of Captain *Kirle* for thirty ſhillings. But as if *Jobs* Meſſenger would never make an end, her three Maid-ſervants, whom they of the Caſtle had compelled to carry the Poultry to the Caſtle, return and tell their Miſtris, that they in the Caſtle ſaid, That they had a Warrant to ſeize upon Miſtris *Swift*, and bring her into the Caſtle; and that they would make her three Maid-ſervants wait on her there, *threatning to plunder all under the Petty-coat*; and other uncivil immodeſt words, not fit for them to ſpeak, or me to write. Hereupon Miſtris *Swift* fled to the place where her Husband, for fear of the Rebels, had withdrawn himſelf: She had not been gone two hours, but they come from the Caſtle, and bring with them three Teems, to carry away what was before deſigned for Plunder, but wanted means of conveyance. When they came, amongſt other things, there was a Batch of Bread hot in the Oven, this they

they ſeize on, Ten Children on their knees intreat but for one Loaf, and at laſt with much importunity obtained it: but before the children had eaten it, they took even that one Loaf away, and left them deſtitute of a morſel of Bread amongſt ten Children. Ranſacking every corner of the houſe, that nothing might be left behind, they find a ſmall Pewter diſh, in which the dry Nurſe had put Pap to feed the poor Infant, the Mother which gave it ſuck being fled to ſave her Life, this they ſeize on too. The Nurſe intreats, for Gods ſake, that they would ſpare that, pleading, that in the Mothers abſence it was all the ſuſtenance which was or could be provided to ſuſtain the life of the Child, and on her knees intreated to ſhew mercy unto the Child, that *knew not the right hand from the left*, a motive which prevailed with God himſelf, though juſtly incenſed againſt *Nineveh*. But to ſhew what Bowels of Compaſſion and Mercy are to be expected in Sectaries, and how far they are from being Diſciples to him who ſays, *Be ye merciful, as your Father which is in heaven is merciful.* They tranſgreſs that precept of our Saviour *in the Letter*, and take away the Childrens meat and give it unto dogs; for throwing the Pap to the dogs, they put up the diſh as lawful prize.

Maſter *Swifts* eldeſt ſon, a youth, ſeeing this barbarous cruelty, demanded of them a reaſon of this ſo hard uſage: they replyed, That his Father was a Traitor to the King and Parliament, and added, that they would keep them ſo ſhort, that they ſhould eat the very Fleſh from their Arms; and to make good their word, they threaten the Miller, that if he ground any Corn for theſe Children, they would grind him in his own Mill; and not content-

ed with this, they go to Mr. *Swifts* next Neighbour (whoſe daughter was his Servant) and take him Priſoner, they examine him upon oath what goods of Mr. *Swifts* he had in his cuſtody, he profeſſing that he had none, they charge him to take his daughter away from Mr. *Swifts* ſervice, or elſe they threaten to Plunder him, and to make ſure work they make him give them ſecurity to obey all their commands: terrified with this, the Neighbours ſtand afar off, and pity the diſtreſſed Condition of theſe perſecuted Children, but dare not come or ſend to their relief: by this means the Children and Servants had no ſuſtenance, hardly any thing to cover them, from Friday ſix a clock at night, until Saturday twelve at night, until at laſt the Neighbours moved with the lamentable cryes and complaints of the Children and Servants, one of the Neighbours over-looking all difficulties, and ſhewing that he durſt be charitable in deſpite of theſe Monſters, ventured in and brought them ſome proviſion. And if the World would know what it was that ſo exaſperated theſe Rebels againſt this Gentleman, the Earl of *Stamford*, a man that is not bound to give an account of all his actions, gave two reaſons for it, Firſt, becauſe he had bought arms and conveyed them into *Monmouth-ſhire*, which under his Lordſhips good favour was not ſo; and ſecondly, becauſe not before, he preached a Sermon in *Roſſe* upon that Text, *Give unto Cæſar the things that are Cæſars*, in which his Lordſhip ſaid, he had ſpoken Treaſon in endeavouring to give *Cæſar* more than his due: theſe two Crimes coſt Mr. *Swift* no leſs than 300 *l.*

About *Feb.* 1642. the Duke of *Vendoſme* being to return home into *France*, but reſolving firſt to take his

his leave of the King at *Oxford*, obtained a Paſs from the cloſe Committee, that he might be free from any let or moleſtation in his journey, but notwithſtanding this Paſs, in his return from *Oxford* he was ſearched and plundered at *Uxbridge*, by that worthy Knight Sir *Samuel Luke*, who was ſent by his Excellency from *Windſor*, with a Troop of Horſe for that purpoſe, That *France* by experience might know that Thieves rob as confidently in the Towns of *England*, as in the woods of *Ardenna*, or any Forreſt in *France*.

About *December* 1642. the Collonels *Waller*, *Brown*, and others marching from *Ailesbury* to *Windſor*, and thence by *Newbury* to *Wincheſter*, their Soldiers in the March Plundered every Miniſter within five miles of the Road, without diſtinction whether of their own party, or of the other, whether they ſubſcribed for Epiſcopacy, Presbytery, or Independency, whether they wore a Surpleſs, or refuſed it; only if they did not, they afforded them the leſs booty. Thoſe that were Conſiders, whoſe Irregularity, and Non-Conformity, armed them with confidence to appear, Petitioned the Houſe of Commons for Relief and ſatisfaction: it being taken into Conſideration that this was not according to their new Phraſe to *weaken the wicked*, but the Righteous and ſuch who ſtood well affected to the Parliament: hereupon ſlandering the Cavaliers, with the fact which their own Soldiers had done, and to make the *fooliſh Citizens bleed free*, there was an Order drawn up and publiſhed, That in regard the Petitioners were well-affected men, and Plundered by the Cavaliers, that there ſhould be a general Collection made for them the next Faſt-day, and that the Preachers ſhould exhort the People, and pray

to

to God to enlarge the Peoples hearts, bountifully to relieve the Petitioners.

But *Wincheſter* being ſurprized, and the Lord *Grandiſon* taken Priſoner, Collonel *Brown* in a Letter to famous *Iſaac Pennington*, magnifies the Victory, and inlarged the glory of it very much by that Circumſtance of taking that Noble Lord Priſoner; but which did much eclipſe the honor obtained that day, in the Letter he adds, that by the Treachery of Colonel *Urrey*, he was eſcaped: little *Iſaac* had hardly ſo much patience, as to read out the Letter, but he ſummons his *Mirmidons*, and gives an Alarm to his Red-coats, the Meſſengers of his Fury, and ſends them inſtantly to plunder Miſtris *Urries* Lodging: it was no ſooner ſaid than done, they being as ſwift to act miſchief as *Iſaac* was ready to command it; what they had in charge they perform faithfully, and Plunder her of no more but all. Miſtris *Urrey* preſently gives notice to her Husband what meaſure ſhe found in the City, while he was in their Service in the Country: the Colonel, upon the Information haſtens to *London*, to expoſtulate for this Injury, and for redreſs, complains to the Houſe againſt the Ringleader *Brown*, and Rout-maſter *little Iſaac*: upon hearing both Parties, the Houſe quits Colonel *Urrey* from any conſpiracy with my Lord *Grandiſon*, or connivance at his eſcape: and for reparation of his Loſſes, they order him 400 *l.* to be paid him out of the Monies collected the laſt Faſt-day for the Plundered Miniſters, who by this means were Plundered twice: and ſo one Order begetting another, they Order, That a new Collection ſhall be made for the Petitioners the next Faſt-day: nor was this the firſt Debt by many that have been paid by the

the abuſed Charity of *London*, the *great Tax-bearing Mule*, as one juſtly calls it.

There is one *Beale* dwelling at *Haſely* (as I take it) in *Oxfordſhire*: a Man much devoted to the Proceedings of the two Houſes of Parliament, yet it was his chance to fall into their hands who *weaken the wicked*: ſome of the Rebels under the command of the Earl of *Eſſex*, Plundered him of two Horſes: upon complaint made unto the Earl, he gives *Beale* command to attend him at *Tame*, and there he ſhould have them again: according to the directions given him by the Earl (accompanied by his Brother) he comes to *Tame*, hoping to have his Horſes reſtored; being come thither, *Beale* is apprehended and committed to Priſon; and his Horſe, together with that which his Brother rode on, are both ſeized for the Earls uſe; nor can either Man or Horſe be releaſed, unleſs he will pay down twenty pound in ready mony: Having continued in Priſon four days, at laſt his Mother (for fear if ſhe had rode ſhe might have been Priſoner for her Horſes ſake, as her Son was) comes to *Tame* on foot, and brings twenty pound with her to redeem her Son out of Priſon; upon receipt of the Money, being a Debt ſo juſtly due and ſo truly paid, his Excellency releaſed him out of his Impriſonment, and reſtored him the two worſt Horſes of the four, and wiſely kept the two beſt for himſelf, which with a very little help, may ſerve to explain the myſtery of his *Motto*, CAVE ADSUM, i.e. *where I come, look well to your Money and Horſes.*

Mer-

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

IX.

Maſter Jones *Vicar of* Wellingborow, *ſtarved to death in Priſon at* Northampton. *A Barber and a Maid-ſervant Murdered by the Rebels at* Wellingborow. *Captain* Ven *his abuſe of* Windſor-Caſtle, *and his barbarous uſage of Priſoners there,* &c.

WHen I firſt entred on this Work, it was a promiſe ſolemnly made, not to abuſe the World with Falſhoods or Uncertainties, but to uſe all Candour and Ingenuity: and if any thing ſhould chance to paſs, which upon better information ſhould appear falſe, I ſhould not bluſh to make a free and an ingenuous acknowledgment. In theſe ſeveral Relations what to retract or recal of the Rebels Cruelties, I yet know nothing, but what to add unto them I do.

The ſixth Weeks *Mercury* told you of the Plundering of *Wellingborow* in *Northampton-ſhire* by the Rebels, and the taking of Mr. *Jones* Vicar of that Town, Priſoner; and in that account which I there gave of him, I left him in Captivity at *Northampton*: ſince that *Mercury* went abroad, ſome good Body finding that Relation to come far ſhort of that barbarous uſage which Mr. *Jones* found from the Rebels, moved either with deteſtation of ſuch inhumane Cruelty, not to be buryed in Oblivion, or out of affection to his Perſon murdered by theſe ſavage Monſters,

Monſters, hath ſupplied the former defect, and enabled me to bring this Story to its ſad concluſion.

Maſter *Jones* was a man very aged, being arrived at that Term which *Moſes* made the uſual boundary of mans life in his time, *Threeſcore and ten*; and had not theſe blood-thirſty men ſhortned his dayes by an untimely death, he might have been ſo ſtrong as to *come to fourſcore years:* And though age it ſelf be a diſeaſe (which yet few men that have it are willing to be cured of) it pleaſed God to add a caſual infirmity to his natural; for ſome two years ſince by a fall he unhappily broke his leg, of which he continued lame to his death. When the Rebels, thoſe Locuſts that devour all the good things of the Land, came to *Wellingborow*, having ranſacked the Town, they took many Priſoners, and amongſt the reſt Maſter *Jones:* all that knew him muſt bear him record, that he was a man of a moſt unblamable life and converſation, an able Scholar, and extraordinarily gifted for Preaching, of which he gave ample proof by his Labours diligently beſtowed among his Pariſhoners by the ſpace of Forty years: having *him* in their power *whom* they knew to be a great means by his Orthodox Preaching to keep that Town, and ſome parts thereabouts in obedience, when the reſt of the Country were in Rebellion againſt their Sovereign, they neither reverence his calling, nor honour his age, nor pity his infirmity, but abuſe him by ſcoffs and jeers, and compel him to go on foot a great part of the way (lame and weak as he was) between *Wellingborow* and *Northampton:* and that he might keep pace with the reſt, they compel him to make more ſpeed than his infirmity could brook. At *Wellingborow* the

the Rebels murthered a Barber and ſtole away his Bear ; and when they could not force this reverend old man to mend his pace, Lieutenant *Grimes* (a deſperate Browniſt, the Maſter of this miſrule, and the chief agent in inflicting all this ſcorn and tyranny on Maſter *Jones*, but ſince a Priſoner in *Banbury* Caſtle) to ſee if fear would add to his ſtrength, forceth the Bear upon him, which running between his legs, took him upon her back, and laying aſide the untractableneſs of its Nature, grew patient of her burthen ; and to the aſtoniſhment of the beholders carried him quietly, ſo that what was intended as a violence, became his eaſe. The Rebels overcome by ſo unuſual an example of kindneſs, the ſavage Bear *reproving the madneſs* of their fury, they remove Maſter *Jones* from off the Bear to a Horſe, but ſuch a Horſe as did but vary, not better the condition of his Tranſportation. One of the rout obſerved to be extreamly active in all theſe inſolencies, and to have a hand in murthering the Barber, ſeing the tameneſs of the Bear, as quiet under Maſter *Jones*, as if ſhe had been accuſtomed to the Saddle, preſumes that it was *no more but up and ride*, and preſently beſtrides the Bear, who as if ſhe had been of that race that did revenge the Prophet *Eliſha*'s quarrel, diſmounts the bold Rider, and as if ſhe had been robbed of her Whelps, did ſo mangle, rend, and tear him with her teeth and pawes, that the preſumptuous Wretch died of theſe hurts ſuddenly after.

Stay, Reader, ſuſpend thy opinion, be not too haſty, I profeſs ingenuouſly the relation ſeems at firſt bluſh to partake ſomething of the *Romanſe*, or at beſt to be but an imitation of ſome Popiſh Legend,

Legend, as if we meant to implore the help of feigned miracles to gain credit to a party: but againſt all this prejudice I muſt oppoſe, firſt, the integrity and quality of the Relator, being beyond all exception, and affirms it on his credit. Secondly, why may not God ſtop and open the mouth of the Bear now as well as the Lions heretofore? or revenge the indignities offered to a Miniſter under the Goſpel, by the ſame creature, as thoſe offered to a Prophet under the Law? Or laſtly, why may not the blood of him that owned this Beaſt, be required by this Beaſt of him that had his hand in ſhedding it? This was not the firſt time that God gave commiſſion to the Brute to execute his vengeance. But I forget my ſelf; my buſineſs is to relate things done, not to encounter Objections againſt their probability of doing. To go on therefore.

Having brought Mr. *Jones* to *Northampton*, his entertainment there was as bad as his uſage in the way thither; though it were in the depth of Winter, when old age needed good fortifications of Lodging and Diet againſt the incurſions of cold and wet, yet they afforded him nothing but a hard mat, with a little ſtraw under him, and to cover him and to keep him warm nothing but one blanket, and his own wearing cloaths: As for his food, they give him the *Bread of Affliction*, denying his own friends leave to ſupply him with competent diet, to ſuſtein nature, and his growing infirmities: yet to ſhew that *Man lives not by bread only, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God*, it pleaſed his good providence to preſerve him like the *young Children* in *Daniel*, *fed only with Pulſe*, ſo that he was in good plight, and ſemed

to

to want nothing, though he continued in this diſtreſſed condition from Chriſtmas to almoſt Eaſter: about which time, not remorſe of conſcience for ſo much cruelty practiſed on a decrepid old man, (but an Orthodox Reverend Divine) but importunity of friends, prevailed with the Rebels to releaſe him of his impriſonment in *Northampton*, and to remit him to a neighbour Miniſter of his, one Mr. *Walters*, Bachelor in Divinity, Vicar of *Doddington* near *Wellingborow*, a very learned and induſtrious Preacher, and permitted him to Officiate in his own Cure at Eaſter, there being but one Pariſh Church in the Town, but no leſs than two thouſand Communicants. Having licence to viſit his Charge, not awed by that tyrannous uſage which he had undergone, Conſcience of his duty doth preſs him to a punctual obſervance of the Orders and Canons of the Church: he celebrates Divine Service according to the Book of Common Prayer; preacheth Obedience as boldly as if there had been no Rebels in *Northamptonſhire*, adminiſtreth the Sacraments with the ſame Reverence, Decency and Devotion, as if there had been no Puritans in *Wellingborow*. Nor doth the undaunted old man remit any thing enjoyned by Canon or Rubrick. This conſtancy of his ſo incenſed the Schiſmatical Puritanical Party of the Town, that complaint is made at *Northampton*, that Mr. *Jones* is the ſame man he was, as much a true Son and Miniſter of the Church of *England* as ever. Upon this information, he is apprehended in Eaſter week, and carried Priſoner to *Northampton* a ſecond time, where they uſe him with more inhumanity (if it be poſſible) than before; they will not permit his Wife to viſit him, and

kept

kept him ſo ſhort in his diet, not ſuffering his Wife or friends to relieve him, that moſt barbarouſly they ſtarved him to death, for about Whitſontide his ſpirits exhauſted, and his body pined by famine, the good old Martyr reſigned his Soul to God.

There is in *Northampton* one *John Gifford*, for his extraction the Hog-herds Son of *Little-Houghton*, for his education, a *Knitter*, afterwards a *Hoſe-buyer*, now Mayor of *Northampton*, and Colonel of the Town Regiment. This man to his power Civil and Martial aſſumes an Eccleſiaſtical Superintendency too, and orders what forms ſhall be uſed in *Baptiſm*, *the Lords Supper*, *Burial of the Dead*, and the like: When therefore they came to interr the skin and bones of this ſtarved Martyr, for fleſh he had none, the form enjoyned by this *Gifford* was the ſame which one *Brooks*, a *London* Lecturer, uſed at the burial of *John Gough* of S. *James Dukes Place* within *Aldgate* in *London*, viz.

Aſhes to Aſhes, Duſt to Duſt;
Here's the Pit, and in thou muſt.

The World may in this ſee what devout Liturgies we are like to have, when a Mayor of a Town ſhall ſuppreſs the Ancient pious forms, and introduce rime Doggerels, fitter for a painted Cloth in an Alehouſe, than the Church of Chriſt.

Before I leave this particular Relation, I muſt not forget to tell you one act of theſe Religious Reformers: being at *Willingborow* at the Sign of the *Swan*, two maid Servants making a bed, ſome of theſe Rebels did ſollicite them to incontinency, but the Maids refuſing to hearken to their

beaſtly ſollicitations, they began to offer violence, and to enforce what they could not perſwade, they ſtill making reſiſtance, they ſhot one of them dead in the place, and ſhot the other through the wriſt: ſuch Monuments of *Religion* and *Purity* do theſe bleſſed Reformers leave at all places where they come.

Mr. *Frederick Gibb* Parſon of *Hartiſt* in *Suffolke*, in Morning Prayer before his Sermon, deſired his Pariſhoners to give attention to one of His Majeſties Declarations newly ſet forth, with an expreſs Command to have it publiſhed in all Pariſh Churches, thereby to rectifie the People, and to wipe off thoſe falſe Impreſſions which the Incendiaries of the Kingdom had made in them concerning the Kings Actions and Intentions: whereupon one Mr. *Coleman* a Pariſhioner being preſent, impudently replied unto him, openly in the Church, that he might be aſhamed to abuſe the People by Reading his Majeſties Declarations unto them, and therefore he would fetch him ſome Parliament Declarations which were a great deal better to be publiſhed unto them; while this railing *Rabſhekeh* reviled his Sovereign, Mr. *Gibb* as if he had received the Command in that caſe given, *anſwer him not*, made no reply at all, but as not heeding this ſnarler, calls on the Congregation a ſecond time to give attention, *Coleman* interrupts him again, and in a ſcoffing manner ſaies, *Well then Sir, you mean to be an obedient Servant to his Majeſty.* Mr. *Gibb* then thinking it not only ſeaſonable but neceſſary to profeſs his Loyalty, replied, *Yes, Sir, I am and hope to continue a faithful Servant unto Him as long as I live:* and ſo proceeds to read the Declaration; the People notwithſtanding all this Incouragement from

from *Coleman* to contradict with them, ſtanding very attentive to hear it: The main drift of the Kings Declaration was to aſſure all His loving Subjects, That as He expected that they ſhould make the Laws the rule of their obedience, ſo He would make the Laws the guide of His Government: Mr. *Gibb* having publiſhed the Declaration, *Coleman* ſtands up and moſt Traitorouſly replied to his Parſon, *Well, Sir, the King neither is nor ſhall be Judge of the Law, whatever ſuch prating fellows as you would have him:* after this being inraged (as the reſt of that Faction are) that the Peoples eyes ſhould be opened, or that they ſhould, being truly informed, conceive of the King as he is, a moſt juſt and pious Prince, but ſtill to look on him and all his actions through thoſe falſe Perſpectives of ſlander and falſehood which they hold before their eyes; *Coleman* ſpeeds to *London*, and complains (to that Conventicle which call themſelves a Parliament) againſt Mr. *Gibb* for ſo foul an Affront put upon them by Publiſhing the Kings Declaration: preſently (being ſervilely Obſervant to every baſe informer) they diſpatch ſeveral Purſevants to apprehend Mr. *Gibb, he ſeeing the Storm coming* (as wiſe men do) *hides himſelf*, after ſome time of retirement (adviſed unto it by his friend) he goes to *London*, where by the great mediation of friends, and paying fees to the ſum of 30 *l.* he was diſmiſſed, upon engagement to be forthcoming, whenſoever they ſhould call for him.

There is none ſo inſolent and intolerable as a baſe mean man ſtarted up into command or authority, we cannot give you a greater inſtance, than in that beggarly Captain *Ven*, Citizen of *London* made *Colonel* and Commander in chief of *Windſor-*

Caſtle, who doth not only aſſume to himſelf the propriety of his Sovereigns houſe, dating his Letters to *Jezabel* his Wife, *From our Caſtle at Windſor*, and building ſome additions to the Deans lodgings, as if he meant to ſet up his reſt there, and make that his habitation: when no place in that Royal Caſtle is fit for ſuch a Couple but the *Colehouſe*, and even that too good for them; but as if there would never come a time to call him to an account, he doth uſe the Gentlemen and Soldiers taken by the Rebels, and ſent Priſoners thither, with that cruelty and inhumanity, as if they were Turks, not Chriſtians, for the Gentlemen that are Priſoners there are not only kept from Church, nor permitted to receive the Sacrament neither from their own Preachers, nor from any friend whom they could procure to do that office for them, nay they were not permitted to joyn together in devotions in their private lodgings, but each man a part, and if this petty Tyrant could have hindred that intercourſe which every particular devout Soul injoys with his God, this *Atheiſt* would have hindered that too. And becauſe the ſedentary Solitary Lives which they led there were prejudicial to their healths, they earneſtly entreated *Ven* that they might recreate themſelves in the Tennis-Court near the *Keep*, and offered to be at the charges of a Guard, if thoſe high walls, and the many guards about them were not thought ſufficient to ſecure them, but yet were denied. Nay, when the *Sheriff* of *Suſſex* was brought Priſoner from *London* to *Windſor* very lame, though his Chirurgion offered Colonel *Ven* to be depoſed, that on the leaſt neglect his Leg was like to gangreen, yet after he came to *Windſor*, he was forced to lie with the reſt of the Knights

Knights and Gentlemen on the ground many nights; at laſt ſhewing his leg to *Ven*, he confeſſed that he never ſaw a more dangerous lameneſs, and promiſed to acquaint the *Earl* of *Eſſex* with it: and the Sheriff himſelf being acquainted with the *Earl*, preſuming on ſome intereſt in him, wrote unto him to acquaint him with his condition, and earneſtly entreating him that he might be ſent to *London*, and diſpoſed of, though in a Dungeon, for a week, that he might have the aſſiſtance of his own Phyſitian, and Chirurgion, offering to give any ſecurity, and be at any charges to aſſure him of his ſafe return, to render himſelf true Priſoner; but neither the ſenſe of his miſery, nor his earneſt ſollicitations could prevail with his *Excellency*. And if the Knights and Gentlemen who had money to bribe that compaſſion which they could not intreat, found no better meaſure at their hands, what then, think you, were thoſe heavy preſſures under which the poor common Soldiers groaned? there were in the Caſtle eight poor Soldiers to whom the Sheriff of *Suſſex* allowed eight ſhillings a week: yet notwithſtanding becauſe they refuſed to take the *wages of Iniquity*, and ſerve under the Rebels Colours, and fight againſt their Sovereign, they ſtarved them, inſomuch that being releaſed, (that they might not die in the Caſtle) coming into the air, three of them fell down dead in the ſtreets: three more recovered as far as *Eaton*, where a good Woman for five ſhillings a week given for their relief by the Sheriff of *Suſſex*, gave them entertainment, and when the Sheriff made his happy eſcape, he left them alive.

There was a poor man living near *Moore Park*, whom (when Prince *Rupert* was in thoſe parts)

commanded to ſhew him where the Pipes lay which conveyed water to the Caſtle, for this crime they apprehend him, and commit him Priſoner to the Caſtle, where they fed him with ſo ſlender diet, that they even ſtarved him: and when upon his Wives tears and lamentable cries that ſhe and her Children were like to ſtarve at home, while her Husband ſtarved at *Windſor*, they having no ſubſiſtence but what he got by the ſweat of his browes, he was releaſed, he was not able to ſtand on his legs, and whether dead ſince we have no information.

There was at the ſame time in the Caſtle, one Lieutenant *Atkinſon* Priſoner, who ſuffering under the ſame want of neceſſary food, ſent to his Father, humbly petitioning for relief; his Father though a man of good eſtate, returned anſwer, that unleſs he would take profered Entertainment from the Parliament, he ſhould lie there, rot, and ſtarve, and be damn'd for him: He finding no pity from his Father, where Nature and Religion bade him expect it, petitioned the Gentlemen in the *Keep* for bread, as many others daily did, and on his Petition had monies ſent him, but died ſtarved two daies after, and left this juſt ground to the World to make this Obſervation, That *where Puritaniſm prevails, it cancels all Obligations both of Religion and Nature, and never fails to make men guilty of that ſin which is in the number of thoſe, which the Scripture tells us ſhall heap wrath on the end of the World, the want of natural affection.*

Mercurius

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

X.

Maſter Chaldwel *and his Wife barbarouſly uſed by the Rebels at* Lincoln, *and his Servant Murthered. Mr.* Loſſe, *Parſon of* Wedon Pinkney *in* Northampton-ſhire, *himſelf and the Church infinitely abuſed on the Lords day by ſome Rebel-Troopers of* Northampton. *&c.*

WIlliam *Chaldwell* of *Thorgonby* in the County of *Lincoln* Eſquire, and Juſtice of Peace, being an aged Gentleman, yet his Loyalty and deſire to ſerve the King in his juſt Wars, made him over-look his infirmities, ſo that he reſolved in perſon to come to his aſſiſtance: To this purpoſe he provided four horſes compleatly furniſhed, of which the Rebels having intelligence, they ſurprize him and ſeize on his horſes. In *February* 1643. ſome Rebel-Troopers came to Mr. *Chaldwells* Houſe and demanded entrance, which he denying unleſs they could ſhew ſome Commiſſion from the King, they preſently broke up his Hall windows, and forcing his entrance, apprehend his Perſon: yet his Perſon is not all they come for, they begin to plunder his Goods, and the firſt thing which they lay hold on, was ſome Linnen lying on the Hall Table. A Servant of Mr. *Chaldwells* ſtanding by, unwilling to loſe any thing, if it might be ſaved, takes hold on the Linnen too, and intreats the Troopers to ſpare it: Preſently ſome cry

cry out Shoot him, which was no ſooner ſaid than done, for one diſcharging a Piſtol at him, ſhot a Bullet into his heart, and the top of his ſcouring-ſtick into his Body near it. The poor man inſtantly fell down dead, hardly by any motion expreſſing the fare-well of life: While moſt ſtood amazed at ſo barbarous an act, ſome make towards him, thinking to help him, but were forbid by theſe bloody Villains to come near him, who were ſo far from remorſe for what they had done, that to murther they added Theft, diving into the Pockets of him whom they had thus murthered, and robbing him of his moneys: Nay his Wife whom they had murthered, hearing of this ſad accident, being great with child, came to ſee her dead Husband, but was not permitted to come near him, being threatned by theſe Troopers, that if ſhe came near him, they would do unto her as they had done unto her Husband, ſhoot her dead.

Having done their pleaſure in Mr. *Chaldwell*'s Houſe, they carry him away Priſoner to *Lincoln*; Being come thither, they commit him to the Town Goal, and lodged him there in the common *Keep* amongſt Murtherers and Felons: The day after the *Lincoln-ſhire* Rebels received the defeat before *Newarke*, by a verbal command from the Earl of *Lincolne* he was removed from the Town Priſon to the Caſtle, in *Lincolne*, where he was put into a naſty ſtinking place called the Witch-hole, and without any regard to his Quality, being a Gentleman of prime note in his Country, or to his age being an old man, they permit him to ſtay there all night, having no other bed but the Ground, and no other pillow but the hard ſtones. The next day they vouchſafe him the favour to let him purchaſe

chaſe a little and but a very little better accommodation by buying out ſome poor Priſoners out of their lodging: remaining there in this diſconſolate condition, his Wife an aged Gentlewoman came to viſit him, being very willing to ſhare withhim in his Miſery, as before ſhe had done in his Proſperity.

Having ſpent ſome time in mutual conſolation, and exhorting one another patiently to bear this unjuſt oppreſſion, hoping that they might enjoy one anothers ſociety, in ſo mean a condition, without the envy of their oppreſſors: but even this contented miſery did not laſt long, for the next day after the Rebels loſt *Grantham* by the Kings recovering that Town, out of their poſſeſſion, the Governour of *Lincoln* (*Welden* by name) inraged, and not knowing where to reek his malice ſafer than on this poor old Gentleman, comes up to the Caſtle, and moſt imperiouſly commands that *Chaldwell* ſhould come before him: the Meſſenger that was ſent to command his appearance, returned with this anſwer, That Mr. *Chaldwell* laboured under ſome indiſpoſition, that he was in bed, and his Wife with him: the Governour not ſatisfied with ſo reaſonable an anſwer, ſnatched a cudgel out of a Soldiers hand, and ſwears that he would make the old raſcal riſe: in this fury away he goes to Mr. *Chaldwell*'s Chamber, and ruſhing in, in a menacing way ſhakes his cudgel at him, and holding it upon his head, threatned to baſtinado him if he did not riſe preſently; the good old Gentlewoman his Wife, prognoſticating by the rough meſſage ſent her Husband, that there was a ſtorm coming, forſook her bed, and ſtood by it in her Night-gown, but bare-legged, there to interpoſe and plead for her Husband if occa-

ſion ſerved: and now finding more inhumanity than her fear at firſt ſuggeſted, in an humble manner ſhe beſeeched the Governour to uſe her Husband like a Gentleman, not like a dog, to be awed by a cudgel. The Goverνernour impatient of any mediation, though from a Wife, and though backed with never ſo much reaſon, commands his Soldiers to take her away, which they did in ſo rude and boiſterous a manner, that they dragged her down the Stairs, pulled her dreſſing off her head, and at laſt thruſt her out of the Caſtle. Being thus violently ſnatched from her dear Husband, and fearing he might ſuffer as much violence within, as ſhe did in being thruſt out of the Caſtle, ſhe ſits down on a ſtone at the Caſtle-gate, where the winter blaſts fann'd her gray hair, a ſad ſpectacle to all that paſſed by, and knew who ſhe was. Many there were that pitied her diſtreſs, and would willingly have received her into their houſes, but durſt not; 'tis a Crime to ſhew mercy where the Rebels intend cruelty. At laſt having ſate there long, full of tears and ſorrow, baffled with cold winds and weather, a ſiſter of Mr. *Stutts* the Apothecary (and the God of mercy reſtore it an hundred fold into her boſome) ſends her a Petticoat (for they thruſt her out with no cloaths on but her Night-gown) to fence her againſt the extremity of the cold. But to let this charitable Gentlewoman know that the rewards of mercy are to be expected in another World, and that here to do good, and for that to ſuffer evil, is the recompence of this World, that very after-noon her Brothers houſe was plundered, and all their Goods ſeized on, ſo that they needed a return of that compaſſion in the evening which they

they ſhewed to others in the morning. *Welden* the Governour having compelled the good old Gentleman to riſe out of his bed, notwithſtanding his preſent infirmity, ſends him from his poor lodging which he had lately purchaſed, to the common Dungeon, where he had neither light nor air but what the Grate afforded. The place was of ſuch condition, that there being three Priſoners with him in the ſame room, but one of four muſt lie down at once, the reſt muſt ſtand: and yet in this little eaſe (as was teſtified by a Letter under his own hand) he remained eleven or twelve nights without Bed, Chair, or Stool: and in that time, for four or five nights, he was not permitted to go forth to do the Offices of nature, a command being given, that if he offered to ſtir forth they ſhould beat out his brains. Thus much and divers other particulars were ſignified to the Commiſſioners at *Newarke*, when the Ammunition came from thence: At which time Information was given, that Mr. *Chaldwell* was then in a condition not much better than what you have heard here related: and whether their barbarous cruelties and inhumanity have not ſet an end to his ſufferings by Death, is uncertain.

On *Sunday* the ſecond of *July* 1643. in the afternoon, ten or twelve Troopers under the command of Captain *Samuel* came from *Northampton* to *Wedon Pinkney* in the ſame County, and coming thither in Prayer-time, they came into the Church, one of them being Horſe-keeper (as it was reported) to Sir *Richard Samuel*, Father to the Captain, came up to the reading Pew, where Mr. *Loſſe* Parſon of that Pariſh was officiating Divine Service, and commanded him to leave off his

his Pottage and to follow him: Mr. *Loſſe* intreating him in that ſacred work, but to have patience until he had finiſhed what he had began: *Patience me no patience* (replied the Groom) *my buſineſs is of greater importance than to admit of any delay, come away therefore, or I will pull you out by the ears*: thereupon not knowing whoſe Soldiers they were, nor of what conſequence their buſineſs might be, or if he had known both, yet not able to make reſiſtance, he obeys his command, and followed him into the Church-yard. Being come thither, Mr. *Loſſe* demands what he would have with him? the Groom tells him, that he muſt go along with them to *Northampton*, Mr. *Loſſe* demands again, by what authority, and by vertue of what Commiſſion? The Groom replies, that he ſhould know that when he came to *Northampton*. Mr. *Loſſe* entreats that he may be excuſed, alledging that he had loſt Twelve or Thirteen Horſes, taken from him by the Parliament Soldiers, and that he had never a Horſe able to carry him two miles out of the Town: one of the Troopers ſwears Wounds and Blood, that he would carry him behind him, and if that did not like him, he would drag him along with a halter at his horſe tail. Mr. *Loſſe* abominating ſo great inſolency from Grooms, boldly told them, *That he would never be a Slave to ſlaves*; and ſo ruſhing from them, took Sanctuary in the Church, and ſhut the door upon him, and perceiving the door on the other ſide of the Church open, the People having unbarred it for their ſpeedier paſſage out, he haſtens thither, and tho he made what ſpeed he could, he was like to be prevented by one of the Troopers who was come about and was ready to enter the Church on horſe-

back:

back: which Mr. *Loſſe* obſerving, took up the bar of the door, and reſolutely ran at the Trooper to unhorſe him: This unexpected reſiſtance ſo valiantly made, put the Trooper to a retreat, whereby Mr. *Loſſe* gained time to bar the door faſt againſt him. Having ſhut both the Church doors upon himſelf, and the remainder of the Congregation, ſome being fled for fear; the Clerk at a hole gave him the Key of the Belfrey: Mr. *Loſſe* not thinking himſelf ſecure enough in the Church, gets up into the Belfrey, and locks the doors faſt after him; being come to the place where the Bells hang, he diſcovers over head a little hole, only big enough for a man to creep through, and a ladder ſtanding there which led up unto it, Mr. *Loſſe* goes up the ladder, and through the hole gets upon the Leads, and with great difficulty draws the Ladder after him, being maſſy and very heavy; by which means he did not only deprive his purſuers of the means to come at him, but with the Ladder laid over the hole, baracadoed the paſſage againſt them: and now being here, had he had any weapon to defend himſelf, he had been impregnable. While Mr. *Loſſe* was up in the Belfrey ſecuring of himſelf, the Troopers are at the Church windows, endeavouring to wrench out the Iron bars, but without any ſucceſs: at laſt with their Pole-axes and great Tombſtones impiouſly taken from the Graves of the dead, they break open the Church doors; having thus forced their entrance they ride into the Church (not remembring they were in Gods Houſe) from one end of it to another, ſpurring and ſwitching their Horſes purpoſely to endanger the People. Theſe barbarous outrages did much affright the People, but eſpecially Mrs. *Loſſe*

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and her poor Children, whom it moſt concerned, Mr. *Loſſe* being the only man aimed at; Mrs. *Loſſe* fell into a ſwoon in the Church, and had no ſhew of life in her for a long time; at which the People moved with compaſſion, interceded with the Troopers, and deſired them to deſiſt, putting them in mind of the place where they were, a place where God met with his People, and they with their God. It ſeems this Congregation had been better taught, than to ſubſcribe to Doctor *Twiſt* the Proloquutor of the abſurd *Heterogenious* Synod, his Interpretation of that Text of Scripture, *Ye ſhall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my Sanctuary*: in his Preface to Mr. *Meads* Book of the *Apoſtacy of the latter times:* as if this Text enjoyned no reverence to be uſed towards the places of Gods publick worſhip; they were much ſcandalized at this prophane Irreverence, and made it an argument to awe them to civil demeanour at leaſt, becauſe of the place: and withal they objected, that they did much abuſe themſelves, and diſhonour their cauſe by ſuch outragious carriages: all this would reflect on the cauſe they pretended to maintain. And laſtly, they alledged, that if they had any ſhame in them, they might be aſhamed, in the Lords Houſe on the Lords day to abuſe a Miniſter in his own Congregation, who beſides the honour and reverence due to his calling, might challenge ſome reſpect from them being a Gentleman of good Birth and Deſcent. In reply to ſo good reaſon, (being indeed but *Pearl caſt before Swine*) one breaks out with a great oath, ſwearing Wounds and Blood (ſo that all the Blaſphemy is not on the *Cavaliers* ſide) and ſaying, *What do you tell me of Birth and Deſcent, a Plague take him*

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and his Gentility, I hope within this year to ſee never a Gentleman in England: you remember the Proverb, *Children and Fools tell truth,* having thus deſpiſed all wholſome admonition, they go to the Belfrey, they break open the door, and come to the place where the Bells did hang, and from the top of the Frames of the Bells endeavoured through the hole (but now mentioned) to get upon the Leads, where Mr. *Loſſe* was, but he having ſtopped that paſſage with the Ladder, and making the beſt uſe he could of his hands and feet (being all the weapons either offenſive or defenſive which he had) made good the place againſt them: yet notwithſtanding in the Reſiſtence he was in very great danger to loſe his life, for they diſcharged their Piſtols at him at leaſt eight or nine times, but by the good providence of God they miſſed their mark, with their Swords they wounded him in three ſeveral parts of his body: yet God be bleſſed the wounds were not mortal; at laſt having received a hurt in his hand, having a vein pricked with one of their Swords, his blood flowed ſo faſt upon the Troopers underneath him, that as they bragged there, and in other places after they were gone thence, they thought they had diſpatched him, and therefore thinking him to be a dead man, they left him, yet to imbalm him to his funeral, they pour out a flood of reproachful names upon him, calling him Rogue, Raſcal, Slave, Villain, Dog, Devil, making no ſtop till their Maſter the Devil, and their own memories could ſuggeſt no more names of the ſame ſtamp: At laſt, to ſeal up all, for fear they had not murthered him, they proteſt with many Execrations upon themſelves, that if they had not now ſped him (which yet they

hoped

hoped they had) they would return another time, and have him either dead or alive.

At *Briſtow* in *Devonſhire* there dwells a Husbandman (and though I cannot tell his name, yet let it not weaken the credit of the Relation) who not ſatisfied with the Parliaments proceedings in taking up Arms againſt their lawful undoubted Sovereign, ſtood in a ſeeming Neutrality: at laſt conceiving it time to declare himſelf, he openly adhered to the Kings Party: hereupon he was very diligently ſought after, and the Earl of *Stamford* ſent a Troop of Horſe to his Houſe to apprehend him: when they came thither, they found not the good man at home, but a Son of his, about Ten or Eleven years old, they ask him where his Father was, the Child replied, that he was not at home, they threaten him, and uſe all arts to make him diſcover where his Father had hid himſelf; the Child being ignorant it ſeems where his Father was, ſtill perſiſted in the ſame anſwer, that he knew not where he was: hereupon they threaten to hang him; neither doth that prevail: at laſt they take the poor innocent Child and hang him up, either becauſe he would not betray his Father, had he been able to ſatisfie their doubt, or for not having the Spirit of Prophecy, not being able to receive what by an ordinary way of knowledg he did not know: having let him hang a while, they cut him down, not intending to hang him unto death, but being cut down they could perceive nothing diſcovering life in him, hereupon in a barbarous way of experiment, they prick him with their Swords in the back and thighs, uſing the means leading to death, to find out life: at laſt after ſome long ſtay, ſome ſmall ſymptomes of life did appear;

yet ſo weak that there they left him nearer the confines of death than life: and whether the Child did ever recover, is more than my Informer can aſſure me. Only, Courteous Reader, obſerve from this ſhort Narration, that theſe Bloody Rebels ſpare neither the venerableneſs of the Sacred Function, the infirmities of old Age, or the tenderneſs of Youth.

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

XI.

The particulars of the firſt Siege of Corfe-Caſtle, *gallantly defended by the Lady* Banks, *and Captain* Laurence, *againſt the Powers, Plots, and Policies of* Walter Earle *and his Adherents*, &c.

THere is in the Iſle of *Purbeck* a ſtrong Caſtle called *Corffe Caſtle*, ſeated on a very ſteep Hill, in the fracture of a Hill in the very midſt of it, being eight miles in length, running from the Eaſt end of the *Peninſula* to the Weſt: and though it ſtand between the two ends of this fracture, ſo that it may ſeem to loſe much advantage of its natural and artificial ſtrength as commanded from thence, being in height equal to, if not over-looking the tops of the higheſt Towers of the Caſtle, yet the ſtructure of the Caſtle is ſo ſtrong, the aſcent ſo ſteep, the Walls ſo maſſie and thick, that it is one of the impregnableſt Forts of the Kingdom, and of very great concernment, in reſpect

of its command over the Iſland, and the places about it. This Caſtle is now the Poſſeſſion and Inheritance of the Right Honorable Sir *John Banks*, Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas, and one of his Majeſties moſt Honorable Privy Council, who receiving Commands from the King to attend Him at *York*, in Eaſter Term, 1642. had leave from the two Houſes to obey thoſe Commands: After the unhappy Differences between the King and the two Houſes, or rather between the King and the Faction in both Houſes, grew high, it being generally feared that the Sword would decide the controverſie; the Lady *Bankes*, a virtuous and prudent Lady, reſolved with her Children and Family to retire to this Caſtle, there to ſhelter themſelves from the ſtorm which ſhe ſaw coming, which accordingly ſhe did; there ſhe and her Family remained in peace all the Winter, and a great part of the Spring, until *May*, 1643. about which time the Rebels, under the command of Sir *Walter Earl*, Sir *Thomas Trenchard*, and others, had poſſeſſed themſelves of *Dorcheſter*, *Lyme*, *Melcome*, *Weymouth*, *Wareham*, and *Pool*, (*Portland* Caſtle being treacherouſly delivered to the Rebels) only *Corfe* Caſtle remaining in Obedience to the King: but the Rebels knowing how much it concerned them to add this Caſtle to their other Garriſons, to make all the Sea-coaſt wholly for them; and thinking it more feiſible to gain it by Treachery than open Hoſtility, reſolved to lay hold on an Opportunity coming on, to ſee if they could become Maſters of it.

There is an ancient uſage that the Major and Barons (as they call them) of *Corfe* Caſtle, accompanyed by the Gentry of the Iſland, have permiſſi-

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on from the Lord of the Caſtle, on *May-day*, to courſe a Stag, which every year is performed with much Solemnity and great concourſe of People: On this day ſome Troops of Horſe from *Dorcheſter*, and other places, came into this Iſland, intending to find other Game then to hunt the Stag, their buſineſs being ſuddenly to ſurprize the Gentlemen in the Hunting, and to take the Caſtle; the News of their coming diſperſt the Hunters, and ſpoiled the ſport for that day, and made the Lady *Bankes* to give order for the ſafe Cuſtody of the Caſtle-gates, and to keep them ſhut againſt all comers. The Troopers having miſt their Prey on the Hills, (the Gentlemen having withdrawn themſelves) ſome of them came to the Caſtle under a pretence to ſee it, but entrance being denyed them, the common Soldiers uſed threatning Language, caſting out words implying ſome intentions to take the Caſtle; but the Commanders (who better knew how to conceal their Reſolutions) utterly diſavowed any ſuch thought, denying that they had any ſuch Commiſſion; however the Lady *Banks* very wiſely, and like her ſelf, hence took occaſion to call in a Guard to aſſiſt her, not knowing how ſoon ſhe might have occaſion to make uſe of them, it being now more than probable, that the *Rebels* had a deſign upon the Caſtle. The taking in this Guard, as it *ſecured* her at *home*, ſo it rendred her *ſuſpected abroad*; from thence-forward there was a watchful and vigilant eye to ſurvey all her Actions, whatſoever ſhe ſends out, or ſends for in, is ſuſpected; her ordinary Proviſions for her Family are by fame multiplyed, and reported to be more than double what indeed they were, as if ſhe had now an intention to Victual and Man the Caſtle againſt the

Forces of the two Houſes of Parliament; preſently Letters are ſent from the Committees of *Poole*, to demand the four ſmall Pieces in the Caſtle, and the pretence was, becauſe the *Iſlanders* conceived ſtrange *Jealouſies*, that the Pieces were mounted and put on their Carriages: Hereupon the Lady *Bankes* diſpatched Meſſengers to *Dorcheſter* and *Poole*, to entreat the *Commiſſioners* that the ſmall Piece might remain in the Caſtle for her own defence; and to take away the ground of the *Iſlanders Jealouſies*, ſhe cauſed the Pieces to be taken off their Carriages again; hereupon a promiſe was made, that they ſhould be left to her poſſeſſion. But there paſſed not many days, before forty Sea-men (they in the Caſtle not ſuſpecting any ſuch thing) came very early in the Morning to demand the Pieces; the Lady in Perſon (early as it was) goes to the Gates, and deſires to ſee their Warrant; they produced one, under the hands of ſome of the Commiſſioners; but inſtead of delivering them, though at that time there were but five Men in the Caſtle, yet theſe five, aſſiſted by the Maid-ſervants at their Ladies Command, mount theſe Pieces on their Carriages again, and lading one of them, they gave fire; which ſmall Thunder ſo affrighted the Sea-men, that they all quitted the place and ran away. They being gone, by beat of Drum ſhe ſummons help into the Caſtle, and upon the Alarm given, a very conſiderable Guard of Tenants and Friends came in to her aſſiſtance, there being withal ſome fifty Arms brought into the Caſtle, from ſeveral parts of the Iſland: this Guard was kept in the Caſtle about a Week, during this time, many threatning Letters were ſent unto the Lady, telling her, what great Forces ſhould be ſent to fetch

fetch them, if ſhe would not by fair means be perſwaded to deliver them, and to deprive her of her Auxiliaries, all or moſt of them being Neighbors thereabouts, they threaten, that if they oppoſe the delivery of them, they would fire their Houſes: preſently their Wives come to the Caſtle, there they weep and wring their hands, and with clamorous Oratory perſwade their Husbands to come home, and not by ſaving others, to expoſe their own Houſes to ſpoil and ruine, nay to reduce the Caſtle into a diſtreſſed condition, they did not only intercept two hundred weight of Powder provided againſt a Siege, but they interdict them the liberty of Common-Markets: Proclamation is made at *Warham* (a Market-Town hard by) that no Beer, Beef, or other proviſion ſhould be ſold to the Lady *Banks*, or for her uſe; ſtrict Watches are kept, that no Meſſenger or Intelligence ſhall paſs into or out of the Caſtle. Being thus diſtreſſed, all means of Victualling the Caſtle, being taken away, and being but ſlenderly furniſhed for a Siege, either with Ammunition or with Victual, at laſt they came to a Treaty of Compoſition, of which the reſult was, That the Lady *Banks* ſhould deliver up thoſe four ſmall Pieces, the biggeſt carrying not above a three pound Bullet, and that the Rebels ſhould permit her to enjoy the Caſtle, and Arms in it, in peace and quietneſs.

And though this wiſe Lady knew too well to reſt ſatisfied or ſecured in theſe promiſes (their often breach of Faith having ſufficiently inſtructed her what ſhe might expect from them) yet ſhe was glad of this opportunity to ſtrengthen her ſelf even by that means, by which many in the World thought ſhe had done her ſelf much prejudice; for

the Rebels being now poſſeſſed of their Guns, preſumed the Caſtle to be theirs, as ſure as if they had actually poſſeſſed it. Now it was no more but ask and have: hereupon they grow remiſs in their Watches, negligent in their Obſervations, not heeding what was brought in, nor taking care, as before, to intercept Supplies, which might enable them to hold out againſt a Siege: and the Lady, making good uſe of this remiſneſs, laid hold on the preſent opportunity, and as much as the time would permit, furniſh'd the Caſtle with Proviſions of all ſorts. In this *Interval*, there was brought in an hundred and half of Powder, and a quantity of Match proportionable. And underſtanding that the Kings Forces, under the Conduct of Prince *Maurice*, and the Marqueſs *Hertford* were advancing towards *Blanford*, ſhe by her Meſſenger made her addreſs to them, to ſignifie unto them the preſent *Condition* in which they were, the great *Conſequence* of the place, deſiring their aſſiſtance, and in particular, that they would be pleaſed to take into their ſerious conſideration, to ſend ſome Commanders thither to take the Charge of the Caſtle; hereupon they ſend Captain *Laurence*, ſon of Sir *Edward Laurence*, a Gentleman of that Iſland, to Command in Chief; but he coming without a Commiſſion, could not command moneys or proviſions to be brought in until it was too late. There was likewiſe in the Caſtle one Captain *Bond*, an old Soldier, whom I ſhould deprive of his due honor, not to mention him, having a ſhare in the honor of this Reſiſtance. The firſt time the Rebels faced the Caſtle, they brought a Body of between two and three hundred Horſe and Foot, and two Pieces of Ordnance, and from the Hills played

ed on the Caſtle, fired four houſes in the Town, and then ſummoned the Caſtle; but receiving a denial for that time, they left it. But on the three and twentieth of *June*, the Sagacious Knight, Sir *Walter Earle* (that hath the gift of diſcerning Treaſons, and might have made up his nine and thirty Treaſons, forty, by reckoning in his own) accompanyed by Captain *Sidenham*, Captain *Henry Jarvis*, Captain *Skuts*, ſon of that Arch-Traytor *Skut* of *Pool*, with a Body of between five and ſix hundred, came and poſſeſſed themſelves of the Town, taking the opportunity of a Miſty morning, that they might find no reſiſtance from the Caſtle. They brought with them to the Siege a Demy-Canon, a Culverin and two Sacres, with theſe and their ſmall Shot, they played on the Caſtle on all Quarters of it, with good obſervation of Advantages, making their Battery ſtrongeſt where they thought the Caſtle weakeſt. And to bind the Soldiers by tye of Conſcience to an eager proſecution of the Siege, they adminiſter them an Oath, and mutually binde themſelves to moſt unchriſtian Reſolutions, *That if they found the Defendants obſtinate not to yield, they would maintain the Siege to Victory, and then deny Quarter unto all, killing without mercy, Men, Women and Children.* As to bring on their own Soldiers, they abuſed them with falſhoods, telling them, That the Caſtle ſtood in a Level, yet with good advantages of approach; that there were but forty Men in the Caſtle, whereof twenty were for them; that there was rich Booty, and the like: So, during the Siege, they uſed all baſe unworthy means, to corrupt the Defendants, to betray the Caſtle into their hands; the better ſort they endeavor to corrupt with Bribes;

to the reſt they offer double Pay, and the whole Plunder of the Caſtle; when all theſe Arts took no effect, then they fall to Stratagems and Engines. To make their approaches to the Wall with more ſafety, they make two Engines; one they call the Sow, the other the Boar, being made with boards lined with Wool to dead the ſhot. The firſt that moved forward was the Sow, but not being Musket proof, ſhe caſt nine of eleven of her Farrow; for the Musketiers from the Caſtle were ſo good marks-men at their Legs, the only part of all their Bodies left without defence, that nine ran away, as well as their broken and battered Legs would give them leave; and of the two which knew neither how to run away, nor well to ſtay, for fear, one was ſlain. The Boar, of the two (a man would think) the valianter Creature, ſeeing the ill ſucceſs of the Sow, to caſt her Litter before her time, durſt not advance. The moſt advantageous part for their Batteries, was the Church, which they without fear of prophanation uſed, not only as their Rampart, but their Rendezvouz: of the Surpleſs they made two Shirts for two Soldiers, they broke down the Organs, and made the Pipes ſerve for Caſes to hold their Powder and Shot; and not being furniſhed with Musket-Bullets, they cut off the Lead of the Church, and roll'd it up, and ſhoot it without ever caſting it in a mould. Sir *Walter* and the Commanders were earneſt to preſs forward the Soldiers, but as prodigal as they were of the blood of their common Soldiers, they were ſparing enough of their own: It was a general Obſervation, that valiant Sir *Walter* never willingly expoſed himſelf to any hazard, for being by chance endangered with a Bullet, ſhot through his Coat,

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afterwards he put on a Bears skin, and to the eternal honor of this Knights valour be it recorded, for fear of Musket-ſhot, (for other they had none) he was ſeen to creep on all four, on the ſides of the Hill, to keep himſelf out of danger. This baſe Cowardiſe in the Aſſailants, added Courage and Reſolution to the Defendants: therefore not compell'd by want, but rather to brave the Rebels, they ſallyed out, and brought in eight Cows and a Bull into the Caſtle, without the loſs of a Man, or a Man wounded. At another time, five Boys fetcht in four Cows. They that ſtood on the Hills, called to one in a Houſe in the Valley, crying, *Shoot Anthony*; but *Anthony* thought it good to ſleep in a whole skin, and durſt not look out, ſo that afterward it grew into a Proverbial Jeer, from the Defendants to the Aſſailants, *Shoot Anthony.* The Rebels having ſpent much time and Ammunition, and ſome men, and yet being as far from hopes of taking the Caſtle, as the firſt day they came thither. At laſt, the Earl of *Warwick* ſends them a ſupply of an hundred and fifty Mariners, with ſeveral Cart-loads of Petarrs, Granadoes, and other Warlike Proviſion, with Scaling-ladders to aſſault the Caſtle by Scaladoe: They make large offers to him that ſhould firſt ſcale the Wall; 20*l.* to the firſt, and ſo by deſcending ſums a reward to the twentieth; but all this could not prevail with theſe ſilly Wretches, who were brought thither, as themſelves confeſſed, like Sheep to the ſlaughter, ſome of them having but exchang'd the manner of their death, the Halter for the Bullet, having taken them out of Goals; one of them being taken Priſoner, had Letters Teſtimonial in his hands whence he came, the Letters I mean when he

was

was burnt for a Felon, being very viſible to the beholders, but when they found that perſwaſion could not prevail with ſuch abject low ſpirited men, the Commanders reſolve on another courſe, which was, to make them Drunk, knowing that Drunkenneſs makes ſome men fight like Lions, that being ſober would run away like Hares. To this purpoſe they fill them with ſtrong Waters, even to Madneſs, and ready they are now for any Deſign; and for fear Sir *Walter* ſhould be valiant againſt his will, like *Cæſar*, he was the only man almoſt *that came ſober to the aſſault*: an imitation of the Turkiſh practice (for certainly there can be nothing of Chriſtianity in it, to ſend poor Souls to Gods Judgment Seat, in the very act of two grievous Sins, *Rebellion* and *Drunkenneſs*) who to ſtupifie their Soldiers, and make them inſenſible of their dangers, give them *Opium:* being now armed with drink, they reſolve to ſtorm the Caſtle on all ſides, and apply their Scaling-ladders, it being ordered by the Leaders (if I may without a Soleciſm call them ſo, that ſtood behind and did not ſo much as follow) that when 20 were entered, they ſhould give a watch-word to the reſt, and that was *Old Wat*: a word ill choſen by Sir *Watt. Earle*, and conſidering the buſineſs in hand little better than ominous, for if I be not deceived, the Hunters that beat Buſhes for the fearful timerous Hare, call him *Old Watt.*

Being now Pot-valiant, and poſſeſſed with a borrowed Courage, which was to evaporate in ſleep, they divide their Forces into two Parties, whereof one aſſaults the middle Ward, defended by valiant Captain *Lawrence*, and the greater part of the Soldiers; the other aſſault the upper Ward, which the Lady *Bankes*, (to her Eternal Honor be it ſpoken) with

with her Daughters, Women, and five Soldiers, undertook to make good againſt the Rebels, and did bravely perform what ſhe undertook; for by heaving over Stones, and hot Embers, they repelled the Rebels, and kept them from climing their Ladders, thence to throw in that Wild-fire, which every Rebel had ready in his hand. Being repelled, and having in this Siege and this Aſſault loſt and hurt an hundred men, *Old* Sir *Watt*, hearing that the Kings Forces were advanced, cryed, and ran away crying, leaving *Sydenham* to Command in Chief, to bring off the Ordnance, Ammunition, and the remainder of the Army, who afraid to appear abroad, kept Sanctuary in the Church till night, meaning to Sup, and run away by Star-light; but Supper being ready, and ſet on the Table, an Alarm was given that the Kings Forces were coming: this News took away *Sydenhams* Stomack; all this Proviſion was but *meſſes of Meat ſet before the Sepulchres of the dead*; he leaves his Artillery, Ammunition, and (which with theſe men is ſomething) a good Supper, and ran away to take Boat for *Poole*, leaving likewiſe at the ſhore about an hundred Horſe to the next Takers, which next day proved good prize to the Soldiers of the Caſtle. Thus after ſix Weeks ſtrict Siege, this Caſtle, the deſire of the Rebels, the Tears of *Old* Sir *Watt*, and the Key of thoſe parts, by the Loyalty, and brave Reſolution of this Honorable Lady, the valour of Captain *Lawrence* and ſome eighty Soldiers, (by the loſs only of two men) was delivered from the Bloody Intentions of theſe Mercileſs Rebels, on the fourth of *Auguſt*, 1643.

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

XII.

Mr. Thomas Jones, *Bachelour in Divinity, ill intreated by the Rebels in* Devon. *A Soldier hanged at* Thame *on the Sign-poſt of the Kings Head. Mr.* Wright *a Miniſter in* Cheſhire *plundered, and two of his Maid-Servants murthered. Doctor* Beale, *Doctor* Martin, *and Doctor* Sterne, *brought Priſoners from* Cambridg *by* Cromwel, *and their barbarous uſage,* &c.

MAſter *Thomas Jones* Bachelor in Divinity, and Rector of *Offwel* in the County of *Devon*, having diſcover'd that the right of Patronage of one of the cures of *Tuifordton* was in the Crown, and worth three hundred Pounds *per annum*, did in the purſuance of his Right, ſpend a Thouſand Pounds to recover it from *thoſe*, who account all lawful gain whatſoever they can purloin either from God or the King. The pretended Patrons who had invaded this Right, were much offended with Mr. *Jones* for being at ſo great expence to redeem the prey out of their hands, and did but watch an opportunity to make him know how ſenſible they were of this their loſs. This Parliament being called, and theſe men made Members of the Lower Houſe, they quickly perceived that this wiſhed-for opportunity was now come, wherein they might pervert publick Juſtice to private revenge, quickly learning to exerciſe that Arbitrary unlimited power over their

their fellow Subjects, which the prevalence of a dangerous Faction had put in their hands. According to the general practice ſince this Parliament, they accuſe Mr. *Jones* of ſome Anti-parliamentary paſſages in his Sermons, which his Judges underſtood as little as his Accuſers: Nay perhaps it was with him (as with many of his Orthodox Brethren) the ſame men were both his Accuſers and Judges. However any or no accuſation we know have ſerved theſe mens turns, to bring Godly and Learned Miniſters to the Bear-baiting of a Committee, and to put them into the expenſive cuſtody of a Serjeant at Arms: ſo it was with Mr. *Jones*, they firſt pretended ſome Crimes, and on theſe pretences they commit him Priſoner to a Serjeant at Arms. Having deprived him of his Liberty, and put him into a conſumption of his Eſtate by the unreaſonable unlimited exactions of Parliament Goalers, they then think him reduced to ſuch a condition as to be willing to hearken to a Compoſition, on any terms. At laſt vexed to an agreement, he is to enjoy his Liberty and Peace on this mutual ſtipulation: They are to pardon him the errour of his Doctrine, to deliver up his bail, being with two Sureties Parliament men bound in a Bond of two thouſand pounds, and to give two hundred pounds towards his charges. Mr. *Jones* muſt reſign his lately recovered Cure of *Tuifordton* to make way for a Clerk of their own: which to avoid farther moleſtation, to his very great prejudice, he was inforced to condeſcend unto. After, in *September*, 1642. Mr. *Jones* riding to *Taunton* in *Somerſetſhire*, accompanied by one of the Prince's Servants, who wore his Maſters Colours, was for that reaſon, together with that Gentleman, immediately

diately after his departure from thence, apprehended, and like a Felon brought back to the Caſtle, where he remained Priſoner three weeks, and could not be releaſed without the earneſt ſolicitation of his friends, and his Wives humble and often petitioning the Earle of *Bedford.* In *November* laſt ſuffering under continual moleſtations, and out of all hope to live peaceably at home, he reſolved to put himſelf under the protection of Sir *Ralph Hoptons* Army then in *Cornwal.* To this purpoſe he furniſhed three Horſes and Arms proportionable, and ſet forward to deliver them up to his Majeſties ſervice: but unhappily in the way thither he was intercepted by the Earl of *Stamfords* Forces, under the command of Captain *Gould,* taken Priſoner, robb'd to the value of 80 *l.* the Plunderers leaving him not ſo much as a boot to ride in. By theſe he is led Captive to *Liskard* in *Cornwal,* where they kept him three days, in which time he and another Miniſter with him, with his ſervant, had but one pint of Beer for their ſuſtinence, being kept without either fire or light, and for one night had their hands bound behind them, and had been ſtill kept in the like bondage, had not God in mercy reſcued them by Sir *Ralph Hopton,* after the famous Battle of *Liskard:* During the time of their impriſonment, they offer them Conditions on which they may purchaſe their liberty; *viz.* to pay three hundred pound; to take an Oath never any more to aſſiſt the King with Horſe, Arms, or Money: But being delivered on far better terms, he was not long after impriſoned for giving God publick thanks for his deliverance. Afterwards, ſeeing that Religion it ſelf was but a buſed, being made the Cloak of theſe mens Hypocriſie and Treaſons, and

that

that they did *faſt but to ſtrife and debate*, he did not obſerve the Faſt every laſt Wedneſday in the Month, with that ſtrict obſervation as was expected from him by that Faction; hereupon, ſome of them put him in mind of it: Good Friday coming on preſently, upon the laſt Wedneſday in *April* he deſired his Neighbours and Pariſhoners to keep that ancient Faſt injoyned by the Church in Commemoration of the bitter Death and Paſſion of Chriſt; and the better to invite them to that days ſolemn Humiliation, he preached to them twice that day. Though Sermons be all their Religion, yet two Sermons on *Good Friday* (received and practiſed by all Churches in all Ages, till of late a Jewiſh obſervation of one day hath ſhouldred out the religious obſervation of all other days) he was convented before the Seſſions, where *Edmund Prideaux* a Parliament man, and a pretender to this Law, preſt this his Obedience to the Church moſt violently againſt him; malitiouſly affirming that he did it to affront the Parliament, and to advance Popiſh Superſtition, and Innovation, and that therefore *He* (ſee what it is to be a Parliament man) would make him an *Example* to the World, and as the times then were (God, as he threatned Iſrael, *provoking us by fooliſh people*) was like enough to have done it, had not Mr. *Jones* prevented him by withdrawing himſelf, and ſo declined the evil intended againſt him. Yet we may not omit one thing: though it were ſo heinous a Crime in Mr. *Jones* not to obſerve one of their Wedneſdays Faſts, yet Mr. *Darke* Miniſter of *Musbury* in the ſame County, and a man of that Faction could command his men to follow the Plough that day, and yet was never thought fit of a Reprehenſion, nor ſo much as a Brotherly

Brotherly Admonition: and no wonder, for tho heretofore *Actions* did *Qualifie perſons*, and *denominate* them, by the Sectaries new Divinity they make *Perſons* to *Qualifie Actions*, thoſe things which are ſins in others loſe their *Nature* and their *Name* in a Child of God, and they will take it very ill from you not to be ſo reputed, though living in the moſt notorious ſcandalous ſins that defile the Soul, and lay waſt the Conſcience of man. But to return to our ſtory.

From the beginning of this Parliament (till God, by the glorious and no leſs than miraculous Victories of Sir *Ralph Hopton*, reſtored ſome Peace to that miſerably diſtracted Country) Mr. *Jones* was not permitted to live quietly at his own dwelling, they threaten to hang him, and burn his houſe, which they plundered no leſs than ſeven times: and not content with this, they threaten to carry away his aged Father Priſoner, being no leſs than 86 years of age; and had been as good as their word, (for in miſchief they ſeldom fail of their promiſes) had not the Women of the Pariſh (in deteſtation of ſo great barbariſm,) reſcued him out of their hands: And after that memorable defeat of the Rebels at *Stratton* in the edge of *Cornwal* by the brave Sir *Ralph Hopton*, Mr. *Jones* returned to his own houſe, fearing no danger from the fitters of that broken Army: but four Troopers of the Rebels Horſe came to his houſe, ſearched it very narrowly for him, inſomuch that he heard them ſwear how cruelly they would uſe that Cavaliering Prieſt, if they could meet with him, when they were nearer him than they were aware of (had they known it) there being but an Inch board between him and them: at which time miſſing of the intended Prey, they wreck their malice

malice on his houſhold-ſtuff, what they could not carry away, they ſpoil; Beds, Bed-ſteads, Hangings, all are torn and ſpoiled: They plunder the Maid-ſervants, and that of their Smocks, and exchange in their very preſence their louſie Shirts for their clean Linnen: Hereupon Mr. *Jones* finding by experience, that there was no ſafety out of one of the Kings Armies (the only Protection which the King is able for the preſent to afford his good Subjects) he put himſelf under the Protection of Sir *Ralph Hoptons* Army, where he now remains.

While the Rebels Army lay at *Tame* ſending out parties, by chance they lighted on ſome of the Kings Souldiers, and amongſt them there was one, who touched in Conſcience for ſo grievous a Sin, as lifting up his hand againſt his lawful Sovereign, the Lords anointed, forſook the Rebels Army, and was entertained in his Majeſties pay: and being in their power, they reſolve inſtantly to hang him: but with ſuch Circumſtances as in the murther of the Subject they evidently manifeſt their malitious rebellious hearts towards their Sovereign. Nothing will ſerve to hang him on, but the ſign-poſt of the *Kings Head* in *Tame*; the ppor man being ready to be thrown from the Ladder, prayed very fervently, and cried out *Lord Jeſus receive my Soul.* The Rebels ſtanding about him, inſtead of joyning with him in his Devotions, made a confuſed noiſe, and laughed at him. They that had ſo little mercy for his Soul, were not likely to draw out any bowels of Compaſſion towards his body. No, they will not only murther him, but murther him by a lingring Torment; they will not afford him the favour of a running

knot quickly to obſtruct the Throat, and totally deprive him of breath, but the halter is tyed ſo faſt, that he hanged gaſping for breath, not drawing ſo much as to maintain life, nor ſo little as ſuddenly to loſe it: having in this torment hanged a while, a barbarous inhuman Villain ſtept to him, and fearing he ſhould give up his vexed Ghoſt too ſoon, he puts his hands under his feet and lifted him up to give him ſome ſcope of Reſpiration, but even in this unchriſtian uſage of a poor wretch, he did not forget to *Blaſpheme* his *Lord* and *King*: for having lifted him up, he turned the dying mans face towards the ſign it ſelf of the Kings Head: and jeeringly ſaid, *Nay, Sir you muſt ſpeak one word with the King before you go, you are blindfold, and he cannot ſee, and by and by you ſhall both come down together!* Let the World if it can now give us a parallel of ſo undutiful, ſo high a contempt of Regal Authority, or tell us whether any of the ſeveral Spawns of Hell but only an Atheiſtical Puritan could poſſibly commit ſuch deviliſh Cruelties againſt his fellow Subject, or belch out ſuch venome againſt his Sovereign. Amongſt thoſe many Sins which call for our publick humiliation and our earneſt zeal to purge the land from the guilt which hath polluted it, certainly Contempt and Scorn of ſo good, ſo gracious a King is none of the leaſt.

On *Monday* the 29. of *May* 1643. a Boy of five or ſix years of age, attended by a youth, was comming to *Oxford* to his Father, an Officer in the Kings Army, paſſing through *Buckinghamſhire* he fell into the hands of ſome Troopers of Colonel *Goodwins* Regiment, who not only pillaged him of the Cloaths which he brought with him, but took his

his doublet off his back, and would have taken away his hat and boots, if the Youth that attended on him had not very earneſtly intercede for them to ſave them. For one of the Company more tender-hearted than the reſt, moved with the Childs cries and affrightment, and with the Youths earneſt entreaty, prevailed with the reſt not to rob the Child of theſe neceſſary fences from the injury of wind and weather. Yet tho they ſpare him theſe things, they rob him of his Horſe, and leave the poor Child to a tedious long Journey on foot: This barbariſm to a poor Child far from his friends, almoſt diſtracted with fear, ſo prevailed with ſome, that they made Colonel *Goodwin* and Sir *Robert Pye* acquainted with it, hoping to find them ſenſible of ſo cruel practices on a poor Child: but theſe great Profeſſors and Champions of Religion, only langhed at the relation, without giving any redreſs to the Childs injuries. This want of Juſtice in the Commanders, animated the Soldiers to proſecute their Villanies to a greater height: for that night they came to the place where the Child lay, and the poor Soul being in bed faſt aſleep, his innocent reſt not diſturbed with the injuries of the day: they dived into his, and his attendants pockets, robbed them of all their monies, and left them either to borrow more, or beg for ſuſtenance in their Journey to *Oxford.*

Captain *Duckenfield* a Commander of the Rebels in *Cheſhire*, came to Mr. *Wright*'s Houſe, Parſon of *Wemſlow* in that County, a man of four ſcore years of age, of a very honeſt Life and Converſation, and eminent for his Hoſpitality amongſt his Neighbors. The Captain and his followers enter the Houſe by violence, killed two of his Maid-Ser-

vants, wounded others, and in all probability had murthered Mr. *Wright* himſelf, had not his Neighbors that loved him well reſcued him out of their hands. The Crime objected againſt him was Loyalty, and that amongſt Rebels is Crime enough: for this he is forced to live an exile from his own habitation, and hath abſented himſelf from his houſe now twelve months. The ſame Rebels came to one Mr. *John Leech* his houſe, in the ſame County, as I take it, they enter his houſe by violence, they kill one of his Maid-Servants, for endeavouring to keep the door ſhut againſt them, and took away Mr. *Leech* Priſoner. There was a Gentlewoman in the houſe come thither but two days before, who ſeeing ſo barbarous Cruelty practiſed upon Innocents for no other fault but living in Peace and Obedience, was ſo affrighted, that for ſome time ſhe remained almoſt diſtracted.

When the rebellious City of *London* firſt delivered up it ſelf the ſervile inſtrument to execute the illegal Commands of the heads of the Faction in Parliament; a Troop of factious Citizens under the command of Colonel *Cromwell* came to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, and there ſeized on the Perſons of Doctor *Beal*, Doctor *Martin*, and Doctor *Sterne* men of known Integrity, Exemplary lives, profound learning, and heads of ſeveral Colledges in that famous Univerſity: having them in their Cuſtody, they uſe them with all poſſible ſcorn and contempt, eſpecially *Cromwell* behaving himſelf moſt inſolently towards them, and when one of the Doctors made it a requeſt to *Cromwell*, that he might ſtay a little to put up ſome linnen, *Cromwell* denied him the favour, and whether in a jeer, or ſimple malice told him, *That it was not in his Commiſſion:*

miſſion: having now prepared a ſhew to entertain the People, in Triumph they lead them Captives towards *London*, where the People were beforehand informed, what Captives Colonel *Cromwell* was bringing. In the Villages as they paſſed from *Cambridg* to *London*, the People were called by ſome of their Agents to come and abuſe, and revile them. When they came to *London*, being to bring their Priſoners to the Tower, no other way would ſerve their turn, but from *Shoreditch* through *Bartholomew-Fair*, when the Concourſe was as thick as the Negotiation of Buyers and Sellers, and the warning of the Beadles of the Faction (that uſe to give notice to their Party) could make it; they lead theſe Captives leiſurely through the midſt of the Fair: as they paſs along they are entertained with Exclamations, Reproaches, Scorns, and Curſes, and conſidering the prejudice raiſed in the City of them, it was Gods great mercy that they found no worſe uſage from them: having brought them to the *Tower*, the People there uſe them with no leſs Incivility within the Walls, than the People did without, calling them *Papiſts*, *Arminians*, and I know not what. After ſome time Impriſonment there, they were removed to the Lord *Peters* Houſe in *Alderſgate-ſtreet*; and though they often Petitioned to be heard and brought to judgment, yet they could obtain neither a Trial, nor enlargement, unleſs to free their Bodies, they ſhould enſnare their Souls by loans of Monies to be imployed againſt the King, or taking impious Oaths or Covenants: at laſt after almoſt a years impriſonment, on *Friday* the 11. of *Auguſt* 1643. by order from the Faction, that call themſelves a Parliament, they were removed from thence, and all put on Ship-board in a Ship called

the *Proſperous Sail*, or the *Proſperous Sailer*, lying before *Wapping*. They went by Coach from *Alderſgate-ſtreet* to *Billingſgate*, in the way to the Common Stairs, there to take water; one was over-heard to ſay *Theſe look like honeſt men*, and he was not a jot miſtaken: however for bearing teſtimony of the truth, he incurr'd the cenſure of a Malignant, and was in danger to be committed: but another looking theſe grave learned Divines in the face, reviled them, ſaying, *That they did not look like Chriſtians:* and Prayed that they might break their Necks as they went down the Stairs to take water. This harſh uſage they found by land, but yet they found far worſe by water: being come on ſhip-board they were inſtantly put under Hatches, where the Decks were ſo low, that they could not ſtand upright, and yet were denied ſtools to ſit on, or ſo much as a burden of ſtraw to lie on. Into this *Little Eaſe* in a ſmall Ship they crowd no leſs than four ſcore Priſoners of Quality, and that they might ſtifle one another, having no more breath than what they ſucked from one anothers mouths, moſt malitiouſly, and (certainly) to a murtherous intent, they ſtop up all the ſmall Auger holes, and all other inlets which might relieve them with freſh air: an act of ſuch horrid barbariſm, that nor age, nor ſtory, nor Rebellion can parallel; *But, O Lord God to whom Vengeance belongeth, thou God to whom vengeance belongeth, ſhew thy ſelf, O let the vengeance of thy Servants blood, that hath been ſhed in this land, be openly ſhewed upon theſe* worſe than *Heathen* Salvages *in our ſight, O let the ſorrowful ſighing of thy Priſoners come before thee, according to the greatneſs of thy power preſerve thou thoſe that are appointed to die.*

Mercurius

Mercurius Ruſticus, *&c.*

XIII.

Mr. Anthony Tyringham *a Miniſter, wounded, and moſt inhumanely uſed by the Rebels in* Buckinghamſhire. *Mrs.* Wiborow *(the Parſons Wife of* Pebmarſh *in* Eſſex*) and her Children expoſed to great extremity by the Sectaries of that County. A lively pattern of ingratitude acted by a ſchiſmatical Smith at* Dalham *in* Suffolk, *&c.*

MAſter *Anthony Tyringham*, Parſon of *Tyringham* in *Buckinghamſhire*, having buſineſs at *Maidsmorton*, at his return came to *Buckingham*, where he met with two of his Nephews. The Uncle and his Nephews glad of ſo happy a meeting, after ſome ſtay to congratulate the good chance, and to refreſh themſelves, ſet forward in their journey, and paſſed in peace without danger until they came near *Stony-Stratford*, where a party of Dragooners coming from *Alesbury* ſurprized them: and inſtantly (ſcarce asking them from whence they came) ſearched and diſarmed them, which was no difficult atchievment, there being but one ſword amongſt all three. The Rebels take from them their Horſes, their Coats and Mony: ſuperfluous things as they conceived for men deſigned to captivity: for having ſpoiled them of their Horſes, Mony, and Garments, they ſend them with a ſtrong guard Priſoners to *Ailesbury*: while the reſt of the Party lurking about *Stony-Stratford*, ſtay-

ed there to expect ſome freſh Booty: And that in this we do not ſlander theſe great Champions of the Subjects Liberties and Properties, the iſſue will acquaint us, for preſently after (to ſhew that all was Fiſh which came to net) they ſeized upon a poor Bone-lace man, and a Shoomaker, robbed them of what they had, and in the ſame manner ſent them away Priſoners to *Ailesbury*. The Guard of Dragooners having brought their three Priſoners about a mile and a half on the way towards *Ailesbury*, commanded them again to alight: The firſt Plunder was for the Captain or Commanders, or elſe a ſhare was ſet apart *Anathema* for the ſupport of the publick Cauſe, theſe men to whoſe truſt they were committed, now intend to plunder for themſelves: And firſt, they command Mr. *Tyringham* to put off his Caſſock: who being not ſudden in obeying the command, nor over-haſty to untye his Girdle to diſrobe himſelf of the diſtinctive Garment of his Profeſſion: (though now a Caſſock contracted into the Compendium of a *Gippo*, is become the Garb of the Reformers) one of the Dragoons to quicken him, cut him through the hat into the Head with the Sword taken from one of his Nephews, and with another blow cut him over the fingers: Mr. *Tyringham* wondring at ſo barbarous uſage without any provocation, came toward him that had thus wounded him, and deſired him to hold his hands, pleading that he was a *Clergie-man*, a *Priſoner*, and *diſarmed*: the cowardly Villain either fearing the approach of a diſarmed man, or willing to lay hold on any advantage to expoſe the Priſoners to the fury of his fellows, cried out, *Shoot the Rogues, for they intend to reſiſt*: the word was no ſooner given, but a Muſquets was inſtantly

inſtantly diſcharged at one of Mr. *Tyringhams* Nephews; but the Muſqueteer miſſing his mark, another of the Rebels with his Sword aimed righter, and ran him into the ſhoulder: a Muſquet was preſented to the other Nephew, but Gods providence reſtrained the murtherous intention of the Rebel, that he did not give fire. Thus exerciſing their pleaſure upon diſarmed wounded men, they rob Mr. *Tyringham* of his Caſſock, rifle all their pockets, and take from them what they pleaſe; and to palliate their cruelty, they ſend two Dragooners back, to tell their Captains and their Companies, that the Priſoners committed to their Cuſtody and Conduct made reſiſtence: Upon this falſe Alarm given, preſently the Captains and their Companies make up to them, to aſſiſt a ſtrong Guard againſt three diſarmed, and of them two wounded men; being come where they were, they encompaſs them about, and without any examination of the buſineſs, preſuming the ſuggeſtion to be undoubted truth, one of the Rebels, Capt. *Pollard* by name, with a full blow ſtrikes at Mr. *Tyringham*, and with his Sword cuts his Arme, and Cubit-bones croſs the elbow almoſt aſunder: Mr. *Tyringham* (almoſt threeſcore years of age within two) bore this barbarous uſage with undaunted Courage, and hearing this bloody Villain called Captain *Pollard*, in a pleaſant indignation expreſſed the ſenſe of the injury but thus, *That now he had made him a Pollard indeed:* A Metophor eaſily underſtood by Wood-men, who uſually call a Tree, whoſe limbs or branches are lopped off, a Pollard: Mr. *Tyringhams* Arm thus miſerably wounded, and hanging dangling from his ſhoulder, without any government from the nerves or ſinews, one of his Nephews having a mourning

ning Ribband, tendred it to his Uncle to bind up his Arm, but the Rebels will not permit it: tho Mr. *Tyringham* intreat the favour to have his wounds bound up, and the very ſpectacle before their eyes, was argument enough to extort this mercy from them, yet they remain inexorable, nor would they be perſwaded until a long time after: having now made ſure work with their Priſoners, and rendred them ſo far unable to reſiſt, that ſome were hardly able to ſit the jades on which they were mounted, they again ſet forward for *Ailesbury:* The Dragooners horſes on which they were ſet, being tired, made the way very tedious, eſpecially to Mr. *Tyringham,* who loſt much blood all the way as they went.

While theſe Gentlemen were in this miſerable condition, Captain *Pollard,* not troubled at all for ſo bloody a fact, barbarouſly committed by himſelf on an aged Gentleman, and a Miniſter of that Goſpel which they falſly pretend to maintain, but indeed deny and blaſpheme in all their actions, turned aſide to *Whaddon Chaſe,* and ſported himſelf in killing ſome of His Majeſties Deer, which he carried along with him to *Ailesbury:* after almoſt four hours riding, tired out with tired Jades, and fainting with loſs of blood, the Priſoners were again commanded to alight at a Town called *Whitchurch* within two miles of *Ailesbury.* Here they fall on Mr. *Tyringham* afreſh, and plunder him as eagerly as if he had been new come into their hands, and not touched by them before. They pluck off his Boots, and take from him his Jerkin, his Hat and Cap, all the fences provided for cold and weather, and the uſual Fortifications againſt the injuries of wind and rain: and ſo made a pattern of the man wounded between *Jeruſalem* and *Jericho,* they mount him on his Spittle again

again and drive on, and after an hours riding in cold and darkneſs, at laſt they arrived at *Ailesbury*, that night the Chirurgions (as ſoon as they could be found) viewed and dreſſed the wound, but concluded unanimouſly that they muſt cut off his Arm the next day, or elſe it would Gangreen and infallaby kill him, which next day was done accordingly: Mr. *Tyringham* bore the loſs of his Arm with incredible reſolution and courage, as knowing the Juſtice of that Cauſe for which he ſuffered, and as willing to lay down his Life in teſtimony of his Loyalty, as his Brother Mr. *Edward Tyringham*, one of the Gentlemen of the Kings Privy Chamber had done before him, who the laſt Winter being imployed in his Majeſties ſervice, and ſet on by a Party of Rebels fought valiantly, but oppreſſed with multitudes, received ſo many wounds, that he died of them. But it hath pleaſed God ſo to bleſs the means uſed for this Gentlemans recovery, that there are great hopes he will ſurvive theſe maimes, and (as himſelf undauntedly told the Rebels to their faces) *Live to ſee them hanged.* Amen.

In the fourth Week of this *Mercury*, you heard of the cruel uſage of Mr. *Wiborow*, Parſon of *Pebmarſh* in the County of *Eſſex*, by the Rebels in thoſe parts; how they abuſed him in the Church, beat him in the fields, and took from him the Book of Common Prayer, having before torn another of his in pieces. After this the Browniſts and Anabaptiſts of that place (with which that Country ſwarms) threaten to kill him; Mr. *Wiborow*, not daring to truſt himſelf amongſt theſe cruel bloodthirſty men, to preſerve his life, was compelled to leave his Cure, his Wife and Children, ſome ſeven Months ſince, and to put himſelf under the Kings protection

protection: hoping that his abſence might be a means to ſecure his Wife and Children, and prevail with theſe Monſters to permit them to enjoy that which he left behind him for their ſuſtenance: but his abſence was ſo far from working this good effect in them, that they made uſe of it, to eject him out of the poſſeſſion of the Profits of his Parſonage, and his Wife and Children out of their houſe, expoſing them harbourleſs to the wide World: for taking advantage of his abſence, they accuſe him to the pretended Parliament, and frame a Bill of Falſhood and Lies againſt him, thereby to gain a Sequeſtration of his Living: A buſineſs not of any great difficulty, they being more ready to grant ſuch illegal oppreſſive ejections, than the People to ask them: for upon the Accuſation, *John White* that fornicating Browniſt ſitting in the Chair, Mr. *Wiborows* Living was ſequeſtred, and the Profits of it given to one *Burrows*, though the Cure was never neglected, but ſupplied by Mr. *Wiborows* friends, to the content and ſatisfaction of all moderate peaceable men: yet though they had robb'd him of his livelyhood, and given his Wives and Childrens bread to ſtrangers, by moſt unjuſt practices, yet his hopes were that his poor Wife and Children ſhould enjoy the accommodation of their dwelling in the Parſonage houſe: but ſuch is the implacable cruelty and malice of theſe Sectaries, that on the tenth of *June* 1643. a Troop of the Rebels came to the Parſonage houſe, and demanded entrance: Mrs. *Wiborow* and her Children being alone in the houſe, ſhe barr'd up the doors againſt them, and for her better ſafety retired to an upper room, to which the paſſage was through a Trap-door, which likewiſe ſhe made as faſt as ſhe could:

could: all this fortification could not keep theſe Rebels out, they break open the doors, and make way to the room, where Mrs. *Wiborow* and her Children thought to ſecure themſelves: when they came thither, three of theſe Rebels ſet their Piſtols at her breaſt, threatning to ſhoot her, if ſhe and her Children would not ſuddenly depart the houſe, and leave it to a new Maſter. Mrs. *Wiborow* replied, That ſhe would rather be killed within doors, than periſh without, but withal earneſtly intreated that ſhe might enjoy ſo much of her Husbands right, as his houſe to ſhelter her and her Children, who poor Souls ſtood about their Mother crying, and in their natural oratory craving compaſſion towards their Mother, whom at every word the Rebels threaten to Piſtol; but neither the earneſt intreaty of the Mother, nor the pitiful out-cries of the Children, could prevail with them, they remain as deaf men, void of all pitty or bowels of Compaſſion: nay they violently ſeize on her, drag her down the ſtairs, and out of the houſe into the yard: the poor Children being almoſt diſtracted and at their wits end for fear what would become of their Mother, being thus violently drawn out of the houſe into the yard, there ſhe found *Meriton Simpſon* and *Cooke* the Sequeſtrators, with other attending there to ſee this joyful ſpectacle, a poor oppreſſed Gentlewoman and her ſmall Children cruelly caſt out of their own habitation by Rebels and Traitors. As ſoon as Mrs. *Wiborow* ſaw them, ſhe preſented them with the Kings Proclamation againſt the Oppreſſion of the Clergy, by the intruſion of factious and ſchiſmatical perſons into the Cures and Revenues of Learned, Orthodox Divines, by Order of one, or both

both pretended Houſes of Parliament, contrary to all Law and Juſtice: which ſhe hoped would have found ſo much obedience and reſpect, as to reſtore her to her houſe: This was ſo far from mollifying theſe Rebels and Schiſmatiques, that it provoked them to great inſolencies: at laſt when Mrs. *Wiborow* perceived that all her intreaties, and her Childrens tears prevailed nothing, to reſtore her to her houſe, ſhe intreated the Sequeſtrators, that in caſe ſhe could not be permitted to dwell in her own houſe, that yet ſhe might have ſome other place of accommodation provided, to receive her and her Children: *Meriton* inſolently replied, *That he would provide his Tumbril,* that is, his Dung-Cart, *to carry her and her Children from Conſtable to Conſtable, till ſhe came to her Husband:* after many bitter ſcoffs and ſcorns in this her affliction, ſhe deſired that if ſhe might not obtain ſo much favour to dwell in her houſe, yet they would not deny her acceſs to her houſe, but that ſhe might go in to fetch out proviſion for her Childrens ſupper that night: But theſe Monſters of men would not give her leave: and to compleat this unheard-of Tyranny and Oppreſſion, the *Authorized Thieves,* I mean the Commiſſioners appointed by the pretended Houſe of Parliament to ſeize upon the Eſtates of all Delinquents, and to point out who ſhall be plundered next, Order, that whatſoever Mr. *Wiborow* had left, ſhould be ſeized on for the uſe of that *Thing* which they call a Parliament: thereby to ſupport Rebellion with Robbery and Theft. Inſtantly they ſeize on his Corn, and thoſe few Cattle, the remainder of former Plunderings, though they knew it was the life of the Mother and her Children, and that in taking away theſe, they

they deprived them of all means of ſubſiſtence, and expoſed them to extream want, having reduced them to this miſerable condition, to beg or ſtarve: *Now for the comfortleſs trouble ſake of the needy, and becauſe of the deep ſighing of the poor, I will up ſaith the Lord, and will help every one from him that ſwelleth againſt him, and will ſet him at reſt:* The good God perform his promiſe, *Let God ariſe and let theſe Enemies of God and Man be ſcattered.*

Mr. *Thomas Dalton* Bachelour of Divinity, and Parſon of *Dalham* in the County of *Suffolke*, being plundered of his Horſe by *Colonel Ruſſels* Troop Deputy Lieutenant of the County of *Cambridge*, on more than probable grounds, fearing that they would ſeize upon his Perſon, and commit him to Priſon, was compelled to leave his family and retire privately to ſome friends, where he continued ſome months. In the *interim* one *Barnard* a poor Smith, and one that formerly had lived on the Pariſh Alms, informed the Committee at *Cambridge* of Mr. *Daltons* abſence, and making it his Crime, Petitioned for a Sequeſtration of his living, intending to make a gain of it himſelf; for whereas the living is worth 140*l. per annum*, and had been ſo let for many years before, *Vulcan*, I mean *Barnard* the Smith, having got a Chaplain of his own, one *Randall* by name, intends with him to ſerve the Cure for 50 or 60 Pounds a year, intending to put up the *Overplus* into his own Purſe: nor did he fail of his pious project, ſo apparently tending to the publick good, and reformation of the Church: For on the Smiths bare inſtance, though earneſtly oppoſed by the Lord of the Town, and about forty of the chief-

eſt

eſt of the Pariſh, who all laboured earneſtly to withſtand it, the committee for the advancement of the Reformation, hearken to *Barnard* and ſubſtitute *Randall Vulcan*, Prieſt in Mr. *Daltons* place, and revenue; This grant of the Committee was ratified by the Committee at *Weſtminſter*, for 'tis not impoſſible but *Barnard* might have ſharers with him in both Committees: For the *Tyth* of the *Tyth* was enough for an *Alms-man:* nay this Committee did not only ratifie the Order of the other Committee, but added to the injuſtice by ordering Mrs. *Dalton* inſtantly to reſign poſſeſſion of the Parſonage houſe to *Randall:* of which Ordinance when the Patron of the living had intelligence, he inſtantly poſted to *London*, and knowing how unjuſt and trivial the accuſation againſt Mr. *Dalton* were, abſence being his main Crime, (being put to this hard Option either to ſtay and be committed Priſoner, or to fly and be robb'd of the profits of his Living, for this is the Dilemma to which all Orthodox Conformable Miniſters are now put) reſolved to intercede for him, hoping either quite to take him off, or at leaſt to procure a mitigation of the Order; but contrary to his expectation he found the Smith *Courted, applauded*, and to *enjoy freedom of acceſs to the Committee*, and himſelf (a Gentleman of very good rank and eſteem in his Country) to be ſlighted; neglected, and made dance attendance, and after long waiting not regarded what he ſpake for his Miniſter: At laſt this good Gentleman having by experience obſerved, that the practices of the Faction in Parliament did engage them to ſlight and ſuppreſs the Gentry, and all that made Honour, or Conſcience the rule of their Actions, and to

court

court and obſerve the dregs and ſcum of the Peo-ple, (as the fitteſt inſtruments for their deſigns) returned home, and ſending for Mrs. *Dalton*, entreats her to make uſe of his houſe as her own, until God ſhould enable the King to reſtore her, and all his loyal Subjects to their own: Mrs. *Dalton* accepts of his courteous offer, but leaves her man to keep poſſeſſion of the Parſonage houſe: She had not ſtayed long here before her Hoaſt is threatned to be plundered for his hoſpitality: *Barnard* the Smith (as bad as *Alexander* the Copper-ſmith) being now ſo rich as to be able to travel to *London*, and trouble his Neighbours; that his *Levite* might have the Parſonage Houſe to better his bargain, ſpeeds to the Committee, and prefers a Complaint againſt Mrs. *Dalton* for giving up poſſeſſion of her houſe according to their Order: upon complaint made, it is further ordered by the ſame Committee, that becauſe ſhe had preſently quitted the Houſe, ſhe ſhould be brought up to *London* before the *Committee*, there to anſwer the contempt: to avoid further vexation ſhe obeyed the Order, and gave up poſſeſſion, hoping that this reſigning of her right, would ſet an end to her trouble: but according to the Rebels *Method* from the beginning of this Parliament, *firſt* invade the *Clergie*, and then the *Laity*, So here they vary not from the firſt *Pattern*, for having robbed Mr. *Dalton* of his Eccleſiaſtical Revenues, preſently they ſeize upon his Temporal, his Rents and other Debts due unto him, they leave him nothing. But if you pleaſe to ſee the lively Character of a *Malitious, Ingrateful, Cheating Schiſmatick*, whoſe Religion is to return *evil* for good, and *hatred* for *good will*, look once more on this *Barnard* the Smith,

and you will conclude it doubtful which is hardeſt, his Anvil or his heart. For this Wretch owing to Mr. *Dalton* twenty ſeven Pounds, when the time of payment was come, *Barnard* come to the Church-Porch, the place appointed for payment of the Debt, attended with four Rebel Troopers, as witneſs of the tender of the moneys. Mrs. *Dalton* being there to receive it, he pours it out, ſhe having told it, was putting it up into her Purſe; But *Barnard* interrupted her, Saying, *Stay this is for better uſe than ſo, it is for the ſervice of the Parliament:* and preſently (as the Plot was laid) the Troopers bent their Piſtols at her breſt, and force the monies from her: nay, before it was lawful by Order and Ordinances to violate all the Obligations of Religion and Gratitude, this *Barnard* acknowledged himſelf much bound to Mr. *Dalton* for many favours having many ways endeared him, thought all things ſafe which were committed to *Barnards* truſt; in this confidence Mr. *Dalton* laid up divers Cooms of Wheat in *Barnards* houſe, to be a help in time of need: when Mr. *Dalton* was gone, his Wife ſent to *Barnards* houſe to demand ſome Wheat, this unthankful wretch denied it, affirming that Mr. *Dalton* being a Malignant had no rite or property in thoſe Goods; and therefore forbad her man to come on his ground, threatning that he would run his Pitch-fork in him, if he came thither to make any ſuch Demand: *Ab uno diſce omnes.*

Mercurius

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

XIV.

The Rebels barbarous uſage of Sir Ralph Canterills *Man in* Chancery-Lane, London: *Of the Miniſtery of* London. *A Character of Mr.* Ephraim Udall, *Parſon of Saint* Auſtins, *with the Cruelty uſed towards him and his Wife. Sir* Thomas Hides *covetouſneſs and neutrality here rewarded by the Rebels. Mr.* Bowlſtrodes *Prayer by the Spirit*, &c.

IF in the Relation of theſe ſad ſtories thou find (courteous Reader) ſome Complaints of *London*, mingled with thoſe of the Countrey, know that the earneſt requeſt of *Mercurius Civicus* muſt plead my Apology. The heads of this Rebellion deal with that miſerable City as unjuſt Stepmothers do with their poor Children, *Whip them till they cry, and then whip them again for crying*: for they have not ſo much loſers Priviledg left them as to have *Liberty to Complain*: and then let the World judg to what a narrow Scantling the *Liberty* of the Subject is reduced, by theſe pretended Aſſertors of the *Liberty*, when it is lawful for them to Murther, and Plunder the Kings good Subjects, and yet it is not lawful for the oppreſſed to bemoan their own Condition. Being therefore denied the common natural mitigation of great preſſures, to bewail their own Miſeries, and breath out the ſenſe of them in free expreſſions, for fear they further

provoke their *Oppreſſors* while they implore the compaſſion of their *friends*, *Mercurius Civicus* in his Letter, dated *Aug.* 5. 1643. and directed to me, earneſtly entreated (their own Preſſes not daring to publiſh the truth of their miſerable condition) that their ſufferings under the *Inſolency*, *Injuſtice*, *Tyranny* and *Rapine* of this horrid Rebellion, might be made known to the World by a borrowed pen, and interwoven with thoſe of the *Countrey*: that therefore we may not be wanting to ſo juſt requeſts, nor leave poſterity ignorant what tranſcendent cruelties are practiſed as well within the Walls of that wretched City as without, as oft as they ſhall privately (by ſuch ſecret ways of intelligence as the preſent condition of the times permit) impart their Calamities, I ſhall according to *Mercurius Civicus* deſire, inſert them with thoſe of the Country, and ſo impart them to the World; and though the barbarous Murthers committed on Mr. *Tompkins*, and Mr. *Chaloner*, that ſecond pair of *State Martyrs*, together with the butchery of a peaceable Citizen ſlain by Captain *Harvey*: and the Women ſlaughtered by Sir *Willam Wallers* Troopers (that ran away at *Roundway Down*, to kill Women and Virgins in *London*, for the unpardonable crime of petitioning for Peace) might juſtly challenge precedency, yet becauſe the memories of thoſe two worthies are reſerved for a peculiar Martyrologue, and theſe are already imbalmed by the Piety of our Brother *Aulicus*, I ſhall ſet before you the miſery, into which that Rebellious City hath Plunged it ſelf and us, in ſome other inſtances.

On *Tueſday* the 15 of *Aug.* 1643. a Party of Colonel *Harvies* Regiment came to one *Walkers* houſe in *Chancery-Lane*, to Seize on Sir *Ralph Canteril*, whom

whom they ſuppoſed then to have lodged there: on their coming, finding that the Knight was either gone out of Town, or had ſhifted his lodging, but on diligent inquiry diſcovering that there was a man in the houſe that now was, or lately had been Sir *Ralphs* Servant, they apprehend him, and demand where his Maſter was, and where he had hid his Money, Plate, and Jewels? The man replied that he had left his Maſters ſervice, and did know nothing, either where his Maſter was, or how he had diſpoſed of his Goods: preſently they lay violent hands on him, and carry him out into the back-ſide into the houſe of Office, there to examin him by Torment: there they rip up the Tiles, and one of the Rebels taking a Cord out of his pocket, faſtened one end of it about the poor mans neck, and threw the other end over the rafters of the untiled houſe: Having him at this poſture, they interrogate him again where this (Imaginary) Treaſure was hid; he returns the ſame anſwer, that he could give no account what Sir *Ralph* had done with it: for being to leave his ſervice, he was a ſtranger to his Maſters Actions: Not ſatisfied with ſo reaſonable an Anſwer, they hoiſe him up by the Neck, and let him hang a good diſtance from the ground, where having hanged a while, they let him down, and examin him again where Sir *Ralph* had beſtowed his Money, Plate, and Jewels? The poor man not able to give any other anſwer to their Query, proteſts his ignorance, and that if the diſcovery might ſave his life, yet he could not redeem it ſo, for he knew nothing concerning what they asked him: inraged that the man could not Prophecy, (for without that gift he could not reſolve them) they ſuddenly hoiſe him up to the top

of the houſe, and letting go their hold, they let him as ſuddenly fall to the ground: Being fallen, there he lay for dead without any expreſſion of life: but theſe barbarous Rebels hoping that there may yet remain ſome life in him whereon to practiſe further cruelty, ſtand by the man, and watch him, and at laſt perceiving that he was not dead, but that he began to ſtir and breath, preſently they put burning matches between his fingers: hoping by this way of Torment to extort a diſcovery from him: but in vain, the extremity of this Torment indeed (though half dead as he was) made him cry out and roar in a very lamentable manner, which a Maid-ſervant of the houſe hearing, and affrighted at the noiſe, ran to her Maſter, and told him, that certainly the Rebels were murthering the man in the houſe of Office, hereupon Mr. *Walker* haſtened out, and when he came to the place, found the conjecture of his Servant true, and amazed at ſo horrid, ſo inhumane a ſpectacle, interceded for the poor man, and earneſtly deſired them, not to defile his ground and habitation with innocent blood: inſtead of deſiſting they return the *Ægyptians* anſwer to *Moſes*, *Who made thee a Ruler and a Judg?* bad him be ſilent, and withdraw, or elſe they threatned to uſe him in like manner: Mr. *Walker* fearing that thoſe perjured perfidious Villains, which keep their words in nothing elſe, might yet be punctual in performance of miſchief, not daring to commit himſelf to their mercy, left them, and went imto his houſe, where the *Quarter-Maſter* to the Rebels lay ſleeping while the Troopers were acting this cruelty, him he raiſeth from ſleep, and tells him what the Troopers were doing without, who ſomething moved at the Rela-

tion

tion, went out unto them, and took them off from farther proſecuting their barbarous intentions. But whether or no the man on whom all this cruelty was acted, ſurvived this barbarous uſage, is uncertain.

As amongſt the many bleſſings wherewith it pleaſed God to advance the City of *London* far above all other Cities either of this, or other Nations of the Chriſtian World, one was their *Clergy:* for a more pious, learned, and laborious Miniſtry, no people ever enjoyed, *even their Enemies themſelves being Judges:* So amongſt the many crying ſins whereby that proud rebellious City hath provoked God to give them up to a *Reprobate ſenſe and hardneſs of heart* to their own deſtruction, certainly, the *contempt* and *oppreſſion* of their *Clergy* are none of the leaſt: as before the leſt Parliament began, a main part of their Religion was to *ſtrive with their Prieſts,* and to rob them of their maintenance, by all poſſible arts of deceit, and fraud, ſo as ſoon as the Parliament was ſate, and the baſeſt of the People were ſet looſe to worrey their Miniſters (though never ſo blameleſs, never ſo Orthodox, if they did not conſpire with them to innovate both Church and State:) the Citizens of *London,* ſhewed themſelves moſt forward in Petitioning againſt their Miniſters: yet at firſt pretended to moleſt ſuch only, who had expreſſed greateſt zeal to the Order, and decency of Gods worſhip, profeſſing that for the reſt there was no thought to trouble them: but at laſt having put to flight, or impriſoned *thoſe,* they go and diſcover plainly, that whatſoever is a *Friend* to the Proteſtant Religion, as it is eſtabliſhed in the Church of *England,* is their *Enemy:* how many have they ſilenced, impriſoned, or

baniſhed from their Cures whom heretofore they did magnifie for the undaunted *Champions* of the *Proteſtant Religion?* and ſtout oppoſers of thoſe ſuppoſed pretended innovations, which they vainly imagined were the eager endeavours of ſome men to impoſe upon the Church: he that knows *London*, and hath frequented the moſt thronged Congregations there, cannot be ignorant, that Mr. *Ephraim Udall* Parſon of S. *Auſtins* in the *Old Change* near S. *Auſtines Gate*, is a man of eminent Piety, exemplary Converſation, profound Learning, indefatigable Induſtry, Preaching conſtantly every Lords Day twice, and for the Winter half year, if not the whole year, preaching a Lecture at his own Pariſh every Tueſday in the Afternoon: and if I am not miſtaken every Saturday before the firſt Sunday in the month a Preparatory Sermon to the bleſſed Sacrament of the *Sords Supper*: and beſides all this, he is a man of an affable, courteous, peaceable Converſation amongſt his Neighbours: in a word, he was a man of their own vote: and is (without prophanation be it ſpoken) *a ſhining and burning light:* and his people for a while much pleaſed themſelves in their choice, and were content to *walk by his light;* but when he found himſelf miſtaken in the ends and intentions of the heads of this Rebellion, when he ſaw that the zeal of ſome did degenerate into madneſs and frenzie, and that the endeavours of others (under the pretence of Reformation) was to bring in Anarchy and Sacriledg, to devour Gods Portion, and the poor remainder of the Patrimony of the Church, he did ſtrongly and powerfully bend both his tongue and pen againſt them: againſt Sacriledg he publiſhed that learned Tract, called *A Coal from the Altar:* againſt Anarchy he declared himſelf for Epiſ-

Epiſcopacy, and the eſtabliſhed Lyturgy: and publiſhed another Book called *Communion Comelineſs*, in which by many impregnable Arguments he proves a high Conveniency, if not a neceſſity, for that moſt laudable cuſtom of having Rails about the Lords Table: Theſe wete in the Schiſmatiques opinion Crimes enough to unſaint a man, nay, had S. *Paul* himſelf been now in the fleſh, and preached againſt Sacriledg and Anarchy, there is no doubt, but there would have been ſome found to petition againſt him, and *John White* ſitting in the Chair, as undoubtedly he had been voted a ſcandalous Miniſter at a Committee: but becauſe when theſe Books were publiſhed, Injuſtice and oppreſſion did not march ſo furiouſly, nor were grown ſo frontleſs and impudent to ſeize on innocency it ſelf, not ſlurr'd with ſlanders and calumnies, Mr. *Udall* ſate ſomething quiet, ſome murmurings there were, but his former Reputation in the City bore him up againſt the Obloquy of private diſcontent: the Faction found it no eaſie matter to brand Mr. *Udall* with *Popery*, or *Popiſhly affected*, or theſe ſlanders to make any impreſſion in that eſtimation which the people had of him: but at laſt when they came openly to defie their Sovereign, the *Lords Anointed*, and it was almoſt Treaſon but to name the 13. Chapter to the *Romans*, it was a fit time to ſilence and remove Mr. *Udall*, for neither Doctor *Gouge* his Church at *Black Fryers*, or Mr. *Goodwins* in *Coleman-ſtreet*, were half ſo full before this Parliament began, as Mr. *Udalls* hath been ſince. *Firſt*, therefore, they Plunder his houſe, they take away his Library and Houſhold-ſtuff: Then they remove him from the Execution of his Miniſtery, and ſequeſter the profit for a Levite of their own: *Thirdly*, they ſought for him to commit him cloſe Priſoner,

Priſoner, being aged, of very weak and infirm body, his ſtrength exhauſted with continual labours in Preaching the word of God, viſiting the ſick, and in execution of their miniſterial Functions, in performance of which in his own perſon few of his Brethren were more conſcientious: And *laſtly*, they caſt him out of his dwelling houſe: But when they came to ſeize on his houſe, they found one impediment, which unleſs they could find ſome art to remove, they could not take full poſſeſſion of it: Mrs. *Udall* (beſides the infirmities of age) was lame, and it had been monſtrous inhumanity to take her by violence and carry her out of her houſe, not knowing where to diſpoſe of her, but in the open ſtreet: Therefore to gain her conſent, and prevent clamour until the feat was done, they tell the good old Gentlewoman that the Parliament had a tender reſpect unto her years, and to her preſent infirmities: and therefore though they had ordered to diſpoſſeſs her of that houſe, yet they did not mean to leave her harbourleſs, but had out of the abundance of their goodneſs provided another houſe to receive her: She good old Woman neither awed by fear, nor won by their perſwaſions and promiſes, was taken up by two men brought in by him that had broken open three locks, and entred the houſe by force, and carried out of her houſe into the ſtreet, there they ſet her down in a Chair, and ſo leave this weak infirm Matron, of a long time not accuſtomed to the open air, nor being able to go out of doors in three or four years before, unleſs unto the Church, expoſed her (a ſad ſpectacle of the Rebels cruelty) to the mercy of Wind and Weather.

The Rebels in their march towards *Glouceſter*, ſeized on Sr. *Tho. Hide* a *Bedfordſhire* Man, whoſe ſordid

ſordid Covetouſneſs had made him ſo far forget all Duty and Loyalty to his Sovereign, as that he reſuſed to aſſiſt him either in his Perſon or his purſe: but becauſe either his Eſtate lay nearer to the *Power* of the Rebels, than to the Kings *Protection:* a Conſideration which in theſe Atheiſtical rebellious times is admitted as a juſt Apologie, either for *Neutrality,* or ready *Compliance* with the Rebels, ſo far as to ſubmit to all Taxes and Impoſitions laid on them, a moſt traiterous and irreligious liberty and diſpenſation of Conſcience, which if all men had made uſe of, the Kings Crown might long before this have been thrown down to the ground: Or elſe conceiving it a very unlikely, if not an impoſſible thing for the King to withſtand their power, who had not only by Lies and Slanders ſtoln away the hearts of the People, but had ſeized on all his *Caſtles, Towns, Forts, Magazines:* did contribute to the Rebels aid, and wholly complied with them, not ſo much out of *judgment,* as *fear:* thinking that this compliance would be the ſecurity of his Eſtate, and turn to his great advantage: but his Wealth was ſo well known, that bare Compliance, and ſmall Contributions muſt not ſerve his turn, he muſt *bleed more freely:* They ſeize him the Twentieth part, and that highly ſet: This demand ſtruck his heart like pangs of death; and he that was ſo forward in petty aſſiſtances, now diſcovered the love of himſelf to be more than that of the holy Cauſe, and refuſed to part with more monies: wherefore in recompence of his former good deeds, they ſeize on his Perſon, and carry him captive in their Army, and ſuffered his Servant to walk along by him, leading a horſe in his hand

hand, while his Maſter the Knight was chained arm to arm with another Priſoner, and was compelled to beat it on the hoof: Thus did he march for three days on foot, coupled with another Priſoner, and that Priſoner, as we are informed, is Doctor *Stubbing*, Doctor in Divinity, whom likewiſe the Rebels gathered up in their march, and taking him from his Cure, added him to the number of their Captives: So ſoon can theſe Rebels forget former aids, if men do not comply with them, and anſwer their expectation in every thing, and indeed what meaſure their deareſt friends are to expect from them, if they fail them in any particular, not running into the ſame exceſs of Madneſs and Treaſon as they do, and ſhall not ſhew themſelves ready at a call (to their perpetual infamy, contrary to the Religion which they profeſs, the Oaths which they have taken, and the ſolemn Proteſtations which they have made) ruſh into the damnable ſin of Rebellion, and give the right hand of fellowſhip to the Rebels here, to aſſiſt them in ſo unnatural a War againſt their own gracious native Sovereign, we may fully learn by a Prayer (for now they have turned their very Prayers into ſin, being no better than very Libels and Paſquils) lately made by Mr. *Bowlſtrode*, Son to Colonel *Bowlſtrode*, a factious Rebel of *Buckinghamſhire*, before his Sermon at *Horton* near *Colebrooke*, which that you may ſee what *Spirit of Prayer and Supplication* it is, of which they boaſt, and that the Nation whom it concerns may ſee what opinion the factious Preachers here have of them, unleſs they will ſerve their vile purpoſes and ingage themſelves as deeply (which God forbid) in the preſent Rebellion as themſelves, we have here inſerted.

Thou

Thou haſt, O Lord, of late, written bitter things againſt thy Children, and forſaken thine own Inheritance, and now Lord in our miſery and diſtreſs we expected aid from our Brethren of the neighbouring Nation, (the Scots I mean) but good Lord, thou knoweſt that they are a falſe and perfidious Nation; and do all they do for their own ends, and not for our good: if therefore, good Lord, their coming into the Land at this time be for our good, bring them in ſpeedily, if otherwiſe, keep them out, for they are a falſe and perfidious Nation.

There was preſent at Church at that time, one Mr. *Kenada* a Scotch man, who being drowſie was wakened by a friend that ſate by him, to hear the devotion of the Preacher; who hearing his whole Nation thus publickly blaſphemed by this contemptible Zelot, ſpake out in the Congregation ſaying, *I think the man is mad:* and certainly Mr. *Kenada* was not a jot miſtaken, to think him *mad* that ſhould thus raſhly in the face of a ſolemn Congregation traduce a Nation, and if there be amongſt the heads of the Rebellion (in whoſe power he is) any care of the honour of that *Nation,* we doubt not but we ſhall ſhorly hear of ſome exemplary Puniſhment inflicted on this incendiary between the two Nations: and heightned according to the nature of the Crime. If any man doubt of the truth of this Relation, whether it be a fiction or a thing really done, he may conſult Mr. *Kenada* or any of *Horton* Pariſh, who are ready to bear Teſtimony to this truth.

Mercurius

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

XV.

Maſter Squire *of Little Saint* Bartholomews, London, *plundered of four thouſand pounds.* Nath. Fiennes *his Warrant for a Citizen of* Briſtol. *A touch of Colonel* Morley's *tyranny in* Suſſex, *with the hard uſage of Mr.* Hinſon *a Miniſter there. A Woman moſt unchriſtianly tortured to death by the Rebels at* Chippingnorton, *&c.*

UPon Friday the 18. of *Aug.* 1643. Mr. *Squire* of *Little S. Bartholomews, London,* having this preſent Rebellion upon ſeveral Rates, Taxes and Loans, diſburſed near a Thouſand pounds, was ſent unto for a new Sum towards the maintenance of the Holy Cauſe; but he foreſeeing, that as long as their Purſes were open to foment this unnatural War, there would be no end of it till their Eſtates were exhauſted, and the wealthieſt amongſt them reduced to beggery, and a morſel of bread, returned a denyal, yet withal profeſſed his readineſs to have ſupplyed them if he had been provided: and his Wife to indear themſelves, and to ſhew how well affected they were to the Cauſe, wiſhed that all the *Malignants* in *London* were plundered, and then there would be leſs cauſe to call ſo often on the Well-affected for ſo great Supplies, not imagining (good Woman) that her Husband might be numbred ſhortly amongſt the *Malignants*: or, that to be wealthy and not pour out all, as often as the heads of

of this Rebellion ſhould call for it, was in their opinion, high *Malignity*: for next day, notwithſtanding their former complyance with the Rebels in ſo great a meaſure, ſix men with Piſtols were ſent to Maſter *Squires* Houſe, under pretence to ſearch for Arms, but indeed to find out a hoard of monies, which either their own Jealouſie, grounded on the general received opinion of his Wealth, or the treachery of ſome that knew the Houſe had ſuggeſted unto them. After ſome ſmall ſearch (though Mr. *Squire* thought that his Treaſure had been cloſe enough hid) inſtead of Arms they find four thouſand pounds, a rich booty, and very greedily ſeized upon. At laſt, Miſtris *Squire* finding her ſelf ſo unexpectedly in the number and condition of Malignants, robbed of ſo great a Sum, fell into a ſwoon, and for fear ſhe ſhould be recall'd to purſue the Injury with juſt Clamors and Expoſtulations, when Strong-waters were brought to relieve and comfort her ſurpriſed Spirits, the Rebels would not permit it to be adminiſtred unto her: but left Nature to the work of its own recovery, without the aſſiſtance of any borrowed help. Of this Four thouſand pounds, Eight hundred was due to a Son in Law of Mr. *Squires*, a Creature of the Parliaments, and a great Friend to the Cauſe; and therefore to redeem the reſt, Mr. *Squire* freely offered to give the Parliament (as thoſe tame People call the Faction of both Houſes) the Sum of Three hundred pounds, ſo the reſt might be reſtored unto him: but all in vain, it was judged a very high *Symptome of Malignity* to hide Four thouſand pounds, and ſuffer the *Holy League* to be endangered for want of Supplies, and therefore as a juſt puniſhment for his Coldneſs, and want of

Zeal

Zeal to the good Cauſe in hand, it was wholly taken from him without reſtitution (for ought we yet know) of a farthing: and indeed what meaſure the Rich either of *London*, or any other place, curſed with the Tyranny and Oppreſſion of this Rebellion, are to expect from their Hands (when the Neceſſities of Supplies ſhall preſs upon them) the World may read in this Warrant, directed from *Nathanael Fiennes*, in the time of his reign in *Briſtol*, to Mr. *Gunning* the younger of that City: which for the plain Engliſh that it ſpeaks, and becauſe it contains a perfect diſcovery of their Reſolutions when occaſion ſhall ſerve, we have here inſerted.

BRISTOLL,

WHereas this City is at this time invironed, and in great and imminent danger to be ſwallowed up by many cruel and barbarous Enemies of Papiſts, Iriſh Rebels, and others: and moſt of the Inhabitants of this City have, and all ought to take an Oath and Proteſtation for Defence thereof with their Lives and Fortunes. Theſe are to require you forthwith, to pay to my Servant Ralph Hooker, *to be employed for the Defence of the City, the Sum of Two hundred pounds; which Sum, in reſpect of your Eſtate, is below the proportion required of other Perſons of your Quality by an Ordinance of Parliament. And if you ſhall refuſe in this time of ſo great neceſſity, you may expect whatſoever the deſperate Reſolution of Souldiers, reduced unto extream neceſſity, may put them to act againſt your Perſons*

Perſons and Eſtates, unleſs by a ſpeedy Contribution towards their ſupply you ſhall prevent the ſame.

NATH. FIENNES.

Given under my hand,
July 25. 1643.

To Mr. Gunning *the younger.*

On Sunday morning, being the ninth of *July*, 1643. in time of Divine Service, Colonel *Morley*, the *Crooked Rebel of Suſſex*, came towards *Haſting*, one of the Cinque Ports; but in his March being diſcover'd, preſently notice was given to Mr. *Hinſon*, Curate of *All Saints*, who knowing that one end of the Colonel's *Sabbath-days Journey*, was to apprehend him, was compelled to break off Divine Service in the mid'ſt, and fly into a Wood near at hand, there to hide himſelf: The Colonel being entered the Town, ſcattered the Body of his Horſe into ſeveral parts, to intercept all paſſages out of the Town: and having ſecured the Ports, he ſummons the *Mayor* and *Jurats*, and demands the Arms of the Town: to which he found ready obedience; for preſently the *Mayor* and *Jurats* ſent their Servants to command all the Inhabitants to deliver up their Arms, which was done accordingly; and one of the Jurats, *Fray* by name, furniſhed the Colonel with a Waggon, he ſent them away to *Battell*, being a Town in *Suſſex*, ſome five Miles from *Haſting*: that night ſome Soldiers lay in the Church, where Mr. *Hinſon* officiated, where one *Wicker*, a common Soldier, getting up into the Pulpit, preached unto his Fellows: and to ſhew the Fruits of ſo good Doctrine, going out of the Church, either

the Preacher, or one of his Auditory, ſtole away the Surpleſs; *Ralph Mills*, the honeſt Pariſh Clark, to recover it, complained to their Captain *Richard Cockeram* of *Rye*, but received no other anſwer, but this, *Do not you think he loves a Smock as well as you?* *Morley* being now Maſter of the Town, began to exerciſe his power given him for the good of the Kingdom, and the preſervation of the Subjects property, and demanded a Sum of Monies from ſome of the *Jurats*, which they paid him, and becauſe they came off ſo readily, he demanded more, which they refuſing, he took them with him Priſoners to *Battell*: where having ſtayed but a night, they return with a Warrant next day ſigned by *Morley*, which they undertook to execute upon ſuch Perſons as themſelves had deſigned for Plunder and Impriſonment: whereof Mr. *Car*, the Parſon of St. *Clements* in *Haſting*, and Mr. *Hinſon*, were the chiefeſt. Mr. *Car* that Sunday was not at home, being fled to prevent ſurprizal: but hearing that Colonel *Morley* was gone to *Battell*, and thinking the Storm to be now blown over, he reſolved to return to *Haſting*, and being on the way thither, he met *Fray* the *Jurat*, who was one of the Combination to execute *Morley*'s Warrant, and apprehend him: as *Fray* was drilling Mr. *Car* along, by chance one Mr. *Breame* met them, and ſeeing Mr. *Car* ſo familiarly converſing with a *Judas* that was reſolved to betray him, called Mr. *Car* aſide to ſpeak with him; what he ſaid is uncertain, but in all probability he diſcovered to Maſter *Car* the danger in which he was, for immediately he left *Fray*'s company, and rode back again. *Fray* thus unexpectedly robb'd of his prey, inſtantly informed Colonel *Morley*, that Maſter

Breame

Breame had frayed away the Bird, that was ſo near going into the ſnare: *Morley* preſently ſends ſome Troopers to apprehend Maſter *Breame*, and at what ſum he did redeem this Crime, is uncertain. On the Tueſday after *Morleys* coming to *Haſting*, Mr. *Hinſon* returned home: and that day, the *Jurats*, that *Morley* took with him, being come back, ſummoned the reſt of their Brethren unto the Town-Hall, where they acquainted them with the Contents of their new Warrant: who with joynt conſent, promiſe their beſt endeavors to put it in execution: to this purpoſe, having picked out of the Town a ſufficient number to aſſiſt them, and execute their Commands; and having put their names in the Warrant with their own, they bind them by the Religion, and ſtrict bond of an Oath, to do what they would have them, without ever ſpecifying any Particulars, wherein they intended to exerciſe their Obedience, until they ſhould give them in charge what they were to do: Nay, not only ſo, but having received their commands, they ſwear them not to reveal what commands were laid on them, to any body, no not to their own Wives, until they had executed the commands; and when ſome of theſe aſſiſtants ſtartled at this *Jeſuitical implicite Obedience*, to know to what in particular their Oath ſhould bind them: *Wenham*, a Factious *Jurat*, replyed, That they muſt ſwear in general, and afterwards they ſhould know the particulars. *Thomas Staple*, one of the Aſſiſtants, being preſſed to take this Oath, rejoined, *Then you may make us ſwear, and the buſineſs we ſwear to, may be to knock our Fathers in the head, or betray them: Wenham* (moſt convincingly) replyed, *That if they would not ſwear, they had authority for*

their refuſal, to Impriſon them for a year: The reſt adding, *That they need not be ſo ſcrupulous, though they did not know what they ſwore unto, it was no harm, for they had taken the ſame Oath themſelves to do that which they were to aſſiſt them in:* And ſo, partly by fear, and partly by the inducement of the Jurats example, they took an Oath upon the Holy Evangeliſts, to aſſiſt the Jurats in what they were to do, not knowing what, and to be ſecret, until it was done. Sure the Oath of *Canonical Obedience*, and the ſo much decryed *& cætera*, muſt now for ever reſt in Peace, and never more be maliciouſly and ignorantly traduced after this moſt *Papiſtical, Jeſuitical, Puritanical* practice.

Having thus engaged theſe men by an Oath, to do any thing which they ſhall command them, they then think them ſufficiently prepared to receive the Myſteries of the Warrant which now they reveal unto them, and tell them, that they muſt apprehend Maſter *Hinſon*, and ſome others nominated in the Warrant: in obedience therefore to the Command, they preſently go to Mr. *Hinſon*, and ſeize on him in his Lodging: and being brought before the Mayor and his Brethren the *Jurats*, he never queſtioned by what Authority he was apprehended, but only told them, That he had not done any thing that deſerved this uſage; Preſently *Wenham* replyed, That he had highly deſerved it, becauſe he read the Kings Declarations. After this, all the Jurats went out, one by one, and left Mr. *Hinſon* locked up with one Mr. *Parker*, whom they had a little before committed, becauſe he would not pay for the carriage of ſome Ordnance to *Rye*, a moſt Factious Town, not far off: Mr. *Parker* was that night removed from the Town-Hall, but Maſter

Hinſon

Hinſon was left there all night, ſtrongly guarded by eight Bill-men, having no other Bed but a Bench: next day Maſter *Parker* (who had the favor to be lodged that Night in a Serjeants Houſe) deſirous to ſee his Fellow-Priſoner, prevailed with his Landlord to go along with him to viſit Maſter *Hinſon:* of which when *Wenham* had notice, he told *Biddenham* (for ſo was the Serjeants name) that he deſerved for this to be laid by the heels himſelf: which check ſo awed many of Mr. *Hinſon*'s Friends, that they durſt not viſit him for fear of Impriſonment: the Mayor and *Wenham* command the Maid-ſervant that attended him, not to carry any Letters from him, and being examined by them whether ſhe had conveyed any from him already; upon her denyal, *Barlow* a factious Schiſmatick (who becauſe heretofore his Neighbors of *Haſting* refuſed to concur with him in petitioning againſt Epiſcopacy, joyned and ſubſcribed with thoſe of *Rye*) told her, that ſhe deſerved to be put into the *Ducking-houſe* (a Priſon for Women) for denying it: That night *Biddenham* the Serjeant was commanded to carry Mr. *Hinſon* out of the Town-hall, and put him into the Common Goal; which the Serjeant refuſing, that buſie Fellow *Wenham* told him, That he deſerved to be committed himſelf, for refuſing to perform his office: hereupon, by vertue of this Oath, they command four of the Men whom they had ſworn to apprehend Mr. *Hinſon*, to tell him, That he muſt exchange his Priſon, the Town-hall, for the common Goal, whither they preſently led him; there they lock him faſt up in a loathſom place, where there was but one ſhort bench, and no company but a Tinker, and he none of the Jovialiſts neither, for the ſtubborn ſullen Tinker pleading ſeniority in the place, took poſſeſ-

ſion of the Bench, and moſt unſociably kept it all night, not interchanging with Mr. *Hinſon* his repoſe for a walk for variety ſake, but left him one while to walk, and another while to ſleep on that floor, in which he was forced to do the neceſſary acts of Nature: while he lay in this loathſom condition, four of the *Jurats*; *Jurats*, I mean four that had taken the Oath, to do whatever was commanded them, came to the Goal, and profeſſed to Mr. *Hinſon* their hearty ſorrow that they ever had a hand in his Attachment, intreated him, that he would not think evil of them, for they were compelled to do that for which they were now ſorry: And *Thomas Staple* that (as before you heard) expoſtulated ſo freely, and pleaded againſt the taking the Oath before he was awed to take it, ſhewing the monſtrous evil in which it might ingage them, openly exclaimed againſt the Mayor and his Brethren, wiſhing that the Plague from God might light upon them, for inſnaring their Conſciences with ſuch an Oath; when not only Religion, but right Reaſon might have told him, and the reſt, That their Sin was to take an unlawful Oath, it had been no ſin to break it: while Maſter *Hinton* lay thus in the Goal, one Maſter *Beſanno*, a Counſellor at Law interceded for him, and earneſtly intreated, that he might be removed from the Common Goal, and committed to ſafe Cuſtody in ſome Chamber in the Town, but could not prevail: at laſt, after three Weeks Impriſonment, upon Mr. *Beſanno*'s requeſt, ſeconded by Mr. *Brian* (heretofore a *Jurate* of *Haſting*, but now removed to *Battell*, as too honeſt for ſuch a Fraternity as he left behind him) Mr. *Hinſon* was ſent with a ſtrong Guard to Colonel *Morley*: by whom he was tranſmitted

mitted to *London* to Learned *Miles Corbet*, who committed him to the Cuſtody of a Meſſenger; and having no particular accuſation, but a general charge, and finding no hopes to be brought to a hearing, but perceiving himſelf deſigned (as others before him had been) to long attendance and vexatious delays, he withdrew himſelf from his Tyranny and Oppreſſion, and eſcaping to *Oxford*, put himſelf under the Kings Protection.

As the Rebels in their march towards *Gloceſter* paſſed through *Chipping-Norton*, in the County of *Oxford*: a Woman of that Town (whoſe zeal to the King, and the juſtice of his Cauſe, could not contain it ſelf, though in the midſt of his Mortal Enemies) ſaid, in the hearing of ſome of the Rebels, *God bleſs the Cavaliers*: (ſo are all good and faithful Subjects called by the Rebels) this expreſſion of the poor Womans affection to the King and his Loyal Subjects in ſo innocent a Prayer, ſo highly incenſed the Rebels, that to puniſh ſo heinous a Crime, preſently they tyed her to the tail of one of their Carts, and ſtripping her to the Middle, for two miles march whipped her in ſo cruel a manner with their Cart-whips, that her Body in many places was cut ſo deep, as if ſhe had been lanced with Knives, the torment being ſo great (as much as her ſtraight bounds would give leave) ſhe caſt her ſelf on the ground, ſo to ſhelter her ſelf from their ſtripes, but in a moſt barbarous manner they dragged her along, inſomuch that her Legs and Feet were ſo torn by the Stony rough ways, that her Fleſh was worn off in many places to the very Bones: at laſt, having far exceeded the number of ſtripes limited by God himſelf in the Law of *Moſes* (though given by the hand of Juſtice) *Forty*

ſtripes he may give him and not exceed, Deut. 25. 3. they left her a lamentable ſpectacle of their Cruelty : in this miſerable condition lay this poor Soul for ſome few days, and ſince died of thoſe wounds which ſhe received from them : The blood of this Innocent, mingled with the reſt ſhed by their hands, crying loud with them under the Altar, *Revel.* 6. 10. *How long, O Lord, holy and true, doſt thou nou judg and avenge our blood on them that dwell on earth.*

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

XVI.

Burton, Prinne, *and* Baſtwick, *three Arch-Schiſmaticks, unjuſtly freed from a juſt Cenſure. The commiting and removing of Mr.* Cheſtlen *from S.* Matthews Fridayſtreet, *to make way for* Burton, *contrary to all Law and Equity,* &c.

AFter that bold affront offered (and that without Check or Controul) to publick Juſtice, and the known Laws of the Land, in thoſe Triumphant Reductions of that *Triumvirat* of ſeditious Schiſmaticks, *Burton, Baſtwick,* and *Prinne* from their ſeveral confinements : It was no hard matter for the World to gueſs what meaſure the obedient Sons of the Church of England might expect, when that ſpurious, degenerous Brood, (which moſt undutifully caſt dirt in their Mothers face, and in their Scurrilous, Libellous Pamphlets proclaimed her a Harlot) became the Darlings both of

of the heads of the Faction in Parliament and the People: And though it ſeemed good to the heads of the Faction, by reſtoring theſe turbulent men, to brave that Authority by which they were juſtly cenſured, yet, being reſtored, all were not thought to be of equal concernment: As for *Baſtwick*, if any man labouring under any Indiſpoſition (beſides that to the preſent eſtabliſhed Government) had a mind to be a Patient, and put himſelf into the hands of a Mad-man, he might do as he pleaſed at his own peril: every man was left to the liberty of his own choice: So for *Prinne*, if any man deſired to retain him of his Counſel, it was lawful for the Client to give, and him to receive his Fee, but all this was but voluntary: no man was conſtrained to be a *Patient* to the one, nor a *Client* to the other: for the intended Rebellion might well go forward, though *Baſtwick* never wrote an *Apothecaries Bill*, or *Prinne* pleaded at the Bar: But for *Burton*, (a main Engine to promote the deſign in hand) it concerned them to reſtore him, not only to a Liberty of the exerciſe of his calling at large, but likewiſe to inveſt him in his former Cure in particular; from which, by the juſt ſentence of Law he was ejected: To this purpoſe no arts were left unattempted, by the under Agents, for the heads of this Rebellion, to reſtore *Burton* to his Parſonage of S. *Matthews* in *Friday-ſtreet, London:* by unjuſt moleſtations they endeavour to weary out Mr. *Cheſtlen* that ſucceeded him (but not immediately) in it, to relinquiſh his Cure, and make way for this Trumpet of Sedition; that ſo, what was not feizable in Law, might yet be effected by horrible injuſtice and oppreſſion: Firſt therefore ſome of Mr. *Cheſtlens* Pariſhoners,

riſhoners, (but *Burtons* old Diſciples, levened with his Schiſmatical Doctrin) deny to pay him his Tiths, or any other accuſtomed Duties: nor are they content with their own denial, but by earneſt perſwaſions, and other means they labour to draw other men into the like obſtinacy and perverſneſs: nor did they ſtick openly to profeſs that they did this, that by unjuſt vexations they might weary out Mr. *Cheſtlen*, and make way for *Burton*: hereupon (the *Eccleſiaſtical Court* being ſuppreſſed, which otherwiſe have cognizance of the Cauſes of Tiths of *London*, nor can there any prohibition be juſtly granted as *Coram non Judice*, the Statute only enabling the Lord Mayor to be Judge, if the perſon grieved think fit to appeal unto him, but no way diſabling the *Ordinary*, or aboliſhing his power) Mr. *Cheſtlen* petitioned (as the Statute in that caſe provides) the Lord Major that then was Sir *Edmund Wright*: To the hearing before the Lord Mayor came little *Iſaac Pennington*, no ways intereſted in the cauſe, but only to give countenance to Mr. *Cheſtlen*'s Pariſhoners: being there, he openly reviled Mr. *Cheſtlen*, calling him *Saucy Jack*, *Brazen-fac'd Fellow*, and the like; nay he threatned the Judge, thinking by this to ſtave him off from doing Juſtice, who bravely ſcorning the threats of ſo contemptible a *Muſhrome*, in a juſt indignation replied, *What, ſhall I be afraid to do Juſtice?* and indeed the event ſhewed that he was not afraid, for upon a full hearing of the Cauſe, the Lord Mayor gave ſentence for Mr. *Cheſtlen*, and ordered the Pariſhoners to pay their Tiths: *Tillat* a Linnen Draper, one of the Citizens that was ſued, refuſed to obey the Lord Mayor's Decree: and therefore the time limited in the Decree being expired, the Lord Mayor according to the power given him by the Statute of the 37 of

Hen.

Hen. 8. committed *Tillat* to Priſon without Bail, or mainprize, until he did ſubmit to the ſentence as the Statute gives him power: But ſee the Juſtice of the great pretenders to the maintenance of the Laws of the Land, *Tillat* had not ſtood committed many days, before two of the Houſe of Commons (as the Keeper of *Newgate* ſayes) in the name of the Houſe of Commons, command him to be ſet at liberty, which accordingly was done, though he were in upon *Execution*, and the Debt not ſatisfied: every man wondring at, but no man daring to queſtion ſo illegal an action. When this way took no effect, they joyned their Purſes to vex him with an *Action of Ejectment*, threatning to ſpend five hundred pounds but they would out him of his Living: but preſently deſerted thoſe intentions as not feizable. After this, they ſlaunder him for Preaching *Popery* and *Arminianiſm:* which unjuſt ſcandal ſo prevailed in the City, that he could not paſs the ſtreets without affronts and jeers put upon him: they diſſwade his Pariſhoners from hearing him, telling them, that they would be damn'd if they lived under his Miniſtery, they branded them with the name of *Malignants*, if they frequented their own Church, and procured them to be deeply Taxed in all Seſſments. In a word, that nothing might be wanting to their own malice, and Mr. *Cheſtlen*'s vexation, they threw menacing Libels into his Houſe, laid wait in the Pewes of his Church, while others provoked him to expreſs himſelf in the great differences of the times, hoping to intangle him in his words: and examined his Converſation in the very places where he lived, even from his Childhood, to that time, hoping to find ſomething whence

to

to frame an Accuſation againſt him: When all theſe malicious Courſes would not effect the thing they aimed at, they go from houſe to houſe for hands to a Petition againſt him, to the Houſe of Commons, pretending that he had Preached falſe Doctrin, and made it the ſubject matter of their Petition: and if any man refuſed to ſubſcribe (as many did, becauſe they could not teſtifie the truth of the Petition) in their *Spirit of meekneſs*, they called them *Malignants*, *Papiſts*, and *Enemies to Religion:* however it is too well known, that two or three men (though the very dregs of the People) petitioning againſt Orthodox Miniſters, have in the judgment and acceptance of the Faction of the Houſe of Commons, out-poiſed the reſt of the Pariſh, though infinitely beyond them as in Number ſo in Quality: their Teſtimony being rejected with much acrimony and ſharpneſs, when the other Libels have gained credit and reputation with them: Therefore about *March*, 1641. The Schiſmaticks of Mr. *Cheſtlens* Pariſh preſented a Petition againſt him to the Houſe of Commons, in the name of the whole Pariſh, though three parts of four proteſted againſt it under their own hands: When it was preſented, *Pennington* and *Venne* earneſtly urged that it might be read, pleading in their drivelling, railing Oratory, that he was a very dangerous man, fit to be looked after: To ſatisfie their Importunity, the Witneſſes (who as their manner is, were never ſworn, and yet were both Witneſſes and Accuſers) were produced and examined at the Bar, and upon examination the Petition was thrown out as frivolous, but like eager bloud-hounds not giving off the purſuit, for being at one loſs, upon *Eaſter Eve*, to ſhew the World

that

that *malice is part of a Puritans preparation to the Sacrament*, when the Houſe was very thin, the Proteſtants of the Houſe being in their Cloſets, cloſe at their devotions to prepare themſelves for the great Feaſt at hand, and when all private buſineſſes by order of both Houſes were laid aſide (for as yet all opinion of the ſanctity of the ancient *Feſtivals* of the *Primitive Church*, thoſe venerable anniverſary memorials of Gods great bleſſings to mankind, was not loſt amongſt them) *Pennington* and *Venne* prevailed to have this foiled ejected Petition to be revived and read again in the Houſe, and the Patrons of Juſtice and Integrity being then abſent, the Petition was referred to the Committee for ſcandalous Miniſters: ſo they are pleaſed to call all Orthodox, conſcientious Miniſters, who abhor their Rebellion, and refuſe to comply with them in their ſeditious practices: and that no time might be loſt, in Eaſter-week, the Committee ſate purpoſely for this buſineſs: to which there was a full confluence of ſeditious Schiſmatical People from all quarters of the City; that ſo nothing might be wanting to this Triumph: while Mr. *Cheſtlen* was thus tied to a tedious chargeable attendance; *God to whom appertain the Iſſues of death*, ſmote *Tillat* the main promoter of Mr. *Cheſtlens* troubles with the Plague: of which he died: with whom alſo for the preſent died Mr. *Cheſtlens* trouble and vexation: and though ſome (that think that all acts of providence are aimed point-blank at them) having ſuch an oportunity as this, would interpret this to their own Intereſt, as a ſign of perſonal favour to them, yet not daring to preſs into the hidden will of God, nor making our ſelves of familiar acquaintance with his Counſels,

Counſels; I ſhall not make any inference from hence, but leave every man to abound in his own ſenſe, only thus much we ſay, *Tillat* being dead, the hot proſecution of Mr. *Cheſtlen*, for a while lay dead too: when all theſe endeavours could not re-eſtate *Burton* in the Parſonage, ſome of the Factious of the Pariſh combine to make him their Lecturer, and perhaps better approved of him as their Lecturer, than their Parſon: to this purpoſe cunningly, and on feigned pretences they get ſome ſubſcriptions of the Pariſhoners, and annexing them to a Petition, for which they were never intended, preferred it in their own names, and the names of the reſt, to the Houſe of Commons, that *Burton* might be their Lecturer: which was no ſooner propoſed than granted, and an Order preſently drawn up to give *Burton* power to Preach in Mr. *Cheſtlen*'s Pulpit, which Mr. *Cheſtlen* reſolutely oppoſing, kindled ſuch Coals againſt him as afterwards fired him out of the City: for ſince Mr. *Cheſtlen* will not give way to *Burton* to be partner with him in his Pulpit, they reſolve to give him poſſeſſion of the whole, by removing Mr. *Cheſtlen* totally from his Cure: To this purpoſe Mr. *Caſe* ſends to the Faction in Mr. *Cheſtlen*'s Pariſh to frame ſome accuſation againſt him; in obedience to ſo ghoſtly Counſel, Mr. *Cheſtlen* is preſently accuſed to the Houſe of Commons for Preaching a ſeditious Sermon on *Sunday* the 23. of *October*, that very day whereon the Battel was fought at *Edge-Hill*: The ſubject of the Sermon in truth, being nothing elſe, but an earneſt exhortation to his Pariſhoners to perſwade them to conſtancy in the *Proteſtant Religion*, perſeverance in the fear of *God* and the *King*: preſently a Warrant

rant is granted for the apprehenſion of Mr. *Cheſtlen*; on the *Thurſday* following, they rioutouſly aſſault him in his houſe, with great Tumults, armed with drawn Swords and Piſtols: and ſeizing on him, in great triumph they carry him to the Court of Aldermen, who now (it ſeems) are ſucceeded in the place of the *High Commiſſion*, and are to be Judges of true or falſe Doctrin: being brought before this *Lay Sanadrim* whereof *Pennington* the pretended Lord *Mayor* was Preſident, and a Rabble of Schiſmaticks crowding in, to give countenance to the buſineſs, Captain *Ven* their Leader, ſtands forth and accuſeth Mr. *Cheſtlen* for a moſt dangerous ſeditious Preacher (tho he confeſſed that he never heard him) and that he ſtood a Delinquent in Parliament: others objected againſt him that he Preached to diſcourage the Citizens from going to *Windſor*, though this Sermon were preached before that treaſonable deſign was known, that the Kings *Royal Caſtle* ſhould become Captain *Ven*'s Royal Caſtle, or his Country houſe for the recreation of his *Mopſa*: and that the People might have full content, Mr. *Cheſtlen* was there baited on every hand, every Alderman had his fling at him: At laſt having made him a publick ſcorn of the multitude, *Pennington* commits him into the hands of his accuſers to expoſe him to more abuſe, and to commit him to the *Compter*: the Rabble being now made *Serjeants*, they threaten to carry him in a Cart through the open ſtreets to the Priſon: to deliver him from the fury, and rage of the People, his Father (a known able Citizen) tendered Bail of ten Thouſand Pounds, but it was not accepted: away they carry him to the *Compter*, and the next day being *Friday*,

Friday, he is brought to the Bar at the *Houſe of Commons*; where the *Speaker* (who had been happy in the deceived worlds opinion both of his wiſdom and honeſty had he never known other Bar, but that of the *Exchequer*) interrogated him touching his Preaching againſt *Browniſts*, and *Anabaptiſts*: and preſently though no witneſs appeared, though no crime were objected, though no accuſer appeared againſt him: he was voted by the Houſe of Commons, to be ſent Priſoner to *Colcheſter* Goal in *Eſſex*, there to remain during the pleaſure of the Houſe, and to pay the Charges of his conveyance thither: And that Poſterity may read, and reading ſtand amazed to ſee how Tyrannical, how unlimited an Empire theſe Subjects have exerciſed upon their fellow Subjects, without any legal proceſs, or any cauſe ſhewn, to doom them to Baniſhment and Captivity during their *High and mighty pleaſure*, we have here inſerted a true and perfect Copy of the Warrant and Subwarrant by which Mr. *Cheſtlen* was ſent from hand to hand, till he came to his Goal, at *Colcheſter*.

By vertue of an Order this day made by the Commons Houſe of Parliament, theſe are to will and require you to take into your Cuſtody, the body of Mr. Robert Cheſtlen *Clerk, and him by your ſelf, your Deputy or Deputies, according to the ſaid Order to carry in ſafe cuſtody to the Priſon of* Colcheſter *Caſtle in* Eſſex, *there to be delivered to the Goaler or Keeper of the ſaid Priſon, to be kept in ſafe cuſtody as his Priſoner, until the pleaſure of the Houſe be made known to him to the contrary: It is alſo ordered, that the ſaid Mr.* Cheſtlen *ſhall defray the Charges*

Charges of his carriage to Colcheſter Caſtle *aforeſaid: And for ſo doing, this ſhall be a ſufficient Warrant.*

Dated this 28. *of* Octob. 1643.

Henry Elſyng, *Cler. Parl. D.C.*

To John Hunt *the Serjeant at Arms attending on the Houſe of Commons, his Deputy or Deputies.*

I do appoint the Party or Parties whoſe name or names are ſubſcribed to be my lawful Deputy or Deputies, for the Execution of this Warrant. Witneſs my hand this 26. *day of* Octob. 1643.

John Hunt *Serjeant at Arms.*

Mr. Dodſon
Walter Story
John Hinde
} *Gentlemen.*

Next Morning being *Saturday* was this (righteous) ſentence put in execution: Thus to make way to reduce *Burton*, a Stigmatized infamous Sciſmatick to his former place, was Mr. *Cheſtlen* doomed to baniſhment and captivity: in a remote place from his Father, his Wife and Family, into a noiſome Goal, where he was made a Companion to Theives and Felons; in a Town, where 'twas little leſs than death to be Loyal: or as themſelves phraſe it, to be *Cæſars Friend:* A Town in which they that ſent him thither, could not but know that they expoſed his life to the fury of an inra-

ged Fanatick People, and not long before had not only murthered Sir *John Lucas*, his Mother, and Siſter, together with Mr. *Newcomin*, one of their own Miniſters, and for this had received publick thanks from the Houſe of Commons for their forwardneſs and zeal to the ſervice of the Parliament; Laſtly, in a Town arrived at that high degree of madneſs, that the *Independent Church* is openly practiſed in it, and the Mayor baniſhed one of the Town for a Malignant and a Cavalier whoſe name was *Parſons*, and gave this learned reaſon for this exemplary peice of Juſtice, *Becauſe it was an ominous name:* While Mr. *Cheſtlen* remained in this durance, if any man durſt viſit him, it was at his peril, he was in danger to be Plundered and branded with the dangerous name of a Malignant. They raiſed reports of great reſort of Cavaliers to him, and of Arms brought unto him, inſomuch that Alderman *Barrington* told the Committee, that their Town was not in ſafety becauſe of Mr. *Cheſtlen*, who poor man, had no other endeavour than how to free himſelf from the loathſom naſtineſs of his Priſon: To this end many Petitions were delivered to the Houſe of Commons, that he might be delivered from the Goal to ſome private houſe, which boon after much and earneſt proſecution by Mrs. *Cheſtlen*, and his friends, was obtained: Having an Order to exchange his Goal for a private houſe, Mr. *Hammon* an honeſt Gentleman dwelling in the Town, entertained Mr. *Cheſtlen*: but for his Charity incurred the hatred of the Common People, for whereas before he lived beloved, and in good eſtimation amongſt his Neighbours, now for harbouring Mr. *Cheſtlen*, and for this and other actions being under the Jealouſie of

of the *Crime* of *Loyalty*, they call him *Cavalier*, they threaten to call him up to the Parliament, and at laſt were as good as their word, for upon their Complaint, he was ſent for up to the Parliament, and committed for receiving Mr. *Cheſtlen* into his houſe: though in reaſon he might ſafely conclude, that, that Order of the Houſe which gave Mr. *Cheſtlen* liberty to remove to another houſe, did withal give that houſe liberty to entertain him: Thus continued Mr. *Cheſtlen* in this exile and Impriſonment from *October* 1642. until the *February* following, when the Kings expreſs Warrant being ſent for his releaſe, having the opportunity now and then to go abroad and take the air, he left the Warrant for the Goaler to make uſe of for his beſt advantage, while he came away to *Oxford* and put himſelf under the Kings Protection: Since that, in *London* they have broken up his houſe, and Plundered his Goods: a common evil incident to all the Kings faithful Subjects, which are within the Verge of the Rebels uſurped power.

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

XVII.

Mr. Fowler *Parſon of* Minchin-Hampton *in* Glouceſterſhire, *his Wife, and Children barbarouſly uſed, and his Houſe plundered by the Rebels. Mr.* Bartlets *houſe at* Caſtle-morton *in* Worceſterſhire, *five times Plundered, but eſpecially by Captain* Scriven *an impudent Rebel,* &c.

ON *New-years day,* 1643. ſeventeen Soldiers ſent by Captain *Jeremy Buck,* came to Mr. *Henry Fowlers* houſe, Parſon of *Minchin-Hampton,* in the County of *Glouceſter*; being entred the houſe, they find Mr. *Fowler* ſitting (as the ſeaſon of the year required) by the fire ſide, preſently they ſeize on him, and tell him, that he is their Priſoner: and though he inſtantly ſubmitted unto them without any the leaſt reſiſtence, yet to wreck their own malice, and the malice of him that ſent them, upon him, one of the Rebels takes him by the throat, and holds the point of his Sword at his breaſt, two more (on each ſide one) preſent their Piſtols at him, another ſhakes his Pole-axe over his head, others ſtrike him with their Pole-axes; threatned he is on every ſide with varieties of death. All *Smite him with the tongue,* they rail at him, objecting againſt him as heinous crimes, Firſt, that he read the Common-Prayers at length, and that he had publiſhed the Kings Proclamations with a loud voice: and then with renewed

renewed fury they aſſault him again: they beat him with their Pole-axes, and call him Maſs-Prieſt, Rogue, Raſcal, and tell him, *Sirrah, you can furniſh the King with a Muſquet, a Corſlet, and a Light-Horſe, but thou old Knave, thou canſt not find any thing at all for the Parliament:* And then to work they fall again with their Pole-axes, and beat and bruiſe him in moſt parts of his body; ſo that being aged, (no leſs than Threeſcore and two years old) and being not yet perfectly recovered of a former lameneſs in one of his hips, though he were in a probable way towards it, by this barbarous uſage, being ſo cruelly beaten, and tugged, and haled by them, he is made a very Cripple, irrecoverably lame, without all poſſibility of recovering of his Limbs: All this inhumanity was practiſed on Mr. *Fowler* in the preſence of his Wife and Children, the Wife in the behalf of her Husband, the Children in the behalf of their Father, humbly entreating on their knees, that they would have compaſſion on him, and not murther a peaceable man in his own houſe. While ſome of theſe Rebels were executing this cruelty on his Perſon, others go up into his Study, and Chambers, and take away all that was of good value, and portable. And having crippled the Maſter of the Family, and rifled his houſe, like the true Servants of that Maſter whom they ſerve, the Devil, they leave him, but it was but for a ſeaſon.

Now though the preſent ſenſe of theſe ſufferings, could not be but very great to an aged man, and one labouring under former infirmities, eſpecially to have his ſufferings imbittered by the reproachful railings of the Rebels, and the mocks

and mowes of Captain *Bucks* friends and Kindred, who ſtood by jeering, and clapt their hands for joy, applauding the exact execution of *Bucks* commands, given his Soldiers concerning Mr. *Fowler*, yet the ſad effects which followed were evidence enough how cruel his uſage was: Firſt, Mr. *Fowler* preſently upon the Rebels departure, fell into an extream bleeding, which continued, and could not be ſtanched in ſix hours and more, by which great outlet of Spirits, his ſtrength was ſo much exhauſted, that the was not able to ſtand. *Secondly*, the next day after his bleeding, what with the loſs of ſo much blood, and what with violence offered to his whole body, the *Retentive Faculty*, was ſo weakened, that his urine came from him inſenſibly, and in this wretched condition he continued very near a month. *Laſtly*, by the many confuſions and knocks which he received on his head with their Pole-axes he loſt his hearing, which he hath not perfectly recovered unto this day. And now after all this barbarous uſage, remains there yet any thing elſe to be added to his ſufferings? was not their malice ſatisfied, and theſe outrages (deſigned to be committed on him) compleated yet? No, Captain *Bucke* knew that it would not be lawful always to commit murther, and rob thoſe that are quiet in the Land, and therefore reſolved to make uſe of the preſent opportunity: he was not ignorant that the wages of a faithful Servant to the Rebellion was *full licence to do any thing that can ſatisfie Luſt, private Revenge, or Avarice:* And therefore in *July* laſt, *Bucke* himſelf, not like a Captain of Soldiers, but a Ring-leader to a *Rout of Rogues*, came to Mr. *Fowlers* houſe at *Minching-Hampton*, and moſt thievi-

ſhly

iſhly broke open the Window of his Sons Study, and ſo entered the houſe: In the Study they found Rich Treaſure which they did not know, being indeed without a Metaphor *Pearl before Swine*, for young Mr. *Fowler*, a Practitioner it ſeems in Phyſick, had in his Study *Extract of Pearl*, *Aurum Potabile*, *Confections of Amber*, a great quantity of *Compound* Waters, a good proportion of *Pearl* in Boxes, a Box full of *Bezoar Stone*, with many other things of admirable uſe, for the preſervation of the Life of Man, and of very great value, all which they took and brake in pieces, and trampling them under foot, made them utterly unuſeful either for themſelves or others. One of Mr. *Fowlers* Daughters in a juſt indignation at ſo great waſt of things ſo precious, told *Bucke* that he might be aſhamed to ſpoil things of that uſe and value; *Bucke* (a rude untutored man as he is) called her Whore, and with his Pole-ax gave her a blow on the Neck, and ſtruck her down, and being riſen again, again he ſtrikes her down with his Pole-ax, nay, to purſue the glorious victory, he ſtrikes her down a third time, and had ſhe been able to riſe from the floor, queſtionleſs, had ſtruck her down a fourth time. The compaſſionate Mother Mrs. *Fowler* ſtanding by, and ſeeing her Daughter thus barbarouſly uſed, to redeem her from this cruelty, reſolved to expoſe her own perſon to the fury of this mad Beaſt, and therefore interpoſing, asked *Bucke*, whether he thought ſhe could endure to ſee her Child murthered before her face: but as ſoon as Mrs. *Fowler* came within his reach, without regard either to her Age, or Sex, he caught her by the Throat, knocked her down, and being down, kicked her, and trampled on her with his

feet. At laſt having acted what cruelty he pleaſed (according to the Latitude of that Tacite Commiſſion given every Captain of the Rebellion) on Mrs. *Fowler* and her Daughter, he and his Rabble Plundered the Houſe, and ſo departed.

If the monſtrouſneſs of theſe barbarous and inhuman cruelties committed on this Reverend Divine, his Wife and Daughter, and reported in this Relation, ſhall weaken the credit of the Relation, and render the truth of it ſuſpected, let the World know, that here is nothing ſet down in this account given unto the World, but what was teſtified upon Oath before the Right Honourable Sir *Robert Heath* Knight, Lord Chief Juſtice of His Majeſties Court of Kings Bench, on the 18. day of *Auguſt* 1643.

On the 21 of *Septemb.* 1643. being Saint *Matthew* the Apoſtle and Evangeliſts day, a hundred and fifty Soldiers, ſome from *Glouceſter* ſent from Captain *Beard* being of his Company, and ſome others from *Teuxbury*, (all conſpiring together, and taking advantage of the Peoples abſence from their homes, and being at a Fair that day at *Ledbury* two miles diſtant from *Malverne Hills*) under the conduct of Captain *Scriven*, ſon to *Scriven* the rich Ironmonger, and late Mayor of *Glouceſter*, came to *Caſtle-Morton* in the County of *Worceſter*, to Plunder Mr. *Rowland Bartlets* houſe: a man ſo well beloved in his Country, for his Hoſpitality, ſo dear to all ſorts of People, eſpecially to the poor, for his Charity, and thoſe helps which he freely beſtowed on them, for the recovery of the ſick, the lame, and infirm, that had not theſe Rebels taken the opportunity of his Neighbours being at

the

the Fair, this force had been too weak, to have made him the firſt inſtance of the Rebels inſolency (in that County) by way of Plunder: when they came to *Caſtle-Morton*, for fear of ſurprizal, their Horſe ſecure the ſtreets, and Highways, while the Pikes and Muſqueteers beſet the houſe: having made good all paſſages, that none could go in, or come out, without their leave, *Scriven* advanced towards the houſe: Mr. *Bartlet* perceiving himſelf to be encloſed with armed men, their Muſquets being bent upon his houſe, and his Pales ſerving them inſtead of Reſts; coming out of his doors, met *Scriven* in the Porch, and after a friendly ſalute, demanded of him the reaſon of this Warlike approach to his houſe? *Scriven* anſwered, that he came in the name of the Parliament, and by their command to ſearch for Arms: Alas! replied Mr. *Bartlet*, you are like to loſe your labour, for Juſtice *Salloway* (meaning that traiterous beggerly Fellow, who in the time of the late univerſal madneſs, was made Knight of the Shire for the County of *Worceſter*) hath prevented you: yet Mr. *Bartlet* bad him uſe his diſcretion, to ſee if he could find any gleaning, after the others full Vintage: and ſo brought him through his Hall into his Parlour; being there Mr. *Bartlet* according to the freeneſs of his diſpoſition, and after the good old Engliſh way of bidding welcome, called for ſome Beer. While *Scriven* ſate there, and with a curious eye ſurveyed the furniture of the Room, he eſpied Mr. *Bartlet*'s Sword, hanging on the Wainſcot, *Scriven* preſently taking it down, ſaid, is not this Arms? Yes, replied Mr. *Bartlet*, but no more than is neceſſary for every honeſt man, to prevent or repel injury on the

Highg-

High-way; young Mr. *Bartlet*'s Sword hanging by his Fathers, *Scriven* takes down that too: and utterly to diſarm them, that ſo they might rob them without reſiſtance, the Rebels in the outward Rooms poſſeſs themſelves of Mr. *Bartlets* mans Sword: young Mr. *Bartlet* coming into the Parlour, hoping to recover his Sword, *Scriven* perceiving a Ring (in which was ſet a Rubey) hanging in his band-ſtrings, rudely ſeized upon it, and after ſome ſtrugling, ſome ſeconds with Piſtols, and Carbines, coming to his aſſiſtance, *Scriven* either broke, or cut it off: having rob'd the young man of his Ring, animated by the preſence of his fellow Thieves, he dives into his Fathers Pockets, and takes thence his monies, between three and four pounds: Mr. *Bartlet* perceiving his hand in the return, to be full of mony, put his own hand into his pocket, to ſee what was left, and finding but one poor three pence, to have eſcaped his thieviſh fingers, tendered him that too, deſiring him that all might go together, which was no ſooner offered, than taken by this poor conditioned unworthy Fellow, yet Heir to a Thouſand pounds a year, unleſs the Hangman cut off the entail; Mr. *Bartlet* being clad in a fair ſcarlet Gippo (a ſhrewd temptation to a man not accuſtomed to wear good Cloaths, eſpecially at his own charge) ſo dazled *Scrivens* eyes, that he offered to pull it from the others back: Mr. *Bartlet* entreated him not to ſtrip him of his Cloaths ſince he had taken away his monies, with which he ſhould buy more: O Sir, replied this doughty Captain, you have mony enough to buy more, and ſo the hopes of a greater prize making him forget the Gippo, he drew his Sword, and threatned to kill Mr. *Bartlet*,

let, unleſs he would confeſs where he had hid his mony and Plate: but finding him reſolute not to betray his own Treaſure, *Scriven* ſeizeth upon a Woman that was Mr. *Bartlets* Houſe-keeper, an old faithful Servant, in whom Mr. *Bartlet* and his Wife repoſed much truſt, and thinking to work upon the weakneſs of her Sex, and affright her into a confeſſion, he cauſes ſome to preſent Piſtols at her breſt, and others the points of their Swords, threatening her with preſent death, if ſhe would not diſcover where her Maſters Treaſure was: but finding this Woman not to be terrified with their threats, and fearing ſurprizal by ſome Forces which might come from *Worceſter*, or the return of the Country people from the Fair at *Ledbury*, he reſolved to make trial if he could find out that which he ſaw would not be diſcloſed unto him: Therefore without further delay to work they go, reſolving to ſearch the houſe from the top to the bottom. In Mr. *Bartlets* Chamber, *Scriven* ſeizeth upon Mrs. *Bartlets* Watch, he breaks open a Trunk, and took thence (by his own confeſſion) ſix hundred Pounds in mony, he takes away all Mrs. *Bartlets* wearing Linnen, to the value of three-ſcore Pounds, he breaks open her Cabinets, Trunks and Boxes, and in them ſeized or (to ſpeak more properly) ſtole more Mony, Plate, Jewels and Bracelets, amounting to a great Sum: amongſt other things valuable both for rarity and uſe, he took a Cock Eagles Stone, for which Thirty Pieces had been offered by a Phyſitian, but were refuſed: having thus ſcim'd the houſe, and rifled it of the principal things in it, a warning-piece is ſhot off, to ſignifie to the Raſcality, that now they might have free leave to enter: upon the ſignal given

given, leaving (inſtant) their guards, and ſtations, in a confuſed Tumult they ruſh into the houſe, and as eager hounds at a loſs offer here and there, and know not well where to faſten, ſo theſe hunt from the Parlour to the Kitchin, from thence, by the Chambers, to the Garrets: every Room is full, every one fearing that his fellow Thief would prevent him, and ſeize upon the prey before himſelf: Beſides Mr. *Bartlets*, his Wives, and Childrens wearing apparel, they rob their ſervants of their Cloaths: with the butt ends of their Muſquets they break open their hanging Preſſes, Cupboards, and Cheſts; no place was free from this ragged Regiment: and if ſo barbarous an outrage, could poſſibly have admitted any time, but for a ſerious deteſtation of ſo foul injuſtice, it may have drawn a ſmile from the moſt concerned beholders, to ſee their thruſting and tumbling one another, the rude arts uſed to ſupplant one another, and how one Thief ſnatched and ſtole from another: After this ſtorm was ſeen coming on, and to threaten this houſe in particular, the Servants fearing that tho the main brunt might light on their Maſter, yet ſome ſprinkling might chance to fall on them, uſed all the art of cunning they could deviſe, to preſerve thoſe ſmall ſums of mony, of which their honeſt labour and frugality had made them Maſters. But 'twas in vain to hide, where deſperate beggery, and reſolved Rapine were to be ſeekers: in one place the Rebels find Twenty Shillings, in another Forty, three Pounds here, more or leſs there: but were it more or leſs, all was fiſh that came to Net, they ſpare none: in this ſtrict ſearch, they meet with Mr. *Bartlets* Sweet-meats, theſe they ſcatter on the ground, not daring to taſt of them

them for fear of Poiſon; a wary conſideration, and ſuch as ſtaved not off the hardy Knight Sir *William Brooke* of *Kent*, to meet fiſts with a greazy Common Soldier in a Gally-pot, when the Rebels of that County did the like out-rage on the truly honoured Lady *Butlers* Cloſet, as you heard in the firſt weeks Relation of this Mercury: and as for Syrupes, and Salves thoſe charitable proviſions for the ſick, and maimed, theſe they trample under foot, not providently foreſeing that ſome of their Brethren in this Rebellion, might ſtand in need of them, the *Friday* next following at the Battel of *Wickfield* near *Worceſter*, where God by the hand of the Kings Forces under the conduct of Prince *Rupert*, gave the Rebels their firſt overthrow. The happy Omen of *Edge-Hill*, and thoſe many other ſucceeding Victories with which (no leſs to the wonder than confuſion of the Rebels) it hath pleaſed God ſince to bleſs his Sacred Majeſty: In a word, except Bedding, Pewter, and Lumber, they left nothing behind them, for beſides two Horſes laden with the beſt things (*Scrivens* own Plunder) there being one hundred and fifty Rebels, each Rebel returned with a Pack at his back. As for his Beer, and Perry, what they could not devour they ſpoil, the earth drinking what the Rebels could not, and then triumphing in their wickedneſs, and glorying in their Villany, they vaunted, *That they had made* Bartlet *a Begger, and left him not worth a Groat:* Yet all the Rebels were not of the ſame belief, for preſently after, when the Earl of *Eſſex*, poſſeſſed himſelf of *Worceſter*, ſome under his Command came from *Worceſter* to Mr. *Bartlets* houſe, where what was undervalued and left by *Scriven*, and his Rout,

was

was good booty to theſe: They take away good ſtore of Bacon from his Roof, and Beef out of the Powdering Tubs; they ſteal his Pots, Panns, and Kettels, together with his Pewter to a great value, they ſeize on all his Proviſions for hoſpitality and houſe-keeping, and then break his Spits, as unneceſſary utenſils, they expoſe his bedding to ſale, and preſs Carts to carry away his Chairs, Stools, Couches, and Trunks, though emptied before by *Scriven*; and ſharply threaten all ſuch as ſhould be known to harbour any of Mr. *Bartlets* Goods. And though theſe two Plunders, one upon the neck of the other, left Mr. *Bartlet* a deſolate, naked houſe; yet when the Earl of *Eſſex* came lately down towards *Gloceſter*, and hid himſelf and his Army in hedges, ditches, and the incloſures about *Tewxbury*, on three ſeveral days, three ſeverall Companies came to viſit Mr. *Bartlets* houſe, preſuming that in almoſt a Twelve months time, the houſe might be new furniſhed, nor were they altogether deceived in their expectation; without, they plunder him of eight Horſes, and within, what ever they found, they made clean work, the fifth Plunder not ſparing his Kitchin-ſtuff, which being reſerved in a ſmall Barrel, a Soldier putting it on his ſhoulder, carried it away; coming this laſt time to Mr. *Bartlets* houſe, and underſtanding that he, and his Sons were in the Kings Army, they abuſed his Wife in beaſtly, immodeſt ſcurrilous language, which I ſhall omit to relate, as offenſive to Chriſtian ears: I ſhall conclude this five-fold Plunder, with the relation of one of their Captains Hipocriſie, and a Common Soldiers impiety, glorying in his wickedneſs: The Captain being invited to eat of a Stubble-Gooſe, which

which a Soldier had Plundered and brought into his Quarters, refuſed to taſte of it, and gave this reaſon for his refuſal, becauſe it was ſtoln, which bred in Mrs. *Bartlet* a great opinion that he was a conſcientious man, but being to march away, he that would eat no ſtoln Gooſe, made no ſcruple to ride away upon a ſtoln Mare, for plundering Mrs. *Bartlet* of her own Mare, this Hypocritical Captain (and pity it is I cannot tell you his name) gave ſufficient Teſtimony to the World, that the old Phariſee and the new Puritan, have Conſciences of the ſelf-ſame temper, *To ſtrain at a Gnat, and ſwallow a Camel*, meaſuring all Actions, not by lawful, and unlawful, but as they are more, or leſs gainful. But while the Captain choſe rather to be a Villain, than openly to appear ſo, the Common Soldiers would not only be ſo indeed, but deſire ſo to be accounted; and therefore when his Companions were carrying out Mr. *Bartlet*'s Goods, amongſt other things, one ſeized on ſome live Partridges, and being entreated to forbear, and to ſpare them, becauſe they were provided for a Great-bellied Gentlewoman, and now ready to lay down her burthen, the Common Soldiers hearing him plead thus, barbarouſly replied, if we had made Veniſon of her great Belly, ſhe would not have longed for Partridges, for I have killed young and old, Men, Women, and Children: and boaſting himſelf in his ſin, and glorying in his ſhame, without regard had to the dangerous longing of a pregnant Woman, if not ſatisfied, took them away. So truly is that of the Prophet verified in theſe Miſcreants, *They declare their Sin as* Sodom, *they hide it not, Woe unto their Soul, for they have rewarded evil to themſelves*, Eſay 3. 9.

Mercurius

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

XVIII.

The Rebels perſecution of Dr. Featly, *a known Champion of the Proteſtant Religion: part of his Sermon againſt the Sectaries: his death: Together with their murthering of two of the Inhabitants of* Lambeth *on the Lords-day*, &c.

IN *Novemb.* 1642. ſome of the Rebels Foot Soldiers being Billetted at *Acton* in the County of *Middleſex*, they preſently enquire of their Hoſts what their Doctor was, (meaning Doctor *Featly*, their then Rector) and what Divine Service they had; they anſwered according to the truth, that he was a man who preciſely obſerved the Canons of the Church, and ſwerved not a title from the Rubrick of the Common Prayer, wearing the Surplice, and uſing all the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church eſtabliſhed by Law. Some of the Red-coats replyed, Doth he ſo? We will teach him another Leſſon, and make him leave thoſe Popiſh Superſtitions, or he ſhall rue it. Soon after, they repair to the Church at *Acton*, break open the Doors by force, in the Chancel they find this Subſcription on the Wall, *This Chancel was repaired and beautified, ſuch a year, by* Daniel Featly *D.D. Rector*, which they utterly defaced: Then laying hands on the Rails, they dealt with them (as Ducks do with a Frog) tear them limbleſs, and afterwards burnt them in the Street, ſaying, *That if they had had*

the Parſon there, they would burn him with his Popiſh Trinkets.

Soon after, Colonel *Urrey* took up his Quarters at the Parſonage-houſe, ſome of whoſe Soldiers, (whether willingly or by careleſneſs, being in Drink, is not certified) lying in the Doctors Barn, ſet it on Fire, which burned the whole Barn full of Corn, and two Stables, down to the ground, the loſs being eſtimated by the Inhabitants at Two hundred and eleven pounds.

But to leave *Acton*, and come to *Lambeth*, where the Sectaries wrecked their ſpleen, not upon Pales, or Rails, or the Fruits of the Earth, as at *Acton*, but upon the Bodies of Chriſts Servants, on his own Day, and in his own Houſe and Court. For *February* 19. 1642. even in the midſt of Divine Service, at the reading of the *Te Deum laudamus*, four or five Soldiers ruſhed into the Church with Piſtols, and drawn Swords, affrighted the whole Congregation out, wounded one of the Inhabitants (whereof he ſoon after died) ſhot another dead, as he hung by the hands on the Church-yard wall, looking over to the Palace Court, who might truly have ſaid in the words of the Poet, though in another ſenſe, *Ut vidi, ut perii.*

It was gathered by many Circumſtances, eſpecially by Depoſitions taken before the Coroner, and by ſome Speeches that fell from their own mouths, that their principal aim at that time, was to have murdered the Doctor, which 'tis probable they had effected, had not ſome honeſt Inhabitants premoniſhed the Doctor, who was at the ſame time on his way towards the Church, intending to have Preached.

About the ſame time, many of theſe Murderers were heard expreſſing their rancour againſt the Doctor, thus: Some ſaid they would chop the Rogue as ſmall as Herbs to the Pot, for ſuffering Pottage, (for by that name they uſually ſtile the Book of Common Prayer) to be read in his Church: Others ſaid, They would ſqueeze the Pope out of his Belly, with ſuch like ſcurrilous and malicious Language.

The Sunday ſennight after this Outrage, being the fifth of *March*, the Doctor perceiving ſome Separatiſts at Sermon at *Lambeth*, took occaſion to ſpeak as followeth:

IF *ever Schiſmaticks and foul mouth'd Separatiſts were ſet forth in their native colours, the Schiſmaticks of this age are,* Pſal. 50. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. What haſt thou to do to declare my Statutes, or that thou ſhould'ſt take my Covenant in thy mouth? Seeing thou hateſt inſtruction (*whatſoever thou prateſt of Reformation*) and caſteſt my words behind thee, (*namely, Prov.* 14. 21. *Eccleſ.* 10. 20. *Rom.* 12. 1, 2, 3, 4. *Heb.* 13. 8, 9, 17. 1 *Pet.* 2. 13.) When thou ſaweſt a thief, then thou conſentedſt

edſt with him, and haſt been partaker with Adulterers. Thou giveſt thy mouth to lying, and thy Tongue frameth deceit. Thou ſitteſt and ſpeakeſt againſt thy Brother, and ſlandereſt thine own Mothers ſon. *For is not this their canting Language?* The Prelates of *England* are all Antichriſtian; The Miniſters *Baals* Prieſts; The publick Service, Idolatrous; The Ceremonies, Superſtitious; and the Sacraments corrupted with mans Inventions. *I take them at their word; If this be true, then is the Church of* England *no true Church of Chriſt; then they which have received all the Religion they have from her, are no better then Miſcreants, Pagans, and Infidels, in apparent peril of drowning in everlaſting perdition, becauſe out of the Ark, without God in this World, becauſe without his Church. For as the Bleſſed Martyr Saint* Cyprian *ſoundly argueth againſt their Fore-fathers the* Catharists,

Deum non poteſt habere Patrem, qui Eccleſiam not habet Matrem: *And Church they have none for their Mother, for they diſclaim the true Proteſtant Church of* England, *and the Popiſh diſclaims them; ſo they are mere* A per ſe A's, Independents, *like the* horti penſiles *in* Lactantius, *and* Mauſolus *his Sepulchre in* Martial, *hanging and hovering in the Air.*

The Scripture ſets forth the true viſible Church of Chriſt upon Earth, under the Emblem of a great Field, *a great* Floor, *a great* Houſe, *a great* Sheet, *a great* Draw-net, *a great and large* Foundation, &c. *The Church ſhadowed out under theſe Similitudes, cannot be their Congregation, or rather Conventicles: For as they brag and commend themſelves, wanting good Neighbors; In their* Field *there are no* Tares, *in their* Floor *there is no* Chaff, *in their* Houſe *no* Veſſels *of Diſhonor,*

honor, in their Sheet *no* Unclean Beaſts, *in their* Net *no* traſh, *on their* Foundation *nothing built, but Gold, Silver, and precious Stones. They have not ſate with vain Perſons, nor kept company with Diſſemblers; they have hated the aſſembly of Malignants, and have not accompanied with the Ungodly; they have not, nor will not Chriſten in the ſame Font, nor ſit at the Holy Table, (for to kneel at the Sacrament is Idolatry) nor drink Spiritually the Blood of our Redeemer in the ſame Chalice with the wicked. Get ye packing then out of our Churches with your bags and baggages, hoyſe up Sail for* New England, *or the* Iſle of Providence, *or rather Sir* Thomas More's Eutopia, *where* Pluto's Commoner, *and* Oſorius *his* Nobleman, *and* Caſtillio *his* Courtier, *and* Vigetius *his* Soldier, *and* Tully *his* Orator, *and* Ariſtocles Felix, *and the* Jews Bencohab, *and the Manichees* Paraclet, *and the Gnoſticks* Illuminate ones, *and*

the Montaniſts Spiritual ones, *and the Pelagians* perfect ones, *and the Catharists* pure ones, *and their* preciſe *and* holy ones *are all met at Prince* Arthurs round Table, *where every Gueſt (like the Table) is* totus teres atque rotundus.

There are three Heads of Catechiſm and Grounds of Chriſtianity, The Apoſtles Creed, the Lords Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; *theſe may be more truly than* Gorran *his Poſtills, termed* aurea fundamenta, *which they go about to overthrow and caſt down; and when they have done it, no place remaineth for them to build their Synagogues, or* Maria Rotunda's, *but the Sand in the Saw-pit, where their Apoſtle* Browne *firſt taught moſt profoundly. The Lords Prayer they have excluded out of their Liturgy, the Apoſtles Creed out of their Confeſſion, and the Ten Commandments, by the* Antinomians *their Diſciples, out of their rule of*

of life. They are too good to ſay the Lords Prayer, better taught than to rehearſe the Apoſtles Creed, better liv'd than to hear the Decalogue read at their Service, for God can ſee no Sin in them, nor Man Honeſty.

Tell me, ye Baſtard brood of Martius, *is it not ſufficient for the conviction of your cauterized Conſciences, that ye wreck your ſpleen upon the material Temples of God, by breaking down Organs, burning Rails, and defacing the Monuments of the Dead, but will ye go about to deſtroy the Spiritual Temple of the Holy Ghoſt? not fearing that dreadful Sentence of the Apoſtle,* He that deſtroyeth the Temple of God, him ſhall God deſtroy. *Could they not be content to tear the Book of Common Prayer in pieces, and ſcatter the leaves all about the Church, but will they alſo rend and dilacerate the living Members of Chriſts myſtical Body? Will they charge the Can-*

non with murthering Shot to deſtroy and diſſipate whole Aſſemblies of Gods Servants met together upon his own Day to Worſhip him in his own Houſe? Do they think that their bare oppoſition to Popery will ſave them? If that alone would give a Man a good Title to Heaven, not only the Socinians, Libertines, Familiſts, Antinomians, *and other damnable Hereticks, but even the* Jews *and* Turks *would ſnatch Heaven from them, and take it by force, for theſe are as vehement Oppoſers of Popery as they are: And howſoever the violent Oppoſition to Popiſh Superſtition is all the Religion ſome of them have, yet are they not at ſo deadly fewd with Papiſts, as they would bear the World in hand, for they ſhake hands with them in many of their Tenets and Practices, both of them condemn our Engliſh Liturgy, and profeſs Recuſancy: both of them Idolize their Teachers, &c. Who hath bewitched them, that they ſhould believe* Bedlam *ſhall be ſo far*

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enlarged, and the Spirit of Frenzy poſſeſs Old England, *that they ſhould have the like ſucceſs here, as their couſin-germans the Anabaptiſts had at* Munſter? *though we envy them not their* high preferment *in the end. After theſe fits of Convulſion are over, and Peace ſetled in the Body of the Kingdom, do they think the wiſdom of the State will ever change our Holy Churches into their prophane Barns and Stables? our Pulpits into their Tubs? our linnen Ephods into their Aprons? our Liturgy into their extemporary Enthuſiaſms? our Learned Paſtors into their ignorant Hirelings? and our Apoſtolical Hierarchy into their Apoſtolical Anarchy? But I will reſtrain my ſelf, and confine my Diſcourſe.*

Soon

Soon after this Sermon, ſeven Articles were preferred againſt the Doctor to the Committee for Plundered Miniſters, by three Mechanicks, who had formerly been Indicted for *Browniſts*, at the Seſſions for the County of *Surrey*; but after long attendance, the Doctor was acquitted of them. Yet at length theſe Sectaries wrought ſo powerfully, that the Doctor muſt be committed to Priſon, how unjuſtly ſoever; 'twas enough that he was a Doctor, and maintained the Religion eſtabliſhed in the Church of *England*: And accordingly, on the 30*th.* of *September*, 1643. he is committed to *Peter-houſe*; his own Houſe, Library and Goods being firſt ſeized on, and his Eſtate ſequeſtred. The Sunday after his commitment, and for divers other Lords-days, he Preached to his Fellow-Priſoners, but after a while he was prohibited by *Iſaac Pennington* the pretended Mayor of *London.* And though Sir *George Sands*, Sir *John Butler*, Maſter *Nevile*, and other Priſoners of Quality, Petitioned that he might continue his ſo doing, yet it would not be granted.

See how this unjuſt Impriſonment is reliſhed by a Forein Divine, in theſe very words:

I Am ſorry to hear of the cloſe Impriſonment of that worthy Dr. Featly: *What? He who is, and ever hath been ſo ſtout a Champion for Religion, to be ſo uſed by the Reformers thereof? But let not the*

the Diſciple think it ſtrange, when his Maſter ſuffered ſo much cruelty from the great Rabbins of Iſrael.

Yours from my heart, *J. S.*

After the Doctor had been many Months ſtifled up in Priſon, and having a Certificate from his Phyſitian that he could not live long, if he had not ſome freſh Air, he Petitioned theſe Soul-enthralling Tyrants, and at laſt obtained leave to go to *Chelſey-Colledge* for ſix Weeks, upon good Bail, to recover his Health: but it pleaſed God to take him out of this World, upon the 17. day of *April*, 1645. being the very laſt day of the ſix Weeks limited for his return.

During his Sickneſs, he gave himſelf wholly to Divine Meditations, often bewailing with Tears, the preſent ſtate of the Church of *England*: he made a Confeſſion of his Faith to Doctor *Leo*, and the Dutch Ambaſſadors Chaplain, ſaying, *That the Doctrine which he had always Preached, and the Books which he had always Printed againſt Anabaptiſts and other Sectaries, were agreeable to Gods Word; and that he would Seal the Proteſtant Religion (as it was eſtabliſhed and confirmed by the Acts of three Pious Princes) with his Blood.* And being asked by ſome that came to viſit him, What he thought of the Covenant? he ſaid,

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It was a damnable and execrable Oath, made purpoſely to inſnare poor Souls, and full of Malice and Treaſon againſt our Gracious Soveraign. And, ſaid he, *For Church-Government (a thing now much controverted) I dare boldly affirm, That the Hierarchy of Biſhops is moſt agreeable to the Word of God, as being of Apoſtolical Inſtitution, the taking away whereof is damnable; and that by conſequence, both the Presbyterian and Independent Governments are abſurd and erroneous, neither of them being ever heard of in the Church of God, till of late at* Geneva; *nor is there ſo much as any colour for them in Holy Writ. It is evident* (ſaid he) *that as the Prieſts in the Old Teſtament were above the Levites, ſo in the New the Apoſtles were above the Diſciples, and that the ſeven Angels of the ſeven Churches in the* Apocalypſe *were ſeven Biſhops, and that* Polycarpus *was Biſhop of* Smyrna, *and* Timotheus *of* Epheſus. *And for the Laity, no pregnant proof can be produced, That they ever medled with the Prieſts Function,*

ction, or had any Power to ordain Miniſters. And theſe things (ſaid he) *I intended to have publiſhed to the World, if God had ſpared me longer life, which I might (through his goodneſs) have enjoyed, had I not been unjuſtly Impriſoned*: which he ſeveral times reiterated to his Friends.

Anon after he Prayed thus: *Lord, ſtrike through the reins of them that riſe againſt the Church and King, and let them be as chaff before the Wind, and as ſtubble before the Fire; let them be ſcattered as Patridges upon the Mountains, and let the breath of the Lord conſume them; but upon our Gracious Soveraign and his Poſterity, let the Crown flouriſh*: *This* (ſaid he) *is the hearty and earneſt Prayer of a poor ſick Creature.* With which, and other ſuch ſpiritual Ejaculations, he expired.

FINIS.

MERCURIUS RUSTICUS:

OR,

The Countries Complaint of the Sacrileges, Prophanations, and Plunderings, Committed by the SCHISMATIQUES, ON THE Cathedral Churches of this Kingdom.

Bruno Ryves.

MATTH. xxi. 13.

My House shall be called the House of Prayer, but ye have made it a Den of Thieves.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year,
1685.

The Preface.

THE *Author of the French Hiſtory relating that horrid* Rebellion *of the* Holy League *in* France, *the* Prototype *of the preſent* Rebellion *in* England, *gives this definition or Character of one of thoſe* Zealots: Eſſential form (*ſaies he*) of a Zealous Catholick in the Holy League, was to Rob and Prophane Churches, to Raviſh Wives, and Virgins, to murther Men againſt the Altars, to ſpoyl the Clergy, not to be the Kings Servants, which that Age held for a Crime, but to vomit out againſt him, all the indignities, and all the wickedneſſes which Irreligion, and Injuſtice could invent in mad Soldiers: *do change* Zealous Catholick *into* Zealous Puritan, *and no Pencil ever limm'd a* Rebell *of this preſent* Rebellion *ſo exactly to the life as this: and though they have out-done all examples, preſidents of wickedneſs, cruelty, diſloyalty, ſacrilege, and prophanation, as if in them the Devil meant to ſhew his Maſter-piece, raging in them horribly,* becauſe he knows that he hath but a ſhort time, *yet to their diſhonouring of God, their vilifying his holy worſhip, prophaning his Temples, blaſpheming the footſteps of his Anointed, affronting*

and contemning his Prieſts and Miniſters, to their rending, tearing, and trampling underfoot, all Hallowed Ornaments, and Utenſils provided for the reverend, and decent worſhip of God, *I know nothing that they have left undone, which remaines yet to be added to their accurſed impieties. So that what the old* Euſtathians, Meſſalians, Fratricelli, *and the reſt of thoſe wild Hereticks (who placed their Religion in* Contempt *of Conſecrated Churches, Temples, and Oratories, places Conſecrated, and ſet apart for the publick worſhip of* God) *durſt not do, theſe Schiſmatical* Rebels, *(having wilfully ſmothered not only their Conſciences, but the dictate of common reaſon) putting no difference* between Holy, and Prophane, *have acted with greedineſs: whatſoever things they are, whereon the* name of God *is* called, *whether* Perſons, times *or* places, *in the Judgment of venerable Antiquity, whether* Councils, Fathers, *or* Hiſtorians, *thoſe things were ever held Sacred and Inviolable, always* habenda cùm Diſcrimine *and that* extra Uſum Sacrum, *to be regarded with a reverential, and* diſcriminative uſance, *that is, with a ſelect and different reſpect from other things of the ſame kind, but not imployed to Holy uſes: nay the honouring* Gods Houſe, *was ever held an Ingredient of that Petition of the Lords Prayer,* Sanctificetur Nomen tuum, Hallowed be thy Name: *what opinion the* Ancient Fathers, *both*

Greek

Greek *and* Latine, *had of ſuch places, may be collected from thoſe Magnificent, and honourable Names, whereby they commended them to the due eſteem of ſeveral Ages in which they lived: Some in regard of their* uſe *and* imployment *called them the* Lords Houſe, *ſome* the Patrimony of Chriſt, *ſome the* Dowry of the Spouſe of Chriſt, *ſome a* Conſecrated Poſſeſſion of God, *and a* Holy Soil: *others in reſpect of their* Magnificence *of* Structure, *and* Coſtlineſs of *Ornaments, called them* Palaces, Royal *or* Kingly Houſes: *Nay would we but* ſharpen our Goads at a Philiſtines Forge, *or* weave the woollen Yarn of the Gentiles, with Linnen webb of the Chriſtians, *I mean, call in the Teſtimony and practice of the Heathen, in what veneration, and eſteem they had their Idol Temples (which was in them the dictate of Nature, miſtaken only in the Object) and they would ſtand up, as ſo many witneſſes, and certainly in the day of Judgment, ſhall condemn this prophane Generation, who under an Hypocritical pretence of worſhiping God* in Spirit, *in a true* Anabaptiſtical *fury, have laid waſt the Sanctuaries of God, polluted his Temples, and* broken down all their carved work with Axes and Hammers; *And though theſe Rebellious Schiſmaticks have in all places (which have been plagued with their preſence)* Roared in the midſt of our Congregations, ſet up their Banners for tokens, *and left ſome infamous memorial of their frenzie, and hatred*

of the beauty and magnificence of Gods Houſes; and therefore in every place made it their firſt buſineſs (as an introduction to the reſt) to rob, and deface Churches, and violate the Sepulchres and Monuments of the dead, ſo they have expreſt their greateſt hatred againſt the Mother Churches, *and* Cathedrals *of this Kingdom, becauſe in them, the primitive Order, and decency, preſcribed in the* Rubrick *of the Book of* Common Prayer, *and ratified by* Act *of* Parliament, *have been beſt preſerved from thoſe* Omiſſions, Neglects, *and* Contempts, *which had almoſt baniſhed them out of private* ParochialCongregations, *and rendered them obnoxious to ſiniſter interpretations, and ſuſpected of no leſs than* Popery, Superſtition, *and* Innovation, *in thoſe places wherein they were retained, and practiſed: when therefore our Poſterity ſhall ſee this* Abomination of deſolation, *which the Rebels have* brought into *theſe Temples of God, and by Tradition hear of thoſe coſtly Utenſils, and Ornaments, which moſt Sacrilegiouſly they have* carried out, *and ſhall with wonder, and aſtoniſhment inquire, what Lunacy? what Frenzy? what accurſed madneſs poſſeſſed the hearts of the men of this preſent Age, to lay waſt the places where Gods honour dwells? where God vouchſafes to meet with his People, and the People, with united devotion, to propitiate their God, and impiouſly (as much as in them is) to turne theſe* Beauties

of

of Holineſs *into deſolate places*, for Ziim, and Ochim, (*as the Prophet ſpeaks*) and the Satyrs to dance in, Eſay 13. 12. *Let them know, that the* Puritans, Browniſts, *and* Anabaptiſts, *Rebels, marching under the Banners of a faction in the two* pretended Houſes of Parliament (*which yet ſome have the impudence to call the Great and Higheſt Court, the Supreame Judicature, and the moſt zealous Protectors, and Aſſertors of the Eſtabliſhed Proteſtant Religion*) *have brought this deſolation upon us. And becauſe this Tempeſt raged firſt in the* Eaſt, *and ſo ſpread it ſelf into all parts of the Kingdom,* Weſt, North, *and* South, *I ſhall in the Relation keep the ſame Method* (*if ſo great confuſion can be ranged into a method*) *whereby we ſhall give* (*as is due*) *Precedency to the famous* Metropolitan Church of Canterbury, *which as it is* (*in reſpect of her leſſer Siſters*) *firſt in* Order *and* Dignity, *ſo was it then and now ſhall be, the firſt inſtance of the Rebels Sacrilege.*

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

I.

The Cathedral Church of Canterbury *horribly abuſed and defaced by the Rebels under the Conduct of Col.* Sandys *and Sir* Michael Liveſey: *Together with the miſerable end of the ſaid Col. at* Worceſter, *&c.*

THe City of *Canterbury*, the Ancient ſeat of the Kings of *Kent*, while the *Saxon Heptarchy* flouriſhed in this Iſland, was by King *Ethelbert* given, together which the Royalty thereof to *Auguſtine* the firſt conſecrated Arch-Biſhop of the Engliſh Nation, who there fixed his ſeat for himſelf and his Succeſſors: for whoſe ſake *Gregory* the great, then Biſhop of *Rome*, tranſlated the Motropolitan dignity, together with the Honour of the *Pall*, from *London* to *Canterbury*: this City (as the reſt) had 'its ſhare in that ſpoyl and devaſtation, which War and the ſword, in the Innovations of Foreign Nations and domeſtick broyls, brought upon it: the greateſt impreſſions of deſolation made on it, were in the *Daniſh* Wars, but the *Normans* ſucceeding, through the Piety of Godly Religious men, reſiding there, and the bounty and liberality of the Biſhops, it did ſuddenly ſtart up, not only into its primitive beauty, and Luſtre, but out-ſtripped all other places, as in the number and ſumptuouſneſs of Private Houſes, ſo eſpecially in the magnificence and ſplendor of Religious houſes: amongſt which, two were moſt famous, far exceeding all the reſt, *viz. Chriſt-Church*,

Church, & hujus pertinaciſſimus æmulus (as learned *Cambden* ſpeaks) the eager rival of *Chriſt-Church*, St. *Auguſtines*. This Church by the injury of *Sacrilege*, and *time*, (two greedy devourers) lies almoſt buried in its own Ruines, preſenting nothing elſe to the eye of the beholders, but a ſad ſpectacle, how ſpatious, and ample a ſtructure it once was, when now, a piece of it hath the honour to be ſtiled (though ſeldom imploy'd as) the *Kings Houſe*. But *Chriſt-Church*, placed as it were in the Navel of the City, raiſeth it ſelf to ſo great a Majeſty, and Statelineſs, that *Eraſmus*, a man not too much taken with magnificence in this kind, I am ſure not doting on it, ſaies, that this doth preſent it ſelfe with ſo Majeſtick ſtate, *ut procul etiam Intuentibus religionem incutiat*, that it occaſions that devotion, which ſhould be uſed there, and ſtrikes a ſenſible impreſſion of Religion, in their hearts that behold it, though a far off, and at a diſtance. This Church built in old time (as *Beda* ſaies) by the faithful and believing *Romans*, and by King *Ethelbert* given to *Auguſtine*, in proceſs of time needed the like Piety to ſupport it, as at firſt built it, and works of that Nature in thoſe days, did not long lye neglected, for want of benefactors: *Lanfranke* therefore, the thirty third Arch-Biſhop of this *Sea* (whether more famous for repairing of decaied Churches, as this of *Canterbury*, *Rocheſter*, and S. *Albans*, or his indefatigable pains in correcting the corrupt tranſlations of the *Holy Bible*, ſcattered every where through the Kingdom in his days, is uncertain.) *William Corbet*, or (as others will have it) *Corbois*, the thirty ſixth Arch-Biſhop of the ſame *Sea*, reedified the Quire, and the upper part of this Church, and the Piety of ſucceeding Biſhops built and joyned the Nave or body to the Quire, and brought

brought it to this Magnificence, and ſplendor in which we now ſee it. But what our Fore-fathers thought *Religion to build up*, we, their degenerous poſterity, think *Piety* to *pull down*, ſo that while ſome leading Atheiſts (enemies to God and his Religion, and *reprobate to every good work*) are buſy to Vote and cry down *Epiſcopacy*, with the *Sacred Hierarchy*, *Root* and *Branch*: their *Emiſſaries* incouraged and ſet on by them, firſt *deface* theſe Churches, and in the next place, will utterly *ruin* them, that ſo, the places where God is worſhiped, being demoliſhed, the revenue that maintains the worſhip, may become a prey to theſe Sacrilegious Cormorants: *But my God ſhall make them like a wheel.* Now, how the Rebels behaved themſelves in their firſt attempt, in this kind, on the Cathedral Church of *Canterbury*, under the conduct of Colonel *Sandys*, I cannot better expreſs than in the paſſionate elegancy of Reverend Doctor *Paske*, one of the *Prebends*, and at that time *Subdean* of that Church, to the Earl of *Holland*, the moſt ingrateful, and moſt unthankful of men.

My ever Honoured Lord,

DId it not conduce unto the Publick, I ſhould not preſume to interrupt your Lordſhips weighty affairs; but the long experience of your Lordſhips zeal for Religion, and vigilancy for your Univerſity of Cambridge, *hath aſſured me of your Lordſhips Patronage of our whole Church in general, and (as the caſe now ſtands) of this Mother-Church in particular, we expected peace, but have found much trouble from the Troopes ſent amongſt us; with what barbarouſneſs they have behaved themſelves at* Rocheſter, *and in other parts of this County, I leave to the Relation of others, and beg your Lordſhips patience, only to be informed what hath happened here with us: and wherein I am more neerly concerned, by my Office in the abſence of the* Dean. Col-

Colonel Sandys *arriving here with his Troops, on Friday night, presently caused a strict watch and Sentinels to be set both upon the Church, and upon our several houses, to the great affright of all the Inhabitants: this done,* Sergeant *Major* Cockaine *came to me, and in the name of the Parliament, demanded to see the Arms of the Church, and the Store-powder of the County, which I presently shewed him; when he possessed himself of the Keys, and keep them in his own custody: the next morning we were excluded the Church, and might not be permitted to enter, for the preformance of our divine Exercises, but about eight of the Clock,* Sir Michael Livesey *attended with many Soldiers, came unto our Officers, and commaded them, to deliver up the keys of the Church, to one of their Company, which they did, and thereupon he departed, when the Soldiers entering the Church, and Quire, Giant-like, began a fight with God himself, overthrew the Communion-Table, tore the Velvet cloth from before it, defaced the goodly Screen, or Tabernacle-work, violated the Monuments of the Dead, spoyled the Organs, brake down the ancient Rails, and Seats, with the brazen Eagle which did support the Bible, forced open the Cupboards of the Singing-men, rent some of their Surplices, Gowns and Bibles, and carryed away others, mangled all our Service-books, and Books of Common-Prayer; bestrwing the whole Pavement with the leaves thereof: a miserable spectacle to all good eyes: but as if all this had been too little, to satisfie the fury of some indiscreet zealots among them (for many did abhor what was done already) they further exercised their malice upon the Arras hanging in the Quire, representing the whole story of our Saviour, wherein observing divers figures of Christ, (I tremble to express their blasphemies) one said that here is Christ, and swore that he would stab him: another said here is*

Christ,

Chriſt, and ſwore that he would rip up his Bowels: which they did accordingly, ſo far as the figures were capable thereof, beſides many other Villanies: and not content therewith, finding another ſtatue of Chriſt in the Frontiſpiece of the South-gate, they diſcharged againſt it forty ſhot at the leaſt, triumphing much, when they did hit it in the head, or face, as if they were reſolved to crucifie him again in his figure, whom they could not hurt in truth: nor had their fury been thus ſtopped, threatning the ruine of the whole Fabrick, had not the Colonel, with ſome others, come to the relief and reſcue: the Tumults appeaſed, they preſently departed for Dover, *from whence we expect them this day; and are much afraid, that as they have already vilified our Perſons, and offered extream indignity to one of our Brethren, ſo they will Plunder our Houſes at their Return, unleſs the care of the Major, the Colonel, and ſome Members of the Houſe of Commons (Sir* Edward Maſters, *and Captain* Nut, *now with us, who have promiſed to preſent their knowledg to that honourable Houſe) do prevent the ſame.*

Your Lordſhip will be pleaſed to pardon my haſty expreſſions, which proceed from a grieved heart, and I am confident the honourable Houſes of Parliament, being rightly informed herein, will provide againſt the like abuſes, and impieties in other places, in the mean time we ſubmit with patience to the providence of him, who can, and will bring good out of evil, which is the earneſt Prayer of

Chriſt-Church, Cant.
Aug. 30. 1642.

Your Lordſhips moſt
Obliged Servant,

Thomas Paske.

What

WHat effect this juſt complaint wrought, how it prevailed either with that Lord to whom it was addreſſed, or with the *pretended Houſes of Parliament*, whoſe authority, and aſſiſtance was implored to prevent further outrages, either here or elſewhere, we have too clear teſtimony, not only in the like ſacrileges, and prophanations every day acted, without any the leaſt check, or reſtraint from the heads of this Rebellion, but more eſpecially from their *Votes* and *Ordinances*, for the aboliſhing all remainders of *Popery* and *Superſtition*, as they call it: in all which, *Intelligi malunt quam Audiri*, they would have their creatures underſtand, more than they ſpeak, being certain politick *Litotes*, in which, *minus dicitur, plus intelligitur*, ſignifying more than the Grammatical conſtruction will permit, an carry in them a hidden, ſecret ſenſe, and meaning, which their own *Emiſſaries* know how to interpret, and inlarge, according to the full *intention* of the Authors. But before we paſs from the relation of this horried Sacrilege, committed on the Church of *Canterbury*, I could not free my ſelf from being guilty of that great ſin of obſcuring the great manifeſtation of *Gods Juſtice*, if I ſhould in ſilence paſs over that moſt examplary vengeance, which perſued to death, that unfortunate Gentleman Col. *Sandys*, the ringleader to that Rebellious rout, which were Actors in that more than Barbarous outrage.

Whether the cunning perſwaſions of others, or his own ambitiom firſt imbarked him in this fatal undertaking, is uncertain, but as himſelf confeſſed on his death-bed, to a friend and Kinſman of his, who asked him, what he meant being a Gentleman of ſo fair an Eſtate, to ingage himſelf in this Treaſon?

ſon? he anſwered, *That he was ſo far drawn in before he was aware, that he knew not how to come off, without the danger of his head:* So uſual it is for one ſin to ingage the ſinner for a ſecond: having therefore once lifted up his hand againſt his Sovereign, *the Lords Anoynted,* he thought the way to be ſecure from the puniſhment of *Rebellion,* was to preſevere in his crime, and go on in *Rebellion*: in purſuance therefore of ſo black deſigns, being Colonel of a Regiment of Horſe, in *Sept.* 1642. with the reſt of the Rebels Army under the Conduct of the *Earl of Eſſex,* he advanced towards *Worceſter,* and making ſome excurſions with ten Troops of Horſe from the body of their Army, at *Wickefeild*, near *Worceſter*, accidentally were met by *Prince Rupert*, accompanied by *Prince Maurice*, and ſome others, *Lords* and *Gentlemen* of His Majeſties *Cavallry*: being thus by chance met, The Prince glad of any opportunity, to expreſs the braveneſs of his reſolution, charged the Rebels with incomparable valour: In this ſhort, but fierce conflict, Colonel *Sandys* was wounded, and being diſmounted his Horſe, became Priſoner to the Kings party. Being thus wounded and as then was conceived, mortally, he began to reflect upon himſelf, and finding ſo little warrant in his now unbiaſſ'd conſcience for his undertaking, which had brought him into this condition, his perplexed Soul brake out into many ſad expreſſions of remorſe: crying out, *Woe, Woe, to evil Counſel, and happy are they that do not take it.* And being put in mind by a Reverend Doctor in Divinity, and Chaplain to Prince *Rupert*, of the heinouſneſs of the ſin of Rebellion, he acknowledged himſelf to have faln into that ſin, and that God was juſt in his Judgments for finding him out in *his iniquity*, profeſſing

feſſing withal his hearty ſorrow, and repentance for it: whereupon the Doctor replyed, that if he recovered, perhaps the ſame perſwaſions from others, ori nconſiderateneſs in himſelf, might again ingage him in his Rebellion, at which words a little lifting up his hand, he profeſſed, *He would rather have it cut off, then ever again lift it up againſt the King:* He freely acknowledged the Juſtice of the Kings cauſe, and that he had obſerved the bleſſings of God to accompany it, and when the Doctor deſired leave to teſtify his Repentance to the world, he freely gave him leave, asking God and the King forgiveneſs, praying for a bleſſing upon him, and his proceedings. In this mind he continued while Prince *Rupert*, and the Kings forces with him ſtaid in *Worceſter*: and whether after the *Earls* poſſeſſing himſelf of *Worceſter*, by the impetuous ſollicitations of thoſe Murtherers of Souls, thoſe Factors for Hell, their Schiſmatical Lecturers, (who make men *twofold more the Children of the Devil than themſelves*) he fell off, and turned *Apoſtate* from his newly reſolved *Loyalty*, as repenting of his Repentance, is uncertain; Thoſe that were about him and ſaw his weakneſs, ever declining from the firſt hour he received his wounds, muſt teſtify to the World that he had neither ſtrength of hand to write, nor ſo much compoſedneſs of ſpirit, to be the Author of that Spurious, Suppoſititious *Vindication*, Publiſhed in his name *Oct.* 11. 1642. He being (whatſoever that forgery pretends) as unable to vindicate himſelf with his Pen, as his ſword: but if he had his *heart*, as well as *hand* ſubſcribing to that Atheiſtical reſolution, where they thus bring him in foaming out his own ſhame, *The Apprehenſion of death never hitherto ſo nearly touched me, but if God ſhall once reſtore me to*

my

my former ſtrength, I ſhall by his help, with as much alacrity and I hope courage, endeavour to defend, and maintain with my deareſt blood, this ſo good a cauſe (meaning this preſent Rebellion) *as ever I was at firſt engaged in it.* If I ſay they had his *heart*, as well as his *hand* to that Reſolution, I am afraid it was too evident a Symptom of a wretched man, given up to a *Reprobate ſenſe*, which of all ſpiritual judgments queſtionleſs is the greateſt; and might juſtly call for thoſe *Torments of body*, which afterward, as a Gangreen devoured and eat up his fleſh, and thoſe *pangs of Conſcience*, which I am afraid were but the earneſt of a worſe condition to inſue: for as the *Pſalmiſt* ſaies, *As for ſuch as turn back unto their own wickedneſs, the Lord ſhall lead them forth, with the workers of iniquity, Pſal.* 125. 5. but I Remember that of S. *Paul*, *Judg nothing before the time, until the Lord come*: 1. *Cor.* 4. 5. And therefore while on Suppoſition I writ my fears, poſitively I determine nothing, not knowing, whether God might not give him the grace of Repentance at the laſt, which if he did, he only (I dare ſay) that gave the *Grace*, knew of it: concerning his eternal condition therefore, I ſhall leave him to the Judgment of that Righteous God, that judgeth Righteous Judgment, and *gives to every man according to his works*: and only inform the World in what condition the Colonel lay, until the time of his diſſolution, and putting off his earthly, but loathſom Tabernacle.

As the Col. was amongſt the Rebels a very conſiderable man, both for his extraction, and quality, and likewiſe for his Eſtate (to ſay nothing of his valour, and reſolution, had they been Loyally imployed) ſo it was among their chiefeſt cares to recover him of thoſe wounds which he received in their unchriſtan quarrel: while therefore the

the Rebels Army lay in *Worceſter* (which was about three weeks) though then upon more ſtrict ſearching his wounds, in the opinion of the beſt Chirurgions, they were not mortal, yet, whatſoever the Art, and invention either of the Phyſician or Chirurgion, could contribute to his recovery, was not omitted: when the Rebels Army drew out, to meet the King, in their March from *Shrewsbury*, which they did to their coſt at *Edge-hill*, the Colonel was committed to the care of his own Chirurgion, then in pay under him, *John Anthony* of *London*: to whom, as a witneſs and an aſſiſtant in the cure, was joyned a Chirurgion of the City of *Worceſter*, *Edward Marſhall*: who, though they both uſed all the Art, and Induſtry that poſſibly they could, to effect the cure, yet the difficulties every day multiplied againſt the means, and in deſpight of their Balſoms, his wounds did putrify and the fleſh rot, to the wonder of the *Artiſts*, and the *Scorn* of their *Art*: In ſo much that the Chirurgions, after much variety of means uſed, and much ſtrugling with theſe growing evils (the cure ſtill going backward, as if their skill had been imploy'd to widen thoſe wounds which they pretended to cloſe up) were heard by many of the City of *Worceſter* to confeſs, what *Hippocrates* ſaies every Phyſician ſhould firſt look after, in every cure, that there was, θεῖον τι, *the hand of God in it*, that it was a *peculiar judgment* upon him, and that the cauſe of this putrefaction was *more than Natural*: nor were they without good grounds for this conjecture, for beſides the concluſions of their own Art, directly thwarted, experience on the ſeveral parts of the body of their Patient, was a clear demonſtration: Thoſe wounds in the upper parts of his body, near the Vitals, and there-

fore more dangerous, were cured long before his death, but thoſe in his thigh, which were fleſh wounds, as they call them, theſe were the *Oppropria Chyrurgorum*, here the fleſh did daily rot, and putrifie, and was cut away by degrees, even to the leaving of the bones naked, and ſtunk in ſo loathſom a manner, that as he was a burthen to himſelf, ſo to his friends too, and thoſe that were about him, being hardly able, for the noyſomneſs of the ſmell, either to come near him to do the office of neceſſary attendance, or ſo much as to endure the room where he lay, ſo intolerable was the ſtench, and ſo offenſive.

Nor were the wounds of his *Body* more inſufferable to his friends, than the wounds of his *Conſcience* to himſelf, the guilt of Rebellion wrought in him ſtrong convulſions of Soul, high diſtempers of mind, yet that he might not ſink under the burden of his *wounded Spirit*, a weight that requires more than man to ſupport it, he ſent for Maſter *Cotterell*, an Orthodox godly Miniſter, and Parſon of S. *Andrews* in *Worceſter*, to *Adminiſter a word of comfort* unto him in this his afflicted condition.

When Maſter *Cotterell* came unto him, he found *Obadiah Sedgwick* that ſcandalous ſeditious Miniſter of *Eſſex*, in private conference with the Colonel: and Bread and Wine, ready prepared for the *Lords Supper*: *Sedgwick* having ended his diſcourſe, went to Prayers, whereupon Maſter *Cotterell* offering to withdraw, he was intreated by one of the Colonels Servants to ſtay, which accordingly he did: *Sedgwick* having concluded his extemporary Prayer, took his leave and departed, refuſing to ſtay either to adminiſter the Sacrament to the Colonel, or to Communicate with him: of which refuſal, when Maſter

Maſter *Cotterell* afterward deſired to know the Reaſon, all the ſatisfaction that was given him, was, that *Sedgwick* was not fully aſſured of the fitneſs, and due preparation of thoſe that were to receive the Sacrament with him. Deſperate Hypocriſie! whatſoever he was perſwaded of the preparation of the other Communicants, 'tis moſt certain, he could not be ignorant of the unfitneſs of the Colonel himſelf: whom he himſelf in all probability perſwaded to return *with the dog to his vomit*, and to juſtify himſelf in *that ſin* of which but very lately he ſeemed to repent: 'tis more probable, that, that poor remainder of Conſcience in *Sedgwick*, not quite yet *put away*, though it ſuffered him to betray, in private, a dying man to impenitency, under feigned pretences of what he in his own Soul muſt needs confeſs to be a crying ſin, and inrolled by S. *Paul* himſelf amongſt thoſe *works of the fleſh* which do exclude from the *Kingdom of Heaven*: yet his heart might ſmite him, and his conſcience withſtand him as it were to the face, that he durſt not ſeal *that deſtructive Counſel*, by delivery of the Sacrament: *Sedgwick* being gone, the Colonel willingly entertained conference with Maſter *Cotterell*; to whom he made a general confeſſion of his ſins, and the grievouſneſs of them, profeſſing his hearty repentance, and ſorrow for them. But as the two pretended Houſes of Parliament, in their Catalogue of ſins, reckoned up in their Homily (if without offence I may ſo call it) and offered to this Nation as the ſubject matter of their *ſolemn humiliation*, quite forgot *Lying* and *Rebellion*, for ſome reaſons beſt known to themſelves: ſo this Champion of theirs in his general Confeſſion, made no mention of the ſin of *Rebellion*, which moſt nearly

concerned him, and for which in all probability he was very ſuddenly to render an account to God: a Confeſſion moſt neceſſary both for him to *make*, and the Miniſter to *require*, before he could be thought a fit receiver *of thoſe dreadful myſteries*: but after this general Confeſſion, having received the Sacrament, Maſter *Cotterell* commending him to the grace of God, for that time left him; and having by one or two viſits, after that, as he thought gained ſome intereſt in the Colonel, coming again to him and finding him in a calm Temper, and judging it a fit oportunity to inquire into his Conſcience, and to ſound him what perſwaſion he now had of his taking up Arms againſt his Sovereign, he deſired the Colonel to command his ſervants out of the room, that he might ſpeak with him in private, which being done, and all witneſſes removed, but God, and their own Conſciences, Maſter *Cotterell*, prefacing his diſcourſe, with a ſolemn Proteſtation, that in what he did, he propoſed no other end, but the ſalvation of his Soul, demanded of him, whether he were not ſorry for drawing his ſword againſt the King? and whether he were not perſwaded in his Conſcience of the unlawfulneſs of it? To which the Colonel replyed, *that he was perſwaded, that it was lawful, having taken up Arms not againſt the King, but for the King, for his good, to bring him back to his Parliament, to make him more glorious than any of his Predeceſſors, and to redeem him from his evil Counſellors, and thoſe Popiſh Malignants that were about him.* To which old, thredbare pretences (invented to palliate Treaſon, and blanch their moſt groſs Rebellion) when Maſter *Cotterell* oppoſed the Laws of God, the Laws of the Kingdom, and ſeconded both, by the Kings moſt clear

clear and ſatisfactory Declarations, able to undeceive the abuſed World, and diſpel that miſt of errour and prejudice, which the heads of this Rebellion had caſt before the eyes of the People of this deluded Nation: the Colonel not able to return any reaſonable anſwer, or pre-inſtructed by *Sedgwick*, who foreſaw what encounter he was like to meet withal, ſuddenly called aloud to his ſervants to come in, whoſe preſence ſet an end to the Conference: after this, Maſter *Cotterell* (ſome ſay by Doctor *Bruce* his Phyſicians advice, though I do not abſolutely affirm it) was wholly neglected, and Maſter *Halſetor* was ſent for, Parſon indeed of S. *Nicolas* in *Worceſter*, but more acceptable to thoſe that gave this Counſel, under another capacity, as he was the *City Lecturer*.

But before we acquaint you with what ſucceſs *Halſetor* undertook, and diſcharged this imployment, it will not be amiſs to let the World know, what reward this dying Colonel intended to beſtow on Maſter *Cotterell*, for all his pains taken with him, when the Colonels Wife came to *Worceſter* to viſit her Husband, what pains he had taken in adminiſtring the Sacrament, and his great care in Praying and conferring with him: ſhe very nobly preſſed her Husband to gratifie Maſter *Cotterell* by ſome honorary gift, as an acknowledgment of his thankfulneſs, that he might reap ſome of his *Temporalls*, to whom he had ſo plentifully ſowed *Spiritual things*: to ſo reaſonable a motion made by the *Wife of his boſome*, the Colonel moſt unworthily, and moſt uncharitably replyed, *Sweet-heart be content, we ſhall find him a Delinquent*: but he that ſhall *reward a Cup of cold water*, ſhall not forget ſo great a work of Charity: he that endeavours to turn *a ſinner to righ-*

teouſneſs (though the ſucceſs anſwer neither his labour, nor expectation) yet he ſhall *ſhine as the Stars for ever and ever, nor ſhall his work be in vain in the Lord.*

Maſter *Cotterell* being thus moſt unthankfully rejected, the Colonel is now committed wholly to the care of his new ghoſtly Father, Maſter *Halſetor*, a man of a Schyſmatical Turbulent Spirit, fitter to make a Rebel than reclaim a relapſed Traitor: and ſince hath followed that counſel which he gave by deſerting his Cure and joyning himſelf to the Rebels; the men of this Faction have an Art to torment perplext conſciences, inſtead of comforting them, diſpenſing not ſo much the *promiſes of the Goſpel*, as the *terrours* of the *Law*, as if the way to ſpiritual Conſolation were through deſpair, and no way led to *Heaven* ſo ſure, as what coaſted by the confines of *Hell*; whether Maſter *Halſetor* dealt thus with the Colonel, I cannot ſay, perhaps he might go about as ſome others of his Faction have done to ſow Pillows under their ſeduced Champions armholes, and to juſtifie the ſinner in the ſin, comparing circumſtances, queſtionleſs thus was his way, but the ſad effects of his Rebellion, which the Col. felt in his body, and thoſe flaſhes of horrour affrighting his guilty Soul, would not permit this dying man to be lulled aſleep in ſo vain preſumption: though at firſt therefore when Maſter *Cotterell* was with him to aſſiſt him in that great work to prepare him to ſtand before the Judgment Seat of *Chriſt*, and the preparatories were confeſſions and ſorrow for ſins (though but in the general) deprecations of Judgment, and the wrath of God, and the like, ſome ſpiritual comfort, began to dawn in his benighted Soul, and that he might ſeal that obſcure glimmering

ing of hope opened unto him in this *valley of Achor*, and obtain more, he desired to *Communicate in the Body and Blood of Christ*, yet after Master *Halsetor* came unto him, (*woe, woe to evil Counsel*, to use his own exclamation) it was observed that the Col. fell into strong distempers of mind, which suddenly grew to so great a height that he was utterly distracted, even to raving, and madness: which amongst them that think the Gospel ineffectual, unless the *spiritual man be mad*, is taken for the undoubted evidence of a *Powerful Ministery*: certainly it was a sad spectacle, to see him lye in this condition, and a horrid thing to hear, that his last breath, which should have been breathed out in Prayers, and deprecations, and humble Confessions of sin, should be spent in venting the wild fancies of his distracted brain: sometimes crying out, that *his Chirurgion and servants had broken up his Trunks, and robb'd him of of his Gold*: and by and by starting up, and crying out, that *the Enemy was at the Walls of the City, and calling for the keys to lock up the Gates*: Thus he lay divers weeks: and in these distractions dyed; dreadful things are these, but 'tis written, *The Lord shall smite thee with madness, and blindness, and astonishment of heart.* His *Wife* and *Son* coming to visit him in this wretched condition (poysoned with the stench of his body) both fell sick of the small Pox, of which she dyed, and both of them lie Buried in the South Ile of the body of the *Cathedral*, in that *Cathedral* of *Worcester* where his Grandfather Doctor *Edwin Sandys*, afterwards *Arch-Bishop* of *York*, made his first step to the *Archi-Episcopal* honour, being first Consecated Bishop of that *Dioceſs*: and there laid the foundation of those fortunes, which descending to this man, made him forget his own extraction;

and certainly it was no ſmall aggravation of his ſin, that being deſcended from an *Arch-Biſhop*, and that Eſtate which made him conſiderable in the World, being raiſed out of the Revenues of the *Church*, and a *Cathedral Church* (a bleſſing which but few Churchmen have attained unto, though advanced to the ſame, or the like dignity to raiſe a family) He ſhould yet ſo far degenerate, ſo far forget himſelf, and the *Rock from whence he was hewn*, to be a Ringleader to ſo Barbarous a Rout, which beginning at *Canterbury* went on to ruine and deface all Cathedral Churches where they came, ending with that of *Worceſter*, were he had the undeſerved Privileg to be interr'd.

Thus as briefly as I could, I have given an account of the unhappy end of this miſerable Gentleman, In which I call God to witneſs there is nothing feigned, nothing ſuborned, there being nothing here recorded, but what is atteſted, by men beyond all exception. And I muſt appeal again to the ſame God, that this account is not given to that end to make his name, or memory odious, either with the men of this preſent age, or with poſterity; I muſt confeſs I would diſgrace the Sin, but my intent is, by this example to teach thoſe that are ſeduced as this Man was, to know and foreſee in him, what end attends thoſe, who forgetting all *Religion*, and *Loyalty*, ſhall lift up their hands againſt their *God* in *Sacrilege*, and againſt their *Sovereign* in *Rebellion*,

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Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

II.

The Cathedral Church of Rocheſter *violated: the Sacrilege and prophaneneſs of the Rebels under Command of Sir* William Waller *and Sir* Arthur Haſlerig, *acted on the Cathedral Church of* Chicheſter, *&c.*

AS when the *Spirit* brought the Prophet *Ezekiel* into the *holy Temple*, he led him from place to place, and each place entertained him with greater *Abominations* than the former, ſo that the farewel to the laſt Viſion, and the invitation to the next is, *Turn thee yet again and thou ſhalt ſee greater Abominations than theſe:* ſo having brought you in the *Cathedrals* of this Kingdom, *Temples* (in deſpite of Atheiſts, Rebels and Anabaptiſts) *of God too*: and having ſhewed you the *Abomination of deſolation* in one of them, *viz.* in *Canterbury*, the firſt inſtance of their accurſed rage, and having viewed that, I muſt now lead you on as the *Spirit* did the Prophet, from place to place, and the incitement may be the ſame, for though you have ſeen great prophanations in the former relation, *yet you ſhall ſee greater Abominations than theſe.*

The next inſtance of the Rebels profaneneſs, which I ſhall offer unto you, is in the *Cathedral* of *Rocheſter*, recompenſed for the ſmalneſs of its *revenue*, with the honour of its *antiquity*, as boaſting of *Ethelbert* King of *Kent*, a common Founder

to

to this Church, with thoſe of *Canterbury* and *London*. The unhappy loſs of *Earnulphus* Hiſtory, the thirty ſecond Biſhop of this See, deprives us of that light which diſcovered the various condition of this Church how long in the beginning it ſtruggled with its own poverty, and in after ages with the injuries of time and War, remaining ſome Years in a kind of widowhood, without the government and ſuperintendency of a Biſhop; till at laſt *Gundulfus* the thirtieth Biſhop of this See, reedified this Church from the ground, and brought it into that magnificence, in which we now ſee it: to which pious work, he brought ſo good, ſo vigorous affections, that as *Malmesbury* records of him *Prævenerat vivacitas Gundulfi omnium ſucceſſorum diligentiam*, *Gundulphus* alacrity in that work did ſo prevent the piety of his ſucceſſors, that he hardly left them any place in this kind, wherein to exerciſe their bounty. Little did the overflowing zeal of our Anceſtours to the houſe of God, like that of the old *Iſraelites*, pouring out their wealth and precious things to adorn the *Tabernacle*, in ſo great meaſure, that *Moſes* was fain to publiſh a Proclamation, to reſtrain their liberality, *for the ſtuff they had was ſufficient for the work to make it, and too much*, *Exod.* 36. 6, 7. little (I ſay) did they think, when they did this, that what they thus bountifully gave unto God, ſhould ever, while this Kingdom remained Chriſtian, become a prey to thoſe, which as *Tertullian* ſpeaks, *Gentes agunt Chriſti nomine*, have not ſo much as a form, but the bare uſurped name of Chriſtianity, which they ſully and pollute with thoſe worſe than heatheniſh crimes of *Sacrilege* and *Prophaneneſs*: had the Sacrilege lately commited at *Canterbury* been applauded by the People, (to gain whom, no arts though never

never ſo repugnant either to *Religion* or *common honeſty* were left unatterapted) certainly this Church which next ſtood in their way, and immediately after *Canterbury* taſted of their fury, had been utterly demoliſhed, and offered up a ſacrifice to *Popularity*. But *Plundering* being then but a ſtranger in *England*, newly arrived here from deſolate *Germany*, eſpecially *Plundering of Churches*, which heretofore were held inviolable *Sanctuaries* for *offenders*, but much more for their own *innocent ornaments*; this made a general outcry, every man deteſted ſo foul impiety; nay, their own party (ſome of them) not yet ſo deeply leavened with their *Anabaptiſtical* Doctrines, nor given up to ſo *reprobate a ſenſe* to believe monſtrous lyes for truth, did not onely not approve, but ſparingly condemn the Fact: and the general vote of the People, awakened by Doctor *Paske* his Letter, declared it barbarous and wicked; nay, the diſlike of ſuch proceedings grew to ſo great a height, that ſome wiſe men were deceived into an opinion, that the Houſes would puniſh the offenders for the preſent, and publiſh an Order to reſtrain the like outrages for the future; and indeed, though ſome good men, Members of both Houſes, did earneſtly deſire it, yet by experience they quickly found how unequal they were to effect any thing, in which they had not the concurrence of the heads of the Faction which ruled in both Houſes, but much leſs when they rowed againſt the ſtream, and had them for their adverſaries. The Rebels therefore coming to *Rocheſter* brought the ſame affections along with them which they expreſſ'd at *Canterbury*, but in wiſdom thought it not ſafe, to give them the ſame ſcope, *here* as *there*; for the multitude though mad enough, yet were not ſo mad, nor ſtood yet

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ſo prepar'd to approve ſuch heatheniſh practices: by this means the Monuments of the Dead; which elſewhere they brake up and violated, ſtood untouched; Eſcutcheons and Arms of the *Nobility* and *Gentry* (upbraiding eye-ſores to broken, mean Citizens, and vulgar Rebels) remained undefaced, the Seats and Stalls of the Quire eſcaped breaking down, onely thoſe things which were wont to ſtuff up *Parliament Petitions*, and were branded by the Leaders of the Faction, for *Popery* and *Innovation*, in theſe they took liberty to let looſe their wild zeal: they brake down the rail about the *Lords Table*, or *Altar*, (call it which you pleaſe;) and not only ſo, but moſt baſely reviled a now Reverend Prelate, who being lately Dean of that Church, had for the more uniform, and reverend receiving of the bleſſed Sacrament ſet it up, with the odious name of Rogue, often repeated: they ſeized upon the Velvet Covering of the holy Table, and in contempt of thoſe holy Myſteries which were Celebrated on the Table, removed the Table it ſelf into a lower place of the Church, in this, perfect Diſciples of that profane Author of the Book called, *Altare Damaſcenum*, who in the 718. p. devoutly reſolves thus. *De loco ubi conſiſtat cur ſolliciti, cùm quovis loco vel Angulo extra Tempus Adminiſtrationis collocari poſſit; Concerning the place where the Lords Table ſhall ſtand what need we to be ſollicitous, when out of the time of adminiſtration of the Sacrament, it may be ſet aſide, in any place, or obſcure corner.* And to ſhew what Members they are of the Church of *England*, they ſtrewed the Pavement with the torn mangled leaves of the Book of Common-Prayer, which, with the Book of Homilies, and the 39 Articles, makes up the third Book, wherein the Doctrin of the Church

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of *England* is fully contained: underſtanding that the Dean that then was, was to Preach on Sunday morning, Colonel *Sandys* and Sir *John Seaton*, that falſe Traiterous Scot, ſent unto him to command him to forbear the wearing of the Surpleſs, and Hood: to which Meſſage the Dean ſtoutly, and like himſelf, returned this anſwer, that if they would expect any Sermon from him, they muſt permit him to appear in ſuch Ornaments, as the Church, and his degree required: and accordingly did ſo: afterwards *Sandys* and *Seaton*, coming towards the Church and hearing the Organs, *Seaton* ſtarted back, and in the uſual bleſſing of ſome of his Country, cryed, *A Devil on thoſe Bag-pipes:* perhaps he never read ſo far in *Davids* Pſalms, where it is written, *Praiſe God upon the Srrings and Pipe*, Pſalm 150. 4. or if he had, it is more than probable, that it had been all one to him: however, this ſerved them both, as a pretence to cloke their Irreligion, and refuſal to joyn with that true Proteſtant Congregation. While the Rebels were pulling down the Rails about the Communion-Table, one of the Prebends of the Church, Maſter *Larken*, interpoſed, and attempted to ſtay their madneſs by reaſon, and perſwaſion; but he quickly found, that he did not only prophane Reaſon, by urging it to S. *Pauls*, *Abſurd, unreaſonable, wicked men*, men made up of *Incongruities*, but that he did it to the hazard of his life; for one of the Rebels, inſtead of returning a reaſonable anſwer, diſcharged a Piſtol, or Carbine at him, to have murdered him at the very Altar, but by the good providence of God he miſs'd his mark. Thus having done ſome ſpoil, that they might render themſelves not altogether unprofitable to their party, and not daring

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for the preſent, to do any more, for fear of loſing that party which they hoped to gain, for that reaſon, they left the Church: but into what further outragious Impieties, their Schiſmatical fury hath ſince tranſported them, or what elſe they have practiſed on this Church, to compleat their *Monſtrous Reformation*, is not yet made known unto us.

The *third inſtance*, which I ſhall give of the Rebels Sacrilege and Profaneneſs, is in the *Cathedal Church of Chicheſter*; Succeſſour in the honour of being the ſeat of the Biſhops Reſidence to *Sealeſey*: for *Wilfrid* Arch-Biſhop of *York*, being driven into Exile by *Egfrid* King of *Northumberland*, retiring himſelf into *Suſſex*, and finding the *South Saxons* wholly given up to Idolatry, his Spirit, like S. *Pauls* at *Athens*, *was ſtirred within him*, and knowing the *unprofitable ſervants* doom, that *Buried his Talent*, he Preached unto them the *Goſpel* of *Chriſt*: and *Edilwalch* King of thoſe parts (not long before converted to the faith, by the perſwaſion of *Wolfhere* King of the *Mercians*) willing that the ſame ſaving knowledg, which he himſelf had imbraced, ſhould be imparted to his People, ſeconded the pious endeavours of *Wilfrid*, and therefore amongſt other acts of bounty, he gave the Arch-Biſhop, *Sealeſey* for the palce of his reſidence. Not long after *Cedwalla*, Conquering *Edilwalch*, built here a Monaſtery to the honour (as *Malmsbury* ſaies) of S. *Peter*, and erected the Epiſcopal Chair: where it ſtood fixt the ſucceſſion of 22. Biſhops, or as others ſay (reckoning *Wilfrid* Arch-Biſhop of *York* for the firſt) the ſucceſſion of 23 Biſhops; from the year 711. the Reign of *William the Conquerour* 1070. at which time *Stiganeus* tranſlated his Chair from *Sealeſey* to *Chicheſter*, and ſo became the laſt Biſhop of

of *Sealeſey*, and the firſt of *Chicheſter*, where the Epiſcopal power did flouriſh ever ſince, until now; in theſe laſt, and worſt days, wherein while the heads of a Rebellious, Schiſmatical Faction, Vote down the ſacred Function and Order of Biſhops, their Emiſſaries are mad to deface, if not utterly to demoliſh their Churches. To this purpoſe, the Rebels under the Conduct of Sir *William Waller*, entering the City of *Chicheſter* on *Innocents* day, 1642. the next day, their firſt buſineſs was to Plunder the Cathedral Church; the Marſhal therefore and ſome other Officers having entred the Church went unto the Veſtery, there they ſeize upon the Veſtments and ornaments of the Church, together with the Conſecrated Plate, ſerving for the Altar, and adminiſtration of the Lords Supper: they left not ſo much as a Cuſhion for the Pulpit, nor a Chalice for the Bleſſed Sacrament: the Commanders having in perſon executed the *covetous part* of Sacrilege, they leave the *deſtructive* and *ſpoyling part* to be finiſhed by the Common Soldiers: brake down the Organs, and daſhing the Pipes with their Pole-axes, ſcoffingly ſaid, *hark how the Organs go.* They break the Rail about the Communion-Table, which was done with that fury, that the Table it ſelf eſcaped not their madneſs, but taſted of the ſame fare with the Rail, and was broken in pieces by them. At the Eaſt end of the Quire, did hang a very fair Table, wherein were written the Ten Commendments, with the Pictures of *Moſes* and *Aaron* on each ſide of the Table; poſſeſſed with a zeal, but not like that of *Moſes*, they pull down the Table, and break it into ſmall Shivers. 'Twas no wonder that they ſhould break the Commandments in their repreſentation, that had before broken them all over

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in their Subſtance, and Sanction: they force open all the locks, either of doors or desks wherein the ſinging men laid up their Common-Prayer-Books, their ſinging Books, their Gowns and Surpleſſes: they rent the Books in pieces, and ſcatter the torn leaves all over the Church, even to the covering of the Pavement, but againſt the Gowns and Surpleſſes their anger was not ſo hot, theſe were not amongſt the *Anathemata*, but might be reſerved to ſecular uſes: in the South croſs Ile on the one ſide, the Hiſtory of the Churches Foundation was very artificially pourtrayed, with the Pictures of the Kings of *England*; on the other ſide over againſt them are the Pictures of the Biſhops as well of *Sealſey* as *Chicheſter*, began by *Robert Sherborn*, the 37 Biſhop of that See, and the Series brought down by him to his own times at his own Charges, who as he made that of the Pſalmiſt, *Dilexi decorum domus tui domine, Lord I have loved the beauty of thy houſe*, his impreaſe and Motto, ſo he made it his work, and endeavour. Theſe Monuments they deface and mangle with their hands and ſwords, as high as they could reach: and to ſhew their love, and Zeal to the *Proteſtant Religion* eſtabliſhed in the Church of *England*, one of thoſe Miſcreants picked out the eyes of King *Edward the ſixth*'s Picture, ſaying, *That all this miſchief came from him, when he eſtabliſhed the Book of Common-Prayer.* On the Tueſday following, they had a ſolemn Thankſgiving, for their ſucceſs in gaining that City. Men of *Cauterized Conſciences*, and given up to a *Reprobate ſenſe*, thus, not only to *take the name of God in vain*, but damnably to Blaſpheme it, as if he were the *Patron* of *Rapine*, *Blood* and *Sacrilege.* After the Sermon was ended, as men not inſpired by the holy Spirit, of which they ſo much boaſt,

boaſt, but poſſeſſed and tranſported by a *Bachanalian* fury, they ran up and down the Church, with their ſwords drawn, defacing the Monuments of the dead, hacking and hewing the Seats, and Stalls, ſcratching and ſcraping the painted Walls: Sir *William Waller*, and the reſt of the Commanders ſtanding by as ſpectators, and approvers of theſe Barbarous Impieties: yet for fear leſt in this Schiſmatical frenzy, the ſword in mad mens hands might miſtake, Sir *William Waller*, a wary man as he is, and well known not to be too apt to expoſe himſelf to danger, ſtood all the while with his ſword drawn, and being asked by one of his Troopers what he meant to ſtand in that Poſture? He anſwered, that it was to ſecure himſelf, you know, it is written, *the wicked are afraid where no fear is*, for though the *People* made him an *Idol* in *London*, yet being no *Popiſh*, but a *Puritanical Idol*, (for they have their *Idols*, and their *Idolatry*, as much as the *Church of Rome*) there was no danger to his perſon, to be miſtaken for an object of their *Reformation*, at *Chichester*. The ſame Trooper added alſo, *That if his Colonel in the Low-Countries were there, and Commanded in chief, he would hang up half a dozen of the Soldiers for examples ſake: it not being the cuſtom of the Low-Countries*, (though long time hath made their enmity inviterate, and added much to the animoſity of the parties) *to Plunder Churches, it being a mutual ſtipulation between the* Spaniard *and the* Hollander, *that what Town ſoever ſhould by Conqueſt paſs from the poſſeſſion of one Nation to the other, though the Conquerour had the free Plunder of the Town, yet Churches with their ornaments, and what ever was conveyed into them, ſhould be Inviolable, the Church being Sanctuary to whatſoever was under its Roofe, and, if*

they would have any thing thence, it was to be purchaſed at a valuable Price. Theſe good intimations of moderation from a man of leſs Command, but more Religion than Sir *William*, prevailed nothing with him to reſtrain the outragious madneſs of his fellow Rebels. Having therefore made what ſpoyl they could in the Cathedral, they ruſh out thence and break upon a Pariſh-Church, ſtanding on the North ſide of the Cathedral, called the *Subdeanery*: there they tear the Common-Prayer Books, both thoſe belonging to the Church, and likewiſe thoſe which were left there by devout perſons which did uſually frequent divine ſervice; and becauſe many things in the *Holy Bible* make ſtrongly againſt them, one did contradict, and condemn their impious practices, they marked it in divers places with a black cole; 'tis more than probable that the 13. *Chapter* to the *Romans* did not eſcape their *Index Expurgatorius*, for certainly if that be the word of God (as undoubtedly it is) they cannot ſo far *withhold the truth in unrighteouſneſs* as not to read their doom in that word, they ſhall judg them at the laſt day: here they ſtole the Miniſters Surpleſs, and Hood, and all the linnen ſerving for the Communion: and finding no more Plate but the *Chalice*, they ſteal that too, which they brake in pieces, to make a juſt and equal divident amongſt themſelves; for an *Engineer* of theirs, *Robert Prince* a French man with a wooden leg, afterwards ſhewed the foot thereof broken off; and when complaint was made of theſe barbarous outrages, Capt. *Keely* replyed, that *he knew not whether all this were not done by Order, or no.* About 5. or 6. days after, Sir *Arthur Haſſerig*, demanded the Keys of the *Chapterhouſe*: being entered the place, and having Intelligence by a treacherous

cherous Officer of the Church where the remainder of the Church Plate was, he commanded his ſervants to break down the Wainſcot, round about the room, which was quickly done, they having brought Crows of Iron for that purpoſe along with them; while they were knocking down the Wainſcot, Sir *Arthurs* Tongue was not enough to expreſs his joy, it was operative at his very heels, for dancing and skipping, (pray mark what Muſick that is, to which, it is lawful for a Puritan to dance) he cryed out, *there Boys, there Boys, heark, heark, it Rattles, it Rattles*: and being much importuned by ſome members of that Church, to leave the Church but a Cup for adminiſtration of the bleſſed Sacrament, anſwer was returned by a Scotch man ſtanding by, *that they ſhould take a wooden-diſh*: and now tell me which was fartheſt from a Chriſtian, either this impure Scot, or that blaſphemous Atheiſt, who ſeeing the maſſy Plate, and rich ornaments wherewith the Chriſtian Altars were adorned in the Primitive Church, in indignation and ſcorn of Chriſt belched out *En quàm precioſis vaſis Mariæ miniſtratur*; Behold with what coſtly veſſels the Son of *Mary* is ſerved: what further ſpoyl and Indignity they have ſince done to that Houſe of God, *and the habitation where his honour dwelt*, is yet uncertain.

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

III.

The Rebels defying God in his own Houſe: their Sacrilege, in ſtealing Church Plate and goods: their irreverence towards the King, by abuſing his Statue: their heatheniſh barbarity in violating the bones and aſhes of dead Monarchs, Biſhops, Saints and Confeſſors in the Cathedral Church of Wincheſter, *&c.*

THE next inſtance which I ſhall give of the Rebels *Sacrileg e*, and *Profaneneſs*, is in the Cathedral Church of *Wincheſter*: which *City* as it was the Royal *Seat* of the King of the *Weſt Saxons*, in the time of the *Heptarchy*, ſo was it the *Seat* of the *Biſhops* of that People, after *Kenwalchus* King of the *Weſt-Saxons* (not brooking the Barbarous, broken expreſſions of *Agilbertus* his Biſhop) divided this large *Dioceſs*, between *Agilbertus*, and *Wina*, and leaving *Agilbertus* to reſide at *Dorcheſter*, cauſed *Wina* to be conſecrated Biſhop of *Wincheſter*. Before we tell you by whom, and in what manner, this Church was robbed and ſpoyled of its ornaments and beauty, it will not be impertient (while it may ſerve as an aggravation of their impiety) briefly to ſet down, by whom this Church was built, and ſo richly adorned, as lately we ſaw it. This magnificent Structure which now ſtands, was began by *Walkelinus* the thirty fifth Biſhop of this Sea: which work left imperfect and but begun by him, was but coldly proſecuted by the ſucceeding Biſhops,

Biſhops, untill *William of Wickham* (the magnificent Sole founder of two S. *Mary Colledges*, the one in *Oxford* commonly called *New Colledge*, the other a Nurcery to this, near *Wincheſter*) came to poſſeſs this See: He amongſt many other works of Piety, built the whole Nave, or body of this Church, from the Quire, to the Weſt-end, the Chappels on the Eaſt-end, beyond the Quire, had their ſeveral Founders: The hallowed Ornaments, and utenſils of this Church, being many, rich, and coſtly, were the gifts of ſeveral benefactors, who tho their Names perhaps are not recorded in earth, have found their reward in Heaven. This Church was firſt differenced by the Name of S. *Amphibalus*; who received a Crown of Martyrdom under the Perſecution of *Dioclesian*: Next it exchanged this name for that of S. *Peter*; and again, this, for that of S. *Swithin*, the eighteenth Biſhop of this See: Laſt of all, it was dedicated to the *Holy Trinity*, whoſe bleſſed name is now *called upon it*: which Holy name though it could not but put the Rebels in mind whoſe poſſeſſion and Houſe it was, did not at all afford it patronage, and protection from their accurſed rage, and madneſs.

The Rebels under the Conduct of Sir *William Waller*, ſate down before the City of *Wincheſter*, on Tueſday the 12. of *December*, 1642. about twelve of the Clock, and entered the City that afternoon between two and three: being Maſters of the City, they inſtantly fall upon the Cloſe, under a pretence to ſearch for Cavaliers. They ſeize upon the Prebends Horſes, and demand their Perſons with many threatning words: That night, they break into ſome of the Prebends Houſes, ſuch Houſes as they were directed unto, by their Brethren the Seditious

Schiſmaticks of the City; and Plundered their goods. But the Caſtle not yet ſurrendred into the Rebels hands ſomething awed their inſolency: which being the next day delivered up to their power, did not only take away the Reſtraint which was upon them, but incouraged them, without check, or controul to rob, and defie, both God and all good men. Wedneſday therefore and Wedneſday night being ſpent in Plundering the City, and Cloſe, on Thurſday Morning between nine, and ten of the Clock, (hours ſet apart for better imployments, and therefore purpoſely in probability, choſen by them, being reſolved to prophane every thing that was *Canonical*) they violently break open the Cathedral Church, and being entred, to let in the Tyde, they preſently open the great Weſt doors, where the Barbarous Soldiers ſtood ready, nay greedy to rob God, and pollute his Temple. The doors being open, as if they meant to invade God himſelf, as well as his poſſeſſion, they enter the Church with Colours flying, their Drums beating, their Matches fired, and that all might have their part in ſo horrid an attempt, ſome of their Troops of Horſe alſo accompanied them in their march, and rode up through the body of the Church, and Quire, until they came to the Altar, there they begin their work, they rudely pluck down the Table and break the Rail: and afterwards carrying it to an Ale-houſe, they ſet it on fire, and in that fire burnt the Books of Common-Prayer, and all the Singing Books belonging to the Quire: they throw down the Organ, and break the Stories of the Old and New Teſtament, curiouſly cut out in carved work, beautified with Colours, and ſet round about the top of the Stalls

of

of the Quire: from hence they turn to the Monument of the Dead, ſome they utterly demoliſh, others they deface. They begin with *Biſhop Fox*, his Chappel, which they utterly deface, they break all the glaſs windows of this Chappel, not becauſe they had any Pictures in them, either of *Patriarch*, *Prophet*, *Apoſtle* or *Saint*, but becauſe they were of painted, Coloured Glaſs: they demoliſh, and overturn the Monuments of Cardinal *Beaufort*, Son to *John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaſter*, by *Katharine Swinfort* founder of the Hoſpital of S. *Croſs* near *Wincheſter*, who ſate Biſhop of this See forty three years. They deface the Monument of *William of Wainflet*, Biſhop likewiſe of *Wincheſter*, Lord *Chancellor* of *England*, and the Magnificent Founder of *Magdalen Colledge* in *Oxford*, which Monument in a grateful Piety, being lately beautified, by ſome that have, or lately had Relation to that Foundation, made theſe Rebels more eager upon it, to deface it: but while that Colledge, the unparralleld example of his bounty, ſtands, in deſpight of the malice of theſe inhuman Rebels, *William of Wainflet* cannot want a more laſting Monument, to tranſmit his memory to Poſterity: from hence they go into Queen *Maries Chappel*, ſo called becauſe in it ſhe was Married to King *Philip* of *Spain*: here they brake the Communion Table in pieces, and the Velvet Chair whereon ſhe ſate when ſhe was Married. They attempted to deface the Monument of the late Lord Treaſurer the *Earl of Portland*, but being in Braſs, their violence made ſmall impreſſion on it, therefore they leave that, and turn to his Fathers Monument, which being of Stone was more obnoxious to their fury: here miſtaking a *Judg* for a *Biſhop*, led into the error by the reſem-

blance or counterfeit of a Square cap on the head of the *Statue*, they ſtrike off not only the Cap, but the head too of the *Statue*, and ſo leave it. Amongſt other acts of Bounty, and Piety, done by *Richard Fox* the fifty ſeventh Biſhop of this See, he covered the Quire, the Presbytery, and the Iles adjoyning, with a goodly vault, and new glaſed all the Windows of that part of the Church, and cauſed the bones of ſuch *Kings*, *Princes*, and *Prelates*, as had been Buried in this Church, and lay diſperſed and ſcattered in ſeveral parts of the Cathedral, to be collected and put into ſeveral Cheſts of lead, with inſcriptions on each Cheſt, whoſe bones lodged in them: Theſe Cheſts (to preſerve them from rude, and prophane hands) he cauſed to be placed on the top of a Wall, of exquiſite workmanſhip, built by him, to incloſe the *Presbytery*: *there*, never to be removed (as a man might think) but by the *laſt Trump*, did reſt the bones of many Kings and Queens, as of *Alfredus*, *Edwardus Senior*, *Eadredus* the Brother of *Athelſtane*, *Edwinus*, *Canutus*, *Hardecanutus*, *Emma* the Mother, and *Edward* the *Confeſſor* her Son, *Kinigliſſus* the firſt founder of the Cathedral of *Wincheſter*, *Egbert* who aboliſhing the *Heptarchy* of the *Saxons*, was the firſt *Engliſh Monarch*, *William Rufus* and divers others: with theſe, in the Cheſts, were depoſited the bones of many *Godly Biſhops*, and *Confeſſors*, as, of *Birinus*, *Hedda*, *Swithinus*, *Fritheſtanus*, S. *Elphegus* the *Confeſſor*, *Stigandus*, *Wina*, and others. Had not the barbarous, Inhuman impiety, of theſe Schiſmaticks, and Rebels, ſhewed the contrary, we could not have imagined, that any thing but the like *Piety* that here inſhrined them, or a *Reſurrection* ſhould ever have diſturbed the repoſe of theſe *venerable*, yet not *Popiſh* Reliques. But theſe monſters of men,

to

to whom nothing is holy, nothing is Sacred, did not ſtick to prophane, and violate theſe Cabinets of the dead, and to ſcatter their bones all over the pavement of the Church: for on the North ſide of the Quire, they threw down the Cheſts, wherein were depoſited the bones of the *Biſhops*, the like they did to the bones of *William Rufus*, of Queen *Emma*, of *Hardecanutus*, and *Edward* the *Confeſſor*, and were going on, to practiſe the like impiety on the bones of all the reſt of the *Weſt Saxon* Kings. But the Outcry of the People, deteſting ſo great inhumanity, cauſed ſome of their Commanders (more Compaſſionate to theſe Ancient Monuments of the dead then the Reſt) to come in amongſt them, and to reſtrain their madneſs. But that deviliſh malice which was not permitted to rage and overflow to the ſpurning and trampling on the bones of all, did ſatiate it ſelf, even to a prodigious kind of wantonneſs, on *thoſe*, which were already in their power: And therefore as if they meant (if it had been poſſible) to make theſe bones contract a *Poſthume* guilt, by being now made paſſive Inſtruments, of more than heatheniſh Sacrilege, and prophaneneſs, thoſe Windows which they could not reach with their Swords, Muskets, or Reſts, they brake to pieces, by throwing at them, the bones of *Kings*, *Queens*, *Biſhops*, *Confeſſors* and *Saints*: So that the ſpoil done on the Windows, will not be repaired for a Thouſand Pounds: nor did the *Living* find better meaſure from them than the *dead*: for whereas our *Dread Sovereign* that now is (the beſt of Kings) was gratiouſly pleaſed, as a pledg of his princely favour to this Church, to honour it with the gift of his own *Statue*, together with the *Statue* of his dear Father *King James* of ever bleſſed memory;

memory; both of maſſy braſs: both which *Statues* were erected at the front, of the entrance into the Quire: Theſe Atheiſtical Rebels, as if they would not have ſo much of the *Militia*, to remain with the *King*, as the bare Image, and repreſentation of of a Sword by his ſide; They break off the Swords from the ſides of both the *Statues*: they break the Croſs from off the Globe, in the hand of the *Statue* of our gratious Sovereign now living, and with their Swords hacked and hewed the Crown on the headof it, ſwearing *they would bring him back to his Parliament.* A moſt flagitious crime, and ſuch, as that for the like, S. *Chryſoſtome, Hom* 2. *ad populum Antioch.* With many tears complains, he much feared, *the City of Antioch, the Metropolis, and head* (as he calls it) *of the Eaſt, would have been deſtroyed, from the face of the earth*: for when in a Tumult, the ſeditious Citizens of *Antioch* had done the like affront to *Theodoſius* the *Emperour*, in overturning his *Statutes* How doth that holy Biſhop bemoan? how doth he bewail that City? which, fearing the ſevere effects of the abuſed *Emperours* juſt Indignation, *of a Populous City, a Mother boaſting of a Numerous Iſſue, was on the ſudden become a Widow, left deſolate, and forſaken of her Inhabitants*: *ſome*, out of the ſenſe and horror of the guilt abandoning the City, and flying into the deſolate Wilderneſs, *others* lurking in holes, and confining themſelves to the dark corners of their own houſes, thereby hoping to eſcape the vengeance due to ſo diſloyal, ſo Traiterous a fact; *becauſe of this foul injury offered the Emperours Statue*, He (as that Father ſpeaks) *was wronged, that was the ſepreme head of all men, and had no equal on Earth.* But what wonder is it, that theſe miſcreants ſhould offer ſuch ſcornful indignities to the *Repreſentation* of his *Royal Perſon*,

Perſon, and the *Emblems* of his *Sacred power*, when the heads of this damnable Rebellion (who ſet theſe their Agents on work) offer worſe affronts to his Sacred perſon *himſelf*, and by their *Rebellious Votes*, and *Illegal Ordinances* daily *ſtrike* at the *Subſtance* of that *power*, of which the *Crown*, the *Sword*, and *Scepter* are but *Emblems* and *ſhadows*, which yet notwithſtanding, ought to have been venerable and aweful to theſe men, in reſpect of their *Relation*. After all this, as if what they had already done, were all too little, they goonin their horrible wickedneſs, they ſeize upon all the Communion Plate, the Bibles, and Service-books, rich Hangings, large Cuſhions of velvet, all the Pulpit-Clothes, ſome whereof were of Cloth of Silver, ſome of Cloth of Gold: They break up the *Muniment Houſe*, and take away the common Seal of the Church, ſuppoſing it to be Silver, and a fair piece of gilt Plate, given by Biſhop *Cotton*: they tear the Evidences of their Lands, and cancel their Charter; in a word, what ever they found in the Church of any value, and portable, they take it with them, what was neither, they either deface, or deſtroy it. And now having *Ranſacked* the *Church*, having *defied God* in his own houſe, and the *King* in his own *Statue*, having *violated* the *Urns* of the dead, having *abuſed* the *bones*, and *ſcattered* the *Aſhes* of *deceaſed Monarchs*, *Biſhops*, *Saints*, and *Confeſſors*, they return in Triumph, bearing their ſpoils with them. The Troopers (becauſe they were moſt conſpicuous) ride through the ſtreets in Surpleſſes, with ſuch Hoods, and Tippets as they found: and that they might boaſt to the World how glorious a victory they had atchieved, they hold out their *Trophies* to all *ſpectators*: for the Troopers thus clad in the Prieſts Veſtments,

ments, rode carrying Common Prayer-Books in one hand, and ſome broken Organ pipes, together with the mangled pieces of Carved work but now mentioned, containing ſome Hiſtories of both Teſtaments, in the other. In all this, giving too juſt occaſion, to all good Chriſtians to complain with the *Pſalmiſt*, *O God the Heathen are come into thine Inheritance. Thy holy Temples have they defiled*, The dead Bodies of thy Servants have they abuſed, and *ſcattered their bones as one heweth wood upon the Earth: Help us, O God of our Salvation, for the glory of thy Name, Pſal.* 79.

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

IV.

The Rebels prophanation and horrible abuſe of the Abby Church of Weſtminſter: *Together with their ſeveral outrages and abominations committed on the Cathedral Church of* Exeter, *&c.*

IF in the Catalogue of Plundered Cathedrals, we inroul the now *Collegiat* Church of *Weſtminſter*, I hope I ſhall not be thought to make my *diſcourſe*, no more of kin to my *Title*, than *Mountain* doth ſome of his *Eſſaies*: for if we look back on the various condition of this Church (no place ſet apart for Religious Perſons, having ſo often ſhifted its owners) we ſhall find that amongſt many changes, it had the honour of a *Biſhops See*. On the diſſolu-

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tion of the *Abbies*, amongſt the reſt, *Henry the Eighth* ſuppreſſed this Monaſtery, and in the place thereof founded a *Deanery*, *Anno*, 1536. And two years after, added a *Biſhoprick* to the *Deanery*. The Biſhop ſate here but nine Years, and again reſigned his dilapidated Revenue, into the hands of a Dean; *Middleſex*, which was the Dioceſs of the Biſhoprick, being devolved to *London*: yet though this Biſhoprick of *Weſtminſter*, as it relates to the *Saxons*, was but of modern Erection, yet in the time of the Ancient *Britains*, it was no leſs than the See of the Arch-Biſhop of *London*: and therefore it is more than probable, that, that record which tells us, that the Arch-Biſhop of *Londons* See, was planted in S. *Peters in Cornhil*, was either corrupted, or miſtaken, for S: *Peters in Thorney*: for *Sic olim à ſpinis*, as learned *Cambden*, and other Antiquaries, affirm, from the great crop of thorns which heretofore grew there, that which we now call *Weſtminſter*, was then called *Thorney*. This Church ſo *famous* for its *Antiquity*, ſo *admired*, for its *Elegancy* of Structure, eſpecially by the addition of *Henry the ſeventh's* Chappel, a Pile of that poliſhed magnificence, *ut omnem Elegantiam in illo acervatam dicas*, as if art, and bounty, had conſpired to raiſe it to a wonder of the World. Laſtly, a Church ſo *venerable*, as being once the ſeat of an Arch-Biſhop, and a Biſhop, and now a long time the place where the Kings of *England* receive their ſacred *Unction*, and *Crowns* at their *Coronation*, and where their bodies reſt in honourable Sepulture, when they have exchanged their *Temporal*, for *Eternal Crowns*. *This Church*, under the eye, and immediate protection of the pretended Houſes of Parliament, had its ſhare in ſpoil, and prophanation, as much as thoſe Cathedrals, which were

were more remote from them: for in *July* laſt, 1643. ſome Soldiers of *Weſtborne*, and *Catwoods* Companies (perhaps becauſe there were no Houſes in *Weſtminſter*) were quartered in the *Abby Church*, where (as the reſt of our Modern Reformers) they brake down the Rail about the Altar, and burnt it in the place where it ſtood: they brake down the Organ, and pawned the Pipes at ſeveral Ale-houſes for Pots of Ale: They put on ſome of the ſinging mens Surpleſſes, and in contempt of that Canonical Habit, ran up and down the Church, he that wore the Surpleſs, was the Hare, the reſt were the Hounds. To ſhew their *Chriſtian Liberty*, in the uſe of things, and that all *Conſecration*, or *Hallowing of things*, under the Goſpel, is but a *Jewiſh* or *Popiſh* Superſtition, and that they are no longer to be accounted holy, than that holy uſe, to which they ſerve, ſhall by the actual uſe only, impart a tranſient holineſs to them, they ſet Forms about the Communion Table, there they eat, and there they drink Ale, and Tobacco: ſome of their own *Levites* (if my Intelligence deceive me not) bearing them company, and countenancing ſo beaſtly Prophanation. Nor was this done once, to vindicate their Chriſtian Liberty, as they call Prophanation it ſelf, but the whole time of their abode there, they made it their common Table on which they uſually dined, and ſupp'd, though S. *Paul* calls it *deſpiſing the Church of Chriſt*, and asks his *Corinthians if they had not houſes to eat, and to drink in.* 1 *Cor.* 11. They did the eaſements of nature, and laid their Excrements about the Altar, and in moſt places of the Church. An abomination which God did provide againſt by a peculiar prohibition in the Law of *Moſes*; and that, in places not rendred ſo dread-

dreadful, by ſo peculiar a manner of the preſence of God, as in the hallowed Temples of his publick worſhip: God would not permit the *Jews* to do theſe offices of nature in the *Camp*; they muſt have *a place without the Camp*, and a *Paddle to dig and cover it*; you have *the Law*, and *the reaſon of the Law*, both together, they muſt not do ſo; *For the Lord thy God walketh in the midſt of the Camp, therefore ſhall thy Camp be holy, that he ſee no unclean thing in thee, and turn away from thee. Deut.* 23. 12. If God, for theſe reaſons would not endure it in the *Camp*, how much more doth his Soul abhor ſuch beaſtly uncleanneſs in his *Houſe*, and *holy Temple*? Nay, which is the height of all Impiety, they familiarly kept their whores in the Church, and which I tremble to write (Prodigious Monſters as they are) lay with them on the very Altar it ſelf, and did in that place commit ſuch things, as are unfit to be *done* by *Chriſtians*.

There remain yet two *Prophanations* more of this Church, not to be paſſed over in ſilence. The firſt was committed by Sir *Robert Harlow*, who breaking into *Henry the Seventh's Chappel*, brake down the Altar-ſtone which ſtood before that goodly Monument of *Henry the* 7. the ſtone was Touch-ſtone all of one piece, a Rarity not to be matched that we know off, in any part of the World: there it ſtood for many years, not for uſe, but only for Ornament: yet it did not eſcape the frenzy of this mans ignorance, for he break it into ſhivers. The ſecond was committed on the 13. of *December*, 1643. When the Carcaſs of *John Pym* (as much as the lice left of it) was brought into this Church, and after a Sermon Preached by *Stephen Marſhall Arch-Flamen* of the Rebels, and the Church Service Officiated

ficiated by *Lambart Orbaſton*, one of the Prebends of that Church, is was interr'd under the Monumental ſtone of one *Windſor*, Buried about 200 years ſince in the voyd ſpace, or paſſage as you go to *Henry the Seventh's* Chappel, between the *Earl of Dovers* place of Burial, and the Monument of *Henry the Third*, Founder of that Church: uſurp'd Enſigns of honour diſplayed over him. 'Twas pitty, that he, that in his life had been the Author of ſo much blood-ſhed, and thoſe many calamities, under which this Kingdom yet groans, and therefore deſerved, not only to have his death with the tranſgreſſours, and wicked, but afterward *to be Buried with the Burial of an Aſs, drawn, and caſt forth beyond the Gates of the City, Jer.* 22. 19. ſhould after his death, make his *Sepulchre amongſt the Honourable*, and mingle his *Vulgar, Lowzy* aſhes, with thoſe of *Kings, Princes*, and *Nobles*.

The *ſixth* Inſtance, of the Rebels *Sacrilege*, and *Prophaneneſs*, which I ſhall preſent unto the World, is in the *Cathedral* Church of *Exeter*: which was once a *Monaſtery*, founded by *Athelſtane* the Eighth King of *England* of the *Saxon* Race, and by him Conſecrated to S. *Peter*. *Edward the Confeſſor* removing all the Monks from hence, and planting them at *Weſtminſter*, which he had newly founded, and endowed, made it the Biſhops See, for *Devon* and *Cornwal*: That Pile which we now ſee, owes its being to many founders. *William Warlwaſt*, the third Biſhop of this See, after it was tranſlated from *Cridington*, or as it is now uſually called *Kirton*, to *Exeter*, built the Quire which now is, but was intended by the Founder for the Nave or Body of the Church: but *Peter Quivil*, the 13*th*. Biſhop of this See, laid the Foundation of that which is now

the

the body of the Church: but he prevented by death, left the work imperfect: *John Grandeſſon* therefore, the ſeventeenth Biſhop of this See, thinking the Foundation laid by his Predeceſſor *Quivil*, to be faulty in *Geometrical* proportions, the length not being anſwerable to the height, added two Pillars more, to the length of the Nave of the Church; of a diſtance, proportionable to thoſe laid before: he cloſed up the end with a Wall of moſt Exquiſite work, in which, he built a little Chappel, and in that Chappel, a Monument, wherein himſelf was intombed. He built likewiſe, the two ſide Iles, and covered the whole Fabrick with an Arch of Exquiſite work, and brought it to ſuch perfection, that in ſplendour, and magnificence, it gives precedency to few Cathedrals of the Kingdom: and which is very remarkable; though this Church was firſt began by King *Athelſtane*, and made many ſteps, before it came to arrive at its perfection, ſo that there are numbered almoſt *five hundred years* from the laying the *firſt ſtone*, to the covering of the *Roof*; yet the wiſdom, and care of the ſeveral Benefactors was ſo great, that the moſt curious Surveyor, muſt confeſs, that the *Symmetry* of the *parts*, and the *proportions* of the *whole*, are ſo exact, as from the *Foundation* to the *Roof*, had been the work not of one *age only*, but of one, and the ſame *hand*: and that the Ornaments of the Church might be anſwerable to the beauty of the Structure it ſelf, Biſhop of *Grandeſſon*, beſtowed upon it veſſels of God, and veſſels of Silver, Books, and all other kinds of rich furniture, *Copiâ Immenſâ, Immenſi pretij: in exceeding great meaſure, of exceeding great price.* All which, with many other things of neceſſary uſe, and publick Ornament, became a prey to the Schiſmatical

Rebels; whoſe ſin was ſo much the greater, becauſe being neither *inraged* by *Oppoſition*, nor made *inſolent* by *conqueſt*, (Apologies that may poſſibly be taken up for other Rebels, in other places, as *Chicheſter* and *Wincheſter*) but which was a main aggravation of their crime, *Citizens* within their *own Wall*, in *coole Blood*, *not provoked*, ſpoil, and lay waſt their *Mother Church*: for after this City (now moſt unworthy of thoſe Priviledges, and honorary rewards, once purchaſed by their Loyalty, now forfeited by ingratitude, and Rebellion,) had once ſhut up their Gates againſt their *King*: it was not long before they ſhut up the Gates likewiſe of *Gods houſe*, denying all acceſs to devout Perſons, there to make their Prayers and Supplications: ſo near bordering upon *Rebellion* againſt the *King*, is *Atheiſm*, and *Contempt* of *God*: for having demanded the Keys of the Cathedral, and taken them into their own Cuſtody, they preſently interdict divine ſervice to be celebrated: ſo that for the ſpace of three quarters of a year, the *Holy Liturgy*, lay totally ſilenced. Nor was the reſtraint upon the *Reading Desk* only, the *Pulpit* was made Inacceſſible to all *Orthodox*, *Loyal Miniſters*, and was open only to *Factious*, *Schiſmatical Preachers*, whoſe Doctrin was Rebellion, and their Exhortation Treaſon, that ſo the People might hear nothing but what might foment their diſloyalty, and confirm them in their unnatural revolt, from their duty and Obedience. Having the Church in their poſſeſſion in a moſt Puritanical, beaſtly manner, they make it a common Jakes for the Exonerations of Nature, ſparing no place, neither the *Altar*, nor the *Pulpit*, though this laſt, finds a better place in their eſtimation, than the former: yet prophaned it was, nay ſo prophaned, that it remains

mains a doubt yet undetermined, which prophaned it moſt in their Kinds, either the *Common-Soldiers*, or their *Lecturers*. Over the Communion Table, in fair letters of Cold, was written the *Holy* and *bleſſed* name of *Jeſus*: this they expunge as Superſtitious, and Execrable. On each ſide of the Commandmants, the Pictures of *Moſes* and *Aaron*, were drawn in full proportion: theſe they deface, they tear the Books of Common-Prayers to pieces, and as if this had been too ſmall a contempt, and deſpite done to that form of Gods holy worſhip, they uſe them, as if they had been a ſecond ſacrifice of *Curious Arts*, and burn them at the *Altar*, with exceeding great Exultation, and expreſſions of joy. They made the Church their Storehouſe, where they kept their Ammunition, and powder, and planted a Court of Guard to attend it; who uſed the Church, with the ſame reverence, that they would an Alehouſe, and defiled it with tipling and taking Tobacco: they brake and deface all the Glaſs windows of the Church which cannot be repaired for many hundred pounds: and left all thoſe ancient Monuments, being painted glaſs and containing matter of ſtory only, a miſerable ſpectacle of Commiſeration, to all well-affected hearts that behold them. They ſtrook off the heads of all the Statues, on all Monuments in the Church, eſpecially they deface the *Biſhops Tombs*, leaving one without a *Head*, another without a *Noſe*, one without a *Hand*, and another without an *Arm*. A ſad *Emblem* of that *Trunk* of *Epiſcopacy*, which the accurſed *Atheiſts* of theſe times have fancied to themſelves, and endeavoured: a poor deformed, mangled, mutilated *thing*, having neither *head* of *Prelation*, nor *face* of *Honour*, nor *arm*, nor *hand*, nor *finger* of *power*

and *juriſdiction*: they pluck down, and deface the *Statue* of an Ancient Queen, the Wife of *Edward the Confeſſor*, the firſt Founder of this Church, miſtaking it for the *Statue* of the *bleſſed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God.* So ſhe was ſtiled by the *holy Catholick Church* many years before it was in danger to be voted Blaſphemy in that Committee where learned *Miles Corbet* ſate in the Chair. They brake down the Organs, and taking two or three hundred Pipes with them, in a moſt ſcornful, contemptuous manner, went up and down the ſtreet, Piping with them: and meeting with ſome of the Choriſters of the Church, whoſe ſurpleſſes they had ſtoln before, and imployed them to baſe, ſervile Offices, ſcoffingly told them, *Boys we have ſpoild your trade, you muſt go and ſing hot Pudding Pyes.* By the abſoluteneſs of their power, they ſend forth their warrants to take away the Lead off a Conduit and a great Ciſtern that ſtood in the middeſt of the Cloſe, giving plentiful ſupplies of water to many hundreds of Inhabitants; and by vertue of the ſame warrant they give their agents power to take a great quantity of Timber, which was laid up and deſigned for the repairing of the Church; ſuch Timber as that it will be a very hard matter to procure the like, all Timber not being fit for that uſe: and with theſe a great ſtock of Lead out of the Common Storehouſe, reſerved there for the ſame purpoſe; which warrants were accordingly put in execution to the full. They did enter into a Conſultation about taking down the Bells, and all the Lead that covered the Church, to convert them into Warlike Ammunition, the Bells might be caſt into Cannon, the Lead into Bullets, both would ſerve towards the effecting their Traiterous deſigns. They took down the

the Gates of the Cloſe, which the *Dean,* and *Chapter,* had ſet up, and kept locked every night for their ſecurity: which Gates they imployed, to help forward, and ſtrengthen their Fortifications: They lay intolerabe taxes on moſt of the Members of the Church, and whoſoever refuſed to ſubmit to thoſe moſt unjuſt, Illegal Impoſitions, were threatned to have their Houſes Plundered, and their Perſons ſent on ſhipboard; where they muſt expect uſage, as bad as at *Argier,* or the *Gallies.* Doctor *Burnell,* a grave learned man, and Canon of that Church, refuſing to ſubmit to their Taxations, they gave Command (though he were at that time ſick and confined, not only to his Chamber but to his bed) to take him in the night, and bring him away to Priſon though they brought him in his bed: but upon much importunity, ſome of the beſt rank of the Citizens being tendered his ſecurity, to render himſelf a true Priſoner, for that time they left him. For the like refuſal, they took Doctor *Hutchenſon* another Canon of the Church, a man of a weak infirm Body, but of a vigorous knowing Soul; and violently carried him towards the Ship, there to impriſon him; by the way as they carried him along, he was (not only by the permiſſion but by the incouragement of thoſe that led him Captive) blaſted, and abuſed, and howted at by the Boys, and expoſed to the affronts, and revilings of the baſe Inſolent Multitude: at twelve of the clock at night they ſeiſed on Mr. *Hilliar* in his bed, and another Canon of that Church, being almoſt Fourſcore and Ten years of Age, and for the like refuſal, becauſe he would not diſburſe ſuch ſums as they demanded, for the maintenance of this horrid Rebellion, they carry him firſt to the Priſon, and from thence

thence to the Ship: in the way to the Priſon, they throw dirt in his face, and beat the good old man ſo cruelly, that his roaring, and outcries were heard, and pityied by all his neighbours: and at laſt not able to endure (by reaſon of his extream old Age) the barbarous uſage of the Rebels, he was forced to redeem his liberty at eight hundred Pounds: and now having diſpoſſeſſed the owners, the Rebels find new imployments for the Canons houſes: ſome of them they convert into *Priſons*, and in an Apiſh imitation, call them by the names of *Newgate*, *Kings-Bench*, *Marſhalſey*; others they imploy as *Hoſpitals*, for ſick or maimed Soldiers: ſome they uſe as *Slaughter-houſes*, and *Shambles*: and for the Biſhops *Palace*, they might have called it their *Smithfield*, for in, and about it, they kept their fat Oxen, and Sheep, and all their Plundered Proviſion. Theſe houſes though fouly abuſed, yet do ſtill ſtand, as to upbraid the Rebels injuſtice, and oppreſſion; ſo to give entertainment to their own Maſter, or their ſucceſſours, unleſs ſome men, poſſeſſed with worſe devils than ruled in theſe children of diſobedience, ſhall to their juſt damnation alienate them from their Original uſe: but other houſes belonging to the Church, they ſet on fire, and burn down to the ground: for they burnt down the *Guild-hall* in S. *Sidwels*, belonging to the *Dean*, and *Chapter*, and as many houſes more of their Ancient Inheritance and revenues as were worth 100 *l. per Annum*, making likewiſe great havock and ſpoil of their woods, and Timber, maliciouſly intending to diſable them, from reedifying what they had moſt barbarouſly burnt down.

Reader,

Reader,

ENgland lately gloried in being Miſtris of 28. famous Cathedral Churches, beautified with ſuch magnificent ſtructure, that no Nation in Europe could equalize them; and of theſe, the impiety and irreligion of the Schiſmatical Reformers of theſe times, hath hardly left any one undefaced, though for the preſent the exact relation of the particulars are not come to our hands. God in his good time will, we doubt not, pour down his Judgments upon the Actors of theſe horrid Prophanations.

A Catalogue of the CATHEDRALS in *England* and *Wales*.

1 *Canterbury.*
2 *Rocheſter.*
3 *London.*
4 *Lincoln.*
5 *Chicheſter.*
6 *Wincheſter.*
7 *Salisbury.*
8 *Exeter.*
9 *Bath.* }
10 *Wells.* }
11 *Glouceſter.*
12 *Worceſter.*
13 *Lichfield.* }
14 *Coventry.* }
15 *Hereford.*
16 *Ely.*
17 *Norwich.*
18 *Oxford,*

19 *Peterborough.*
20 *Briſtol.*
21 *Landaffe.*
22 *S. Davids.*
23 *Bangor.*
24 *S. Aſaph.*

York Province.

25 *York.*
26 *Cheſter.*
27 *Carliſle.*
28 *Durham.*

Beſides

1 *Rippon.*
2 *Southwel.* And
3 *Weſtminſt. Abby.*

FINIS

Querela Cantabrigienſis:

OR,

A REMONSTRANCE

By way of *APOLOGIE*,
For the baniſhed Members of the
late flouriſhing UNIVERSITY
OF
CAMBRIDGE.

By ſome of the ſaid Sufferers.

S. MATTH. 10. 17, 18.

Beware of men: for they will deliver you up to the Councils, and they will ſcourge you in their Synagogues. And ye ſhall be brought before Governors, &c.

Baſil. Magn. Epiſt. 79. Euſtach. Epiſc. Sebaſtiæ.

Καὶ ἡμῶν τοίνυν τρίτον τοῦτο ἔτος ἡ σωτὴς ζηλωτὸν ἐγένετο τῷ προφήτῃ τὸ καύχημα λέγοντος ἐγενόμεν ὡσεὶ ἄνθρωπος οὐκ ἀκόων, καὶ οὐκ ἔλεγχων ἐν τῷ στόματι αὐτῶ ἐλεγμός.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year 1685.

AN ADVERTISEMENT

To every indifferent Reader.

Chriſtian Brethren, and Fellow-Subjects,

IT *is a memorable ſaying of an ancient Heathen Moraliſt,* Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent: *And the like may be ſaid concerning ſorrows; when they come once to overcharge the heart, they ſtupifie it, and obſtruct thoſe paſſages, by which it ſhould eaſe it ſelfe of them. This hath been our particular caſe: Our being deprived of our livelyhoods (for how ſmall a trifle this inſuing Remonſtrance will manifeſt) hath filled our hearts with ſorrow: But when we conſidered, not onely the hand from whence this oppreſſion cometh, (even that which pretendeth to the infallible weild of the ſword of Juſtice) but withal that through our ſides ſuch a fatal ſtroke is given to one of the moſt famous Univerſities of Chriſtendom: this ſad proſpect did ſo far ſurcharge us with grief, that it caſt us for a long time into a fit of Muſing, till at laſt (the fire being kindled) we ſpkae with our Tongue.*

And

And now that the ſtring of our tongue is untyed, our earneſt deſire is, that none of theſe its ſorrowful expreſſions may be miſ-interpreted by any. And to that end we have perfixed this advertiſement, to prevent three miſtakes, which are all we can poſſibly imagin the malice of our greateſt Enemies can any way fanſie againſt this our Remonſtrance.

I. *The firſt is, That perhaps it may be groundleſs, becauſe we have not therein ſet down the expreſs words, either of thoſe Protections by which we might ſecurely have expected an Indemnity, or of thoſe Orders by which we ſuffered.*

To which we anſwer, that the reaſon hereof was partly to avoid tediouſneſs, and therefore we gave onely ſome ſhort hints in the margent. And partly becauſe (being deſperſed) we could not poſſibly have the true Copies of all of them by us. And to publiſh any thing that was but ſuppoſititious, could not conſiſt with our conſtant endeavour ſtill to maintain the truth, notwithſtanding whatſoever difficulties to the contrary. But yet (to prevent all miſtakes as near as we can) we have here inſerted the true Copies of ſuch as we had by us: whereby the indifferent Reader will not onely gueſs at the reſt, but alſo eaſily imagin what rigour and malice there was uſed in the execution of them, which we aſſure him are as much (or more) than he can poſſibly fanſie. For they being to deal

deal with an Univerſity, which then had a reverend eſteem over the whole Kingdom, muſt counterfeit Jacobs *voice as much as poſſibly he could in their Orders, though their hands were far rougher than* Eſau's *in the execution of them. And accordingly (though now it is too apparent it was but only in mockery) we had ſent us theſe two following Protections.*

Die Sabbati 4. Mar. 1642.

THE Earl of *Holland*, Chancellour of the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, having this day repreſented in the Houſe the preſent condition of the ſaid Univerſity; the Lords in Parliament apprehending that through the publick diſtractions, and by reaſon of great multitudes of Soldiers reſorting from ſeveral places to the Town of *Cambridge*, ſome diſturbance might happen to the quiet and ſtudies of the Scholar: For preventing therefore of any ſuch miſchief, have thought fit to declare the eſteem and care they have of that ancient and noble Seminary of Learning; and have accordingly Ordered, that no Perſon or Perſons whatſoever, ſhall preſume to offer any outrage or violence either by themſelves or others unto any the Colledges, Chappels, Libraries, Schools, or other buildings belonging to the ſaid Univerſity, or to any the Scholars or publick Miniſters thereof: Nor plunder, purloin, deface, ſpoil, or take away any the Books, goods, chattels, or houſhold-ſtuff of or belonging to the ſaid Univerſity, or any Col. there, or to any Scholar or publick Miniſter thereof, under any colour

or

or pretence whatſoever, as they will anſwer the contrary to this Houſe at their utmoſt perils. And that *Divine Service* may be quietly performed and executed throughout all the ſaid Univerſity according to the ſettlement of the Church of *England*, without any trouble, let, or diſturbance, until the pleaſure of the Parliament be further ſignified. Provided nevertheleſs that this Protection ſhall not extend to ſtop any due courſe of Law, or proceeding of Parliament, that may or might have had its courſe if this Protection had not been granted. And herein ready obedience is to be given by all ſuch whom this doth or may concern, as they will anſwer the contrary at their perils.

Jo. Brown, Cleric. Parliamentorum.

THeſe are to will, require, and command you, and every of you, to forbear (under any pretence whatſoever) to prejudice or offer any dammage to the Univerſity of *Cambridge* or to any the Schools, Colledges, Halls, Libraries, Chappels, or other places belonging to the ſaid Univerſities, by plundering the ſame or any part thereof in any kind whatſoever. Hereof fail not as you will anſwer the contrary at your perils. Given under my hand and ſeal the 7. day of *March*, 1642.

Eſſex.

To all Colonels, Lieutenant-Colonels, Captains, and all other Officers and Soldiers of the Army under my command.

Theſe indeed were our Protections, but they were blaſted in the bud by this following Warrant.

THeſe are to authorize you to enter into the houſes of all Papiſts, Malignants, and other Perſons whatſoever, that have or ſhall refuſe to appear at Muſters, or to contribute according to the Propoſitions of both Houſes of Parliament, or refuſe to enter into the Aſſociation: and to ſeize upon all ſuch Horſes, Arms, and Ammunition, as ſhall be found in their cuſtodies, and to apprehend their ſaid Perſons, and them to be brought before me, or any one of the Deputy-Lieutenants of the County; and in caſe of Reſiſtance, to force the ſame. Commanding all Mayors, Sheriffs, Captains, Trained-Bands, and other inferiour Officers whatſoever, to be aiding and aſſiſting to Colonel *Coke* herein. Dated *Feb.* 23. 1642.

Gray of Wark.

To Col. Coke, *Lieutenant-Col.*
Bryldon, *or any other of his Officers.*

This Warrant was iſſued out the more ſuddenly, and proſecuted the more violently, in regard that our Protections were then in procuring: But the rigorous proſecution of this, made thoſe to be of little or no uſe, more than the name, unleſs it was to ſhut the Stable door after the Steed was ſtoln. For under pretence of Papiſts, Malignants, *&c. there was ſcarce a Scholar in all the Univerſity which eſcaped examination: And leſt*

our

our Colledge Chappels, Libraries, or Treaſuries, or even the privateſt Cabinet therein, or in any of our Chambers or Studies, ſhould (perchance) have been converted into Stables for Horſes, *or Magazines for* Arms *and* Ammunition, *they ſearched them all ſo ſtrictly, and plundered them all ſo throughly, that nothing which they liked eſcaped their fingers, our ancient Coins not excepted.*

When we had ſeen their unparallel'd rigour herein, and how we were ſlighted when we made our juſt complaints againſt it, we did not much regard whether they had any Commiſſion or not for whatſoever they did to us afterward. But like Chriſtian ſufferers, when they took our Cloaks, *we* forbad them not to take our Coats alſo: *and when they* took our goods, we asked them not again. *For we did plainly ſee that we were deſtinated to ruin, and that all theſe were but previous diſpoſitions, to take us down and fit us for the great ſtroke, when they ſhould pleaſe to lay it upon us. And therefore (omitting all the reſt, though we could inſert ſome) we ſhall here only add two other Warrants, mentioned hereafter: The one their general Summons, the other their firſt form of their Writs of Ejection.*

THeſe are to will and require you upon ſight hereof, to give ſpeedy advertiſement, *viis mediis & modis,* to Maſter, Fellows, Scholars, and Officers of your Colledge, to be reſident in your ſaid Colledge the 10. day of *March* next enſuing, to give

give an account wherein they ſhall be required, and to anſwer ſuch things as may be demanded by me, or ſuch Commiſſioners as I ſhall appoint. Given under my hand and ſeal the 26. of *Feb.* 1643.

E. Mancheſter.

To the Preſident or Locum tenens
of——*Colledge.*

BY vertue of an Ordinance of Parliament, entituled, *An Ordinance for regulating the Univerſity of Cambridge, and the removing of Scandalous Miniſters in the ſeven Aſſociated Counties*, giving me likewiſe power to eject ſuch Maſters of Colledges as are ſcandalous in their lives or doctrines, or do oppoſe the proceedings of Parliament: I do eject ——---——from being Maſter of——·—— Colledge in *Cambridge*, for oppoſing the proceedings of Parliament, and * other ſcandalous acts in the Univerſity of *Cambridge*. And I require you to ſequeſter the Profits of his Maſterſhip for one that I ſhall appoint in his place: and to cut his name out of the Butteries, and to certifie me of this your act within one day. Given under my hand and Seal the 13. of *March*, 1643.

* *Mark. It was not for ſcandalous acts, but for oppoſing.*

E. Mancheſter.

To the Preſident and Fellows
of——*College in*
Cambridge.

This, we hope, will ſatisfie the indifferent Reader concerning the truth and ground of our Sufferings.

II. *But leſt a ſecond miſtake ſhould ariſe, that (ſuppoſing them to be true, yet) they are not (perhaps) ſo great as we pretend, becauſe that for the moſt part we have given but a ſleight glance at them; we held it very requiſite to give this further Advertiſement.*

1. *That in matters of this nature, a man ought not to macerate his Soul too much by reflecting on his own miſery, leſt the Devil thereby get an advantage upon him, to tempt him to a melancholy deſpair.* 2. *Though we deſire hereby to move every compaſſionate Chriſtian to a fellow-feeling of our miſeries; yet have we endeavoured (as much as we could) to forbear the long inſiſting upon particulars, leſt we ſhould offend his ears, inſtead of moving his compaſſion. For as in Muſick, the harſhneſs of a diſcord may be admitted if it be not too long produced; ſo have we ſtudied to temper thoſe harſh notes to the tender ear of the Chriſtian Auditor, by making a ſpeedy tranſition from one to another.* 3. *We had ſo many matters of complaint, (and might have many more, if we had been all together to confer our Sufferings) that this ſmall Remonſtrance would have ſwelled to (an* Iliada malorum*) a juſt Volum; if we had not purpoſely endeavoured to compriſe an* Ilias in a Nutſhel, *by inſtancing only in ſome,*

and

and reducing thoſe to as ſmall a model as poſſibly we could. And to this end alſo we have uſed as much plainneſs of ſpeech in our expreſſions, as ingenionſneſs of the truth of the thing it ſelf. And indeed if we ſhould but a little have indulged our Pen the liberty of a Rhetorical flouriſh, we ſhould thereby have made our ſufferings (which in themſelves are almoſt beyond belief) to have ſeemed altogether incredible.

III. *But our greateſt and laſt fear is leſt the intolerable weight of thoſe heavy preſſures under which we have ſo long groaned, have (perhaps) extorted from us ſome expreſſions which may not ſeem altogether to become perſecuted Chriſtians. And in this we ſubmit our ſelves wholly to the candour of the charitable Reader, deſiring him to interpret all things in the beſt ſenſe. For tho we have uſed our endeavours to avoid all manner of expreſſions which might ſeem to ſavour of malice, yet carrying about us thoſe paſſions which accompany fleſh and blood, it is impoſſible but we ſhould ſometimes ſlip. We know very well, and acknowledge, that Prayers and tears are the only defenſive weapons of a Chriſtian againſt perſecutions: And if any thing, which is not fully conſonant hereunto, hath paſſed from our pen, we deſire it may be imputed to our many infirmities; ſeeing we are ſtill ready to pray for our Perſecutors, that God would open their eyes, that they may yet*

ſee and repent of thoſe many and great wrongs which they have done to him, his true Religion and Service, to his Anointed our gracious Sovereign, as alſo to us in particular, and other their fellow-ſubjects. Which if it would pleaſe him to grant unto them, we might quickly recover the temporal peace of this diſtracted Kingdom, and they the poſſibility of enjoying everlaſting peace in the Kingdom of Heaven.

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1 PET. 4. 16.

If any man ſuffer as a Chriſtian, let him not be aſhamed, but let him glorifie God on this behalf.

ACT. 5. 41.

They departed from the preſence of the Council, rejoycing that they were counted worthy to ſuffer ſhame for his name.

JOHN 16. 33.

In the world ye ſhall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.

Aug. in Pſal. 93.

Boni laborant quia flagellantur ut filii: mali exultant quia damnantur ut alieni.

Idem in Pſal. 125.

Sicut qui ſeminat per hyemem non deterretur ab opere propter hyemem: Sic & nos preſſura mundi non debemus a bono opere deterreri, quia qui ſeminant in lachrymis, in gaudio metent.

Querela Cantabrigienſis:

OR,

The Univerſities Complaint.

THough an Apologie for our long ſilence might better become us than any other form of Prefacing, yet were there ſome that thought it better to ſit down in the ſhade of cool patience, and ſweeten the ſad proſpect of our own miſeries, by reflecting on the great publick woes of this Kingdom, than incur the ſuſpicion of querulous natures, ſuch as are apt to cry out only at the imagination of being hurt. But ſeeing our miſeries are real, and our ſufferings not ſo much intended againſt us, as againſt that famous Univerſity, whereof by right, we are ſtill actual Members; and that the adverſe party, hath hitherto made ſo much advantage of our tameneſs, as to ſteal away our livelyhood from us, and conceal the Theft: though our own Mothers mouth be ſtopped, by violently ſeizing her preſs, and thereby not ſuffered to ſpeak, but (like *Apollos* Statue of old) juſt as the evil ſpirit ſpeaks in her, which at this time utters little elſe but diſloyalty and Rebellion: yet ſeeing it hath pleaſed the hand of providence to give us this happy opportunity freely to bewail our own miſeries; We are at length reſolved to do Juſtice to theſe Mens iniquity and our own innocence, that our fellow-ſubjects may know,

know, (and if they leave ſo much learning as to ſpeak in another language, the whole World may hereafter underſtand) how and by what Arts the *Knipperdullings* of this Age (who think ſhortly to make themſelves Kings of this *Sion*) have reduced a glorious and renowned Univerſity, almoſt to a meer *Munſter*, and have done more, in leſs then three years, then the Apoſtate *Julian* could effect in all his Reign, *viz.* broken the heart-ſtrings of Learning and learned men, and thereby luxated all the joynts of Chriſtianity in the Kingdon.

The particulars whereof, and the barbarous courſes taken to bring theſe deſigns to effect, as we ſhall truly and impartially ſet them down, ſo we fear not to appeal to any impartial Judg, whether if the *Goths* and *Vandalls*, or even the *Turks* themſelve s had over-run this Nation, they would more inhumanly have abuſed a flouriſhing Univerſity, than theſe pretended advancers of Religion and Learning have done; it being a conſtant cuſtom (if not alſo the Law of Nations) in the fierceſt encounters of the moſt enraged parties, to exempt and priviledge Scholars from, if not protect them by their Martial proceedings.

To begin therefore with the firſt occaſion (as we conceive) from whence they pretended any cauſe of this rage and perſecution againſt us, (though the meer conſcience of ſo ſenſleſs a Rebellion cryed up only by the illiterate herd, might afford reaſon enough for them to look aſquint upon all Scholars *quâ tales*) The contribution of a ſmall pittance of Money to our Sovereigns extream neceſſity before any War was thought on by us, is made to be our unpardonable crime, (though not then prohibited by any Order or Ordinance) which

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(added to the tenderneſs of our conſciences in refuſing their wicked confederacy, commonly called the *Covenant*) by the help of their Legiſlative Engine, has bereaved us of all, and caſt us from our livelyhoods, maintenance and Colledges.

For when His Sacred Majeſty (whom they made to be the firſt Grand Delinquent, and whoſe Crown-Revenues and Eſtate, together with his Towns, Ships, and Magazines, they ſequeſtred and ſeized on) deigned (by His Royal Letters) to acquaint His poor Univerſity with His ſtrange wants, even of ſuſtenance for his very houſhold: Our hearts burned within us, to hear our living Founder, whom we expected to be made (by that time) *a great and glorious King*, (as was promiſed him) ſhould almoſt ſtarve while we had bread on our Table. Whereupon out of our poverty, a ſmall and inconſiderable ſum of Money was collected and tendered, as a Teſtimony not only of our Loyalty to him as King, or of our gratitude as our moſt gracious and bountiful Protector and Benefactor; but alſo of our Charity to him as a Chriſtian, then in extream want and neceſſity. We hope our Perſecutors will Pardon us this expreſſion, ſeeing our *Metaphyſicks* may with leſs danger of Treaſon abſtract *Charles* from *King* than their bullets; and this was the firſt flower out of which they ſuck'd all their venom which ſhortly after they diſgorged upon us.

Hereupon his Sacred Majeſty (knowing well how eager that party was in revenging the leaſt ſeeming provocation, and being informed of that Clond which was then hanging over us and ours, for that action of Humanity, Loyalty, and Chriſtianity) out of his care and tenderneſs, proffered to

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ſecure our Colledge Plate (if we were content to depoſite it in his hands) which their intended Revenge, had already ſwallowed without any Grace, ſo much as of the *publick faith*: and therefore wrote his moſt gracious Letters to us to take an exact ſurvey of it, not only for the weight, but alſo of the form of every piece, together with the Names, Arms, and Mottoes of the reſpective Donors, that if (perhaps) his Majeſty could not preſerve it entire as it was, he might reſtore it hereafter in the ſame weight and form, and with the ſame marks: All which he graciouſly inſured upon his Royal word.

It behoved not us to refuſe protection from that hand to which God (for that end) had entruſted a Scepter, eſpecially conſidering the concurrence of Actions about that time. It is not unknown to moſt part of this Kingdom, that not long before this, the zealous Brethren of *Eſſex* and *Suffolk* had packt themſelves together in a Religious Rout, to give the firſt Eſſay of a Popular Reformation: How happily this work did thrive in their hands, has been already publiſhed to the Kingdom, and the ruines of the two magnificent houſes of the Counteſs *Rivers* (with many other Gentlemens houſes of quality) are ſtill diſmal witneſſes. So that (having found the ſweet of their labours) the Reformers would in all likelyhood have proſecuted the *great work* as far as *Cambridge*, for a leſs prize than our Univerſity, (thanks be to God and our good Benefactors.) And we had good reaſon to fear the increaſe of their Army, if they had come near us, ſeeing the inferiour part of the Town, had provided Arms, and yet had no Commanders; *Vid Mercur. Ruſtic.* 2.

manders; and ſome that durſt diſcharge a Muſquet, made it their practice to terrifie us, and diſturb our Studies by ſhooting in at our windows. And therefore leſt our Plate ſhould become a bait to have our Liberties rifled, our Colledge pulled down, and perhaps our Throats cut, we thought it our wiſeſt courſe to ſecure all, by ſecuring that in His Majeſties gracious hands.

This particular appeareth by a Paper delivered into the Regiſters Office, under the hands (if not alſo upon the Oaths) of Maſter Chriſtopher Terne, *and Maſter* Anthony Walker, *both of S.* Johns *Colledge, who had Muſquets ſeveral times diſcharged in at their windows, as alſo divers others.*

Upon theſe reaſons (which no judicious man will eſteem otherwiſe than weighty) we endeavoured to convey away ſome part of our Plate about the beginning of *Auguſt*, 1642. (which by the way was before either His Majeſty Standard was erected, or his Proclamation iſſued out to that end: However many of us, and others have ſuffered for it, as fomenters of this War) But within a few dayes after, (ſee how the juſt grounds of our fears concentred) one Maſter *Cromwell*, Burgeſs for the Town of *Cambridge*, and then newly turn'd a man of War, was ſent down by his Maſters above, at the invitation of his Maſters below, (as himſelf confeſſed) to gather what ſtrength he could to ſtop all paſſages that no Plate might be ſent: But his deſigns being fruſtrated, and his opinion as of an active ſubtile man, thereby ſomewhat ſhaken and endangered, he hath ever ſince bent himſelf to work what revenge and miſchief he could againſt us. In purſuit whereof, before that month was expired, down he comes again in a terrible manner with what Forces he could draw together, and ſurrounds divers Colledges, while we were

were at our devotion in our ſeveral Chappels, taking away Priſoners, ſeveral Doctors of Divinity, Heads of Colledges, *viz. D. Beale*, Maſter of S. *Johns* Colledge, *D. Martin*, Maſter of *Queens* Colledge, and *D: Sterne*, Maſter of *Jeſus* Colledge, men of ſuch eminent worth and abilities, as render them above the reach of our commendation, and theſe he carryes with him to *London* in triumph: And though there was an expreſs Order from the *Lords* Houſe for their impriſonment in the *Tower*, which met them at *Tottenham-high-croſſe*, (wherein notwithſtanding there was no Crime expreſſed) yet were they led captive through *Bartholmew-fair*, and ſo as far as *Temple-bar*, and back through the City to Priſon in the *Tower*, on purpoſe that they might be houted at, or ſtoned by the Rable-rout.

Since which time, now about three years together they have been hurryed up and down from one Priſon to another at exceſſive and unreaſonable charges, and fees exacted from them, far beyond their abilities to defray, having all their goods Plundered, and their Maſterſhips and Livings taken from them, which ſhould preſerve them from famiſhing. And though in all this time there was never any Accuſation brought, much leſs proved againſt any of them; yet have they ſuffered intolerable impriſonment ever ſince, both by Land and Water, eſpecially that in the Ship, where for ten days together, they (with many other Gentlemen of great rank) were kept under deck, without liberty to come to breath in the common Air, or to eaſe Nature, except at the courteſie of the rude Sailors, which oftentimes was denyed them. In which condition, they were more like *Gally-ſlaves*, than free-born Subjects, and men of ſuch quality and

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condition; and had been ſo indeed, might ſome have had their wills, who were bargaining with the Merchants to ſell them to *Argiers*, or as bad a place, as hath been ſince notoriouſly known upon no falſe or fraudulent information.

Alex. Rigby the Lawyer. Vide *Declar. of the Parl. at Oxf. Mar.* 19. 1643.

And now that we are mentioning our Reverend and worthy Heads of Houſes, we may not omit, what our long exile from the ſaid Univerſity will not ſuffer us otherwiſe than by certain Report to be apprehenſive of: Namely, that a very great number of them are ſince in the ſame condition with us, that is, deprived of all, and baniſhed: Particularly, the Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Biſhop of *Exeter*, againſt whom their malice could invent no more than that he was a *Biſhop*, nor pretend any thing, but that, being Vice-chancellour, he did according to his Office Preach a learned and pious Sermon in S. *Maries*, *Mar.* 27. 1645. being the day of His Majeſties moſt happy inauguration. To whom we may add that moſt Reverend and learned man, Doctor *Collins*, His Majeſties Profeſſor of Divinity, whoſe extraordinary worth and pains had continued him in that place almoſt thirty years, and made his name famous, and his perſon deſirable in every Proteſtant Univerſity in Chriſtendom: and yet his Loyalty and conſcience cauſed our new pretended Reformers to think him unworthy ſo much as of a Country Cure, (for they ſequeſtred likewiſe both his Livings) though ſince, as we hear, they have reſtored him to his Profeſſors place, which none of them are able to diſcharge, and he living in their Quarters, durſt not deny. Thus likewiſe have Doctor

Doctor *Comber*, *D. Pask*, *D. Coſins*, and *D. Lany* been deprived of their ſeveral Maſterſhips and Livings, and ſome of them alſo Plundered of their goods, though all of them be very eminent for their Learning, Prudence, Judgment and Piety, among all that knew them, and have no prejudice of them. And for concluſion (as the Epitome of all) we add D. *Holdſworth*, whoſe univerſal approbation put him upon the troubleſom office of Vice-chancellorſhip for three years together in the beginning of theſe troubles; yet before his Triennial Office was expired, his perſon was ſeized upon and impriſoned, firſt in *Ely-houſe*, then (becauſe they thought that was not expenſive enough, though they had Plundered him of all) they thruſt him into the *Tower*, only for his Loyalty in ſeeing His Majeſties Commands executed for the Printing of ſuch Declarations at *Cambridge*, as were formerly Printed at *York*; which though the Committees before which he appeared have always objected againſt him as *Licenſing* the Kings Books, yet hath he ever denied it, (for the manner, though not for the matter) profeſſing himſelf before them, not to be ſo ſaucy as to offer to *Licenſe* any thing which His Majeſty Commanded to be Printed: but yet ſtill enjoyning the Printer (as he would anſwer the contrary at his peril) that the thing might be performed according to His Majeſties Command.

And that the whole Body of the Univerſity might fare no better than the Heads; not long after the carrying up of the firſt three, they gave us an Argument of a ſad preſage. What was like to become of that Ancient and famous Seminary of Learning and Religion, when thoſe Root-and-Branch-men choſe that place for the prime Gariſon

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and Rendezvouz of their *Aſſociation*: whereby the ſubtile Enginiers of the great pretended work of Reformation hoped not ſo much to gain ſecurity to their diſloyal actions by any fortifications of that Town, (which it never was capable of, as now plainly appears) as ſome countenance and authority rather (which they had more want of) from the ſacred name of an Univerſity to be liſted *Theirs*. By this means inſtead of carrying us all to *London Goals*, (thanks be to our multitude, not their mercy) they found a device to convey a Priſon to us, and under colour of Fortification confin'd us only in a larger incloſure, not ſuffering any Scholars to paſs out of the Town, unleſs ſome Towns-men of their Tribe promiſe for him that he was a *Conſider*, as they call it.

And after this intrenchment for almoſt two years together, (we are forced with unſpeakable grief of mind to think) what prophanations, violences, outrages and wrongs our Chappels, Colleges and Perſons have ſuffered by the uncontrolled fury of rude Soldiers, notwithſtanding two ſeveral Protections to the contrary, one from the *Houſe of Peers*, the other from the *Generaliſſimo the Earl of Eſſex*. It is grievous to our memories to recount, how our Vice-chancellour and Heads of Colledges ſolemnly aſſembled in Conſiſtory, being many of them threeſcore years old in an exceeding cold night till midnight, without any accommodations for food, firing or lodging; and for no other reaſon, but only becauſe they could not in conſcience comply or contribute any thing to this deteſtable War againſt His Majeſty: Yet they, notwithſtanding all terrours and ill uſage the day follow

On Good Friday, Mar. 30. 1643.

following this their impriſonment, did conſtantly unanimouſly avouch and declare before the then General of the Aſſociation, *That it was againſt true Religion and good Conſcience for any to contribute to the Parliament in this War.* Whereupon our Learned and Reverend *Profeſſors*, two of Divinity, and one of the Law, the very *Junior* whereof (as well as the other two) had faithfully diſcharged his place almoſt ſo long as that by the *Imperial Laws* (his own profeſſion) ever ſince *Valens* the Emperour, he might have challenged to have been ** Comes Imperii*; yet all the encouragement any of them could get from theſe was perpetually to be harrowed by Plundering and tedious impriſonment to betray their Loyalty, Learning, and Conſciences to the advancement of this preſent Rebellion, till at laſt that Reverend man (whom Poſterity will honour henceforth as much for his Loyalty as his Learning) Doctor *Samuel Ward* (a man of known integrity and univerſal approbation even amongſt thoſe who were his adverſaries in this Cauſe) took the wings of a Dove to flie away and be at reſt: whoſe dying words (as if the cauſe of his Martyrdom had been written in golden Letters upon his heart) where breathed up to Heaven with his parting Soul, *GOD BLESS THE KING.*

* *Imperator* Valens *Grammaticos, Sophiſtas, Legum Profeſſores, qui per viginti annos probe munere docendi: functi ſunt, annumerari & honorari cum iis, qui ex vicaria ſint principis dignitate jubet, & inter* Comites. *Greg. Tho. Iosan. Syntag. lib.* 19. *c.* 1. §. 8. *ubi citat l. uni de Profeſſor. qui in urbe Conſtantinop. lib.* 12. *C. tit.* 1. *junctâ rub. & gl.*

And though the grave reſolution of all the Reverend Profeſſors of Divinity and Law in ſo famous an univerſity ought to be more ſacred and powerful with

with them than the noiſe of their new Teachers and obſtreperous *American* Lay-lecturers, yet they are not aſhamed, after all theſe (upon mature deliberation and conſultation with the reſt of the Learned men of that famous Univerſity) have publickly and unanimouſly declared their proceedings to be flatly contrary to *Chriſtian Religion and Loyalty*, (and have ſtood therein even to impriſonment and death) to perſwade the ſilly abuſed multitude, that all is for the *Defence of His Majeſty, and the Proteſtant Religion.*

Neither is their wild fury confinable within thoſe banks, it ſwells yet higher: for as the Tyrant wiſhed that *Rome* had but one neck, that he might cut it off at one ſtroke; ſo theſe having got the opportunity, impriſoned the whole Univerſity, *March* 23. 1643. which day the whole Senate, (the Repreſentative Body of it) being ſolemnly aſſembled in the *Regent houſe*, were there violently invironed with great Bands of Armed Soldiers, who wanted nothing but the Word to diſpatch us, becauſe we would not vote in a matter as they would have us, though that matter did not any whit concern them or their Cauſe, more than the conferring of a Degree upon ſuch a man as the whole Univerſity in their conſciences judged unworthy of it: And one Maſter *Danes*, (General of that famous Expedition, but formerly a Member of that houſe which he then ſo abuſed) adding Perjury to his former ſins, came in a terrible manner, (contrary to his Oath formerly taken to his Mother the Univerſity) and flatly denyed the Vice-chancellour leave to diſſolve the Congregation, unleſs he would firſt promiſe that the matter ſhould be voted, as they required: whereupon ſundry Members of that Senate, being obſerved

ved to make uſe of that Statute-liberty and freedom, which was eſſential to that aſſembly, were forthwith ſeiſed on, and impriſoned by the Committee, in no better Lodgings than the common Court of Guard: which ſtrange and violent perverting of our Univerſities proceedings, we wonder at the leſs, for that this Captain had not done more to us, than Captain *Ven* with his Raggamuffins had done formerly to the *ſacred Senate of the whole Kingdom.*

And that all Academical Exerciſes might expire and ſo the face of an Univerſity be quite taken away, a grave Divine (the Lady *Margarets* publick Preacher) going to Preach *Ad Clerum,* (according to his Office) *pridie Termini,* was furiouſly purſued over the market place by a confuſed number of Soldiers, who in a barbarous uncivil manner cryed out *A Pope, A Pope,* and vowed high revenge if he offered to go into the Pulpit; whereupon the Church was ſtraightways filled with great multitudes, and when ſome who accompanied the Preacher, told them, *it was an Univerſity Exerciſe, and to be by Statute performed in Latin,* they replyed, *They knew no reaſon why all Sermons ſhould not be performed in Engliſh, that all might be edified,* threatning withal to tear the Hoods and Habits which Graduats then wore, according to the Univerſity Statute. Yet all this may perhaps be extenuated as a ſudden uproar of undiſciplin'd Soldiers, but (which is the aggravation of all, and makes us believe that theſe petty Reformers were but the ſenſleſs inſtruments of higher Agents) when all this was related to their then General of the *Aſſociation,* no courſe was taken at all to prevent theſe grow- *M. Power.* *Lord Gray of Warke.*

ing miſchiefs, but the Divine appointed by Statute to Preach *Ad Clerum*, was inforced to return *Re infectâ*, and glad he could eſcape ſo: And this is the great protection which Learning is like to find from theſe grand pretenders to advance it.

And that Religion might fare no better than Learning in the Univerſity Church, (for perhaps it may be Idolatry now to call it S. *Maries*) in the preſence of the then General our *Common-Prayer-book* was torn before our faces, notwithſtanding our Protection from the Houſe of Peers for the free uſe of it, ſome (now great one) encouraging them in it, and openly rebuking the Univerſity Clerk, who complained of it before his Soldiers. Thus thoſe Reverend Fathers, the Compilers of it, who ſealed the truth thereof with their deareſt Blood, being content to burn at a ſtake for the light of the Goſpel, are now this ſecond time Martyred and torn in pieces in their Liturgy, yet all this under pretence of Religion.

See the Preface.

M. Cromwell.

It will not be ſtrange now to hear how our Perſons have been abuſed, ſeeing Religion and Learning have ſuffered ſo deeply amongſt us: how divers of us have been impriſoned without ſo much as pretending any cauſe, but ſnatcht up in the ſtreets, and thrown into Priſon at the pleaſure of a ſmall ſneaking Captain, where we have lain three or four months together, not ſo much as accuſed, much leſs heard, but quite and clean forgotten, as if their had been no ſuch thing in nature. How ſome of us (and many others with us) have been thruſt out of bed in the night, that our Chambers might forthwith be converted into

Jordan.

into Priſon Lodgings: how our young Scholars with terrour have been commanded to accuſe and cut out the names of their own Tutors, and ſome of them thrown into Priſon for not being old enough to take their Covenant *: But (to paſs higher) how often have our Colleges been beſet, and broken open, and Guards thruſt into them ſometimes at midnight, while we were aſleep in our beds? How often our Libraries and Treaſuries ranſackt and rifled, not ſparing ſo much as our Ancient * Coyns? which thoſe that know any thing, know to be a great light to the underſtanding of Hiſtory. How often hath that ſmall pittance of Commons which our Founders and Benefactors allotted for our ſuſtenance, been taken from off our Tables by the wanton Soldier? How often have our Rents been extorted from our Tenants, or if received, re-manded of our Burſars and Stewards, and by force taken from them? And all this under the old odious title of *Plundering*, which word though they cannot endure to hear of, ſince that new term of *Sequeſtration* was invented; yet the thing is the ſame, and more practiſed than ever, they having for above two years together ſet themſelves upon little elſe than to ſeiſe and take away our goods and furniture belonging to our Chambers, prizing and ſelling away our Books at a tenth part of their value, which are our only tools and inſtruments whereby the trade and profeſſion of Learning ſhould be holden up. And to this end they have conſtituted a decay'd Hatter, Plunder-maſter

* *So at* S. Johns *College.*

* *So was* Jo. Bullock *of* S. Johns.

* *So at* S. Johns *College, whence they took in Ancient Coyns to the valut of* 22. *l. according to weight.*

Fortune. Parrell. Curd. General, who (together with a Conventicling Barber and a Confiding Taylor) hath full Commission, for our propriety sake, to Lord over us, and dispose of our goods as they please: So despicable a thing to them is an University, or any that belong unto it.

But their malice is unsatiable, and cannot be contained within the Line of their Fortifications, and therefore to propagate their own wickedness, and make us odious and abominable to the whole Country, as we were already (though most undeservedly) to some of themselves; they have invented a pretty device to reserve out of their Plunder all sorts of pictures, were they but Paper Prints of the twelve Apostles, and every market day to burn them openly in the market place, proclaiming them the *Popish Idols* of the University, until we became so hated by the weaker sort of the deceived People, that a Scholar could have small security from being stoned or affronted as he walked the streets.

But why do we insist so long upon particular mens Plundering, when whole Colleges (wherein not only the present, but also the future propagation of Religion and Learning is concerned) have drunk so deeply the dregs of their malice? For besides the cutting down of our Walks and Orchards, (contrary to their own *Generalissimo*'s *Orders of War*) they have cut down the Woods and Groves belonging to our Colleges, and sold them before our eyes to a great value, when by an *Ordinance* they were declared not Sequestrable: And (which was likewise contrary to an Order) they have seised and taken away the Materials of our intended buildings, to the worth of three

So at Jesus *College.*

three or four hundred Pounds in Timber, which our pious and charitable Benefactors had out of their devotion conferred towards the re-edifying of an ancient College which Time had impaired: And, to ſhew what violent paſſions they are withal, they have pulled down, and defaced five or ſix fair Bridges of Stone and Timber belonging to ſeveral Colledges, and have ſpoiled a good Walk with a new Gate pertaining to one of our *Colleges, upon pretence of keeping out Cavaliers, and yet for forty ſhillings they would fain have been hired to ſpare it, and caſt up a Work beyond. And let the World judg whether this was not done to get the countenance of a Contribution from a College to their Fortifications, and conſequently to this War againſt the King.

Clare-Hall.

transported demoliſhed

S. Johns, Trin. Kings, Garret Hoſtle, and 2. at Queens. * *Kings College.*

But (as if Bridges and materials for Building were nothing) they have yet proceeded further, even to the very Structure it ſelf of one of the faireſt Colleges in our Univerſity, which they Plundered the true owners of, for above ſixteen months together, as an eſpecial argument of their love to Learning, and have converted all the old Court thereof into a Priſon for His Majeſties Loyal Subjects, (which before the other was built, has contained above three hundred Students at a time) not ſuffering any whom it concerned to remove any Bedding or other goods, whereof the Goaler could make any uſe or benefit, but renting them all out together with the Chambers at above five hundred Pounds *per Ann.*

S. Johns Coll.

And as if ſpoiling of one College were not enough, their malice has ſince extended it ſelf to all the reſt, in Quartering multitudes of Common Soldiers, in thoſe glorious and ancient Structures, which our devout and Royal Founders deſigned for Sanctuaries of Learning and Piety, but were made by them mere Spittles and Bawdy-houſes for ſick and debauched Soldiers, being filled with Queans, Drabs, Fiddlers, and Revels night and day. Which black deeds of darkneſs being divers times complained of by us to their Officers, and the particular men ſhewed them, who had thus lewdly abuſed our Colleges, none of theſe new Reformers were ever puniſh'd, nor the holy Siſters removed, nor ſo much as called before any that then bore rule among us. By which means, (ſee what Religion they fight for, and what a glorious Reformation we may expect) they have diſhonoured God, countenanced leudneſs, ſcandalized modeſt and civil men, and driven from us, or poiſoned among us thoſe young Students which were left.

Pembr. Hall.

To this we may add, how they have torn and defaced thoſe Reverend buildings, pull'd down and burned the Wainſcot of our Chamb. Bed-ſteeds, Chairs Stools, Tables, and Shelves for our Books, ſo as they may now have ſome plea for multiplying of Goals, if the Liberty of the Subject ſhall ſo require. And when their ragged Regiments which had lain lowzing before *Crowland* nigh a fortnight, were commanded to *Cambridge*, forthwith the Colleges are appointed for their Kennels, and fourſcore were turned looſe into one of the leaſt Halls in the Univerſity, and charged by their Officers to ſhift for themſelves; who without any more ado broke open the Fellows and

Pembr. Hall.

and Scholars Chambers, and took their Beds from under them. But when the Kings Priſoners taken at *Hilſden-houſe* were brought famiſhed and naked in triumph by *Cambridge* to *London*, ſome of our Scholars were knockt down in the ſtreets, only for offering them a cup of ſmall Beer to ſuſtain nature, and the drink thrown in the kennel, rather then the famiſhed and parched throats of the wicked, as they eſteem'd them, ſhould uſurp one drop of the creature. And it is much to be feared, thay would have ſtarved them in priſon there, if a valiant Chamber-maid had not relieved them by force, trampling under her feet in the kennel their great perſecuter, a Lubberly Scotch Mayor.

Miſtris Cumbers *maid.*

Homes.

What ſhould we mention moreover, how we have been over-whelmed with inſupportable Taxes extorted from us by Plundering, ſeiſed not by any of our own Body, but (which is directly contrary to our eſtabliſhed privileges) by the Arbitration of a few confiding Aldermen, our profeſſed Enemies, who inſtead of that gratitude which very nature requires at their hands, now repay us with unſatiable malice and Envy: which properties of theirs have ſince commended and qualified them to be appointed Commiſſioners and Judges to ſtrip us of our eſtates and livelyhoods. And when neither our conſciences nor Eſtates could extend any further to defray their impoſts for our very Chambers (which their Soldiers then poſſeſſed and burnt) beſides all exciſes, weekly payments, Taxes, fifth and twentieth part, upon all our Revenues, and other ſuch new terms of property and liberty, all the favour we can expect from them, is, quietly to be thruſt into Priſon without further abuſings.

And although all theſe are but ſad theams to be thus far inlarged and dilated upon, yet they think they can ſtop the noiſe of all theſe juſt complaints with their uſual grinning objection, *that ſeveral of our Students are in the Kings Army:* making that to be their crime, to which if their own innate Loyalty did not draw them, yet their haughty and heatheniſh uſage would of neceſſity drive them: for who had not rather fall upon the bed of honour, and aſſert with his deareſt blood, his Religion, Loyalty, and Liberty, than live a ſlave under them, to ſet his ſurviving foot-ſteps upon the graves and aſhes of expired Loyalty, Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, and Civility it ſelf?

And now to tell how they have prophaned and abuſed our ſeveral Chappels; though our Pens flowed as faſt with vinegar and gall, as our eyes do with tears, yet were it impoſſible ſufficiently to be expreſſed: when as multitudes of enraged Soldiers (let looſe to *reform*) have torn down all carved work, not reſpecting the very Monuments of the dead: And have ruin'd a beautiful carved ſtructure in the *Univerſity Church* (though indeed that was not done without direction from a great one, as appeared after upon complaint, made to him) which ſtood us in a great ſum of Mony, and had not one jot of Imagery or Statue-work about it. And when that Reverend man the then Vice-chancellour told them mildly, *That they might be better imployed*, they returned him ſuch Language, as we are aſhamed here to expreſs.

M. *Cromwell.*

D. *Ward.*

Nor was it any whit ſtrange to find whole Bands of Soldiers training and exerciſing in the Royal Chappel

Chappel of King *Henry* the ſixth: Nay even the Commanders themſelves (being commanded to ſhew their new Major General * how well they underſtood their trade) choſe that place to train in, (whether in policy to conceal their Miſtery, or out of fear to betray their ignorance, or on purpoſe to ſhew their Soldiers how little Gods houſe was to be regarded, let the World conjecture.) And one who calls himſelf *John Dowſing*, and by vertue of a pretended Commiſſion goes about the Country like a Bedlam breaking glaſs windows, having battered and beaten down all our painted glaſs, not only in our Chappels, but (contrary to Order) in our publick Schools, College-Halls, Libraries, and Chambers, miſtaking perhaps the Liberal Arts for Saints (which they intend in time to pull down too) and having (againſt an Order) defaced and digged up the floors of our Chappels, many of which had lain ſo for two or three hundred years together, not regarding the duſt of our founders and predeceſſors, who likely were Buried there; compelled us by armed Soldiers to pay forty ſhillings a College for not mending what he had ſpoiled and defaced, or forthwith to go to Priſon: We ſhall need to uſe no more inſtances than theſe two, to ſhew that neither place, perſon nor thing, hath any reverence, or reſpect amongſt them, * A Fellow of one of our Colleges was violently pluckt from the Communion as he was ready to receive that holy Sacrament before the ſolemn Election of a Maſter

Kings Coll.

Crawford.

See the Pref.

* *Maſter* Pawſon *of Sidney College, though ſince he hath proved himſelf an* arrant honeſt man, *and is rewarded for it with a fellowſhip in S.* Johns.

of

of that College, and thrown into Goal, to the great diſturbance of the Election: And at another * College the Communion Plate was ſacrilegiouſly ſeiſed upon and taken away from the very Communion Table, notwithſtanding it was (upon a former Plunder) reſtored to the ſaid College by an Order from the Cloſe Committee of the 18. of *Septemb.* 1643. under the hands of the Earl of *Pembroke*, Earl of *Denbigh*, Lord *Say*, Lord *Howard*, Sir *Wil. Waller*, and Mr. *Pym*.

S. Johns

And yet all theſe actions of theirs, were but preparatory Pills to diſpoſe our whole Body for its final Purge of Reformation, when ever they ſhould pleaſe to think it ſick of us: And that is this laſt act, which is none of the leaſt arguments, of this our ſad complaint. For although we were ſeldom in any freedom for any time near theſe three years from ſome *Proteſtation, Oath, Aſſociation, Vow and Covenant, &c.* menaced upon us, yet this laſt only brought with it the fatal doom of our final extirpation: though we muſt have leave to wonder that all *Liberty of Conſcience* ſhould be denied us by them, who lately pleaded nothing elſe againſt the eſtabliſhed Eccleſiaſtical Laws, and now pretended partly to fight for the ſame: But indeed the Covenant was not the true cauſe but the pretence only for our *Ejection*, (for that is the *word of Art*, for this newly invented Miſtery) as appears by ſeveral writs iſſued out under hand and ſeal without mention of *refuſing the Covenant*. The thing was abſolutely determined by a peremptory decree, to plant a *new Univerſity* for propagating at leaſt, if not inventing a *new Religion*: And to that end the old one muſt be removed, at leaſt ſo much of it, for the preſent,

as

as might hinder this great deſign; Only ſome means and plauſible pretences were yet wanting.

The firſt that was attempted was to ſummon all thoſe that were abſent to return within ten days. But then they were ſo far to ſeek for reaſons of Ejection, as that after almoſt half ten days more ſtudy all they could inſert in their writ was, *For oppoſing the proceedings of Parliament, and other Scandalous Actions in the Univerſity*; Their tongues thereby teſtifying their minds, though perhaps out of incogitancy, which are ſo furiouſly ſet upon their great work of Reformation as to puniſh the *oppoſing of Scandalous Actions*, with the loſs of all a mans livelyhood. Whether they were aſhamed of the phraſe or not we know not; but they had very good reaſon to be aſhamed of the Act, being ſo different from all ſhew of Juſtice, as to enjoyn impoſſibilities in commanding men to return within twelve days, after iſſuing the ſummons, which at that time were above two hundred miles diſtant, and had two Armies to paſs through all the ways: or enjoyning them to be reſident at *Cambridge*, whom themſelves at the ſame time kept faſt Priſoners at *London*: And yet for non-appearance, for no man knows any other cauſe, theſe muſt be Ejected. *See Pref.*

But though this be not ſo plauſible, yet they have a ſure reſerve, their *Solemn League and Covenant*, which coming from their dear *Brethren of Scotland*, they think no penalty too great for refuſal of it: And this, becauſe it carries in its frontiſpiece a pretence of *Rrformation*, comes not alone, but (though without any viſible Order) accompanied with a new Legiſlative fangle called *an Oath of diſcovery*,

covery, but indeed was an Oath of Treachery, a wild unlimited device to call whom they would before them, and make them accuſe their neareſt and deareſt Friends, Benefactors, Tutors, and Maſters, and betray the Members and Acts of their ſeveral Societies, manifeſtly contrary to our *Peaceable Statutes* formerly ſworn unto by us, which provide againſt all faction and ſedition, which theſe men only hunt after, [*viz. Non revelabis aliquod ſecretum Collegii; Non malum aut damnum inferes Collegio aut cuilibet Sociorum:*] And apparently reviving the Oath *Ex Offiſhio*, (as their Commiſſioners ſpell it) aboliſhed this preſent Parliament, to accuſe our ſelves: For what is it elſe to accuſe our own *Societies* and *Corporations*, whereof our ſelves are parts and members?

And though we would not any whit derogate from the Oath *Ex Officio* as it is uſed this day in moſt Chriſtian Kingdoms and Common-wealths, nay even in *Scotland* and *Geneva*, and may be of excellent uſe, if not ſtretched beyond the due limits of Law: yet this *Oath of Diſcovery*, all, we think, except one or two, refuſed, perceiving that thereby the deſign of a ſecond *Century* was to be promoted; for they finding no accuſation or crime objected againſt any of us, where with to colour their ugly purpoſes which they had already plotted in private againſt us, and yet their Covenant muſt be for Reformation, they reſolved to ſhrive us with an *Auricular Confeſſion* ſanctified to the *Cauſe*, that ſo we might help them out with their malice, which was otherwiſe like to be born blind, though hitherto it hath been Eagle-eyed over our moſt venial ſlips; And forthwith upon refuſal of this Oath was their Solemn *League and Covenant* urged upon us.

We

We cannot but ſignifie by the way, that ſeeing it muſt be tendered to the *Univerſity*, as their Printed inſtructions told us, we hoped it ſhould have been to the whole body Statuteably aſſembled, either to admit of, or otherwiſe humbly to ſhew reaſons of denial; but they were wiſe enough to foreſee what entertainment ſuch ſtuff was like to find from all the Learned men of ſo famous an Unverſity, and were not willing it ſhould be blaſted with their Univerſal refuſal. And therefore contrary to our hopes, a ſelected number of particular men are cull'd out, partly as the lot fell, for it much reſembled a lottery, but chiefly of ſuch whom they moſt redoubted, and of whom by ſome petty information, they had received a black Character of *Loyalty* termed *Malignancy*, and to theſe, yet ſeverally, was tendered *the Oath of diſcovery*, and after that the *Covenant*.

And though indeed we ſhould, by Gods help, as often have refuſed it, as it ſhould have been offered, yet after one ſingle denial, without a ſecond tender, contrary to the Eleventh Article of the *Inſtructions*, a warrant was ſtraightway iſſued forth under the Earl of *Mancheſter*'s hand and ſeal for our *Ejection and Baniſhment from the Univerſity of Cambridge for refuſing to take the Solemn League and Covenant, and other Miſdemeanors in the ſaid Univerſity*, which were ſurely no other than the denial of the *Oath of diſcovery*, for not one of us who were there preſent, had any one accuſation brought, much leſs proved againſt him, when we appeared upon their Summons. And without any delay our names are cut out of the College Tables, and we *ſtrictly commanded in three days ſpace to quit the Univerſity and Town under pain of Impriſonment and Plunder*, if any thing was left.

And

And it is here not to be paſſed by, that whereas by the Laws of the Land we were ever reputed to have as good an intereſt in our ſeveral fellowſhips during life, as any of our fellow Subjects in his fee Simple, provided we carried our ſelves according to thoſe Statutes by which our ſeveral Colleges were reſpectively to be governed, yet now we are utterly deprived of them by the mear Arbitrary power of one of our fellow Subjects without tranſgreſſing of any one Statute, or being called to anſwer for any pretended offence whatſoever. Nay, ſo little was Propriety valued, that a pair of * Camp-

*M. *Aſh, and* M. *Good.*

Chaplains, or one of them, might expunge, eject, and baniſh whom they pleaſed, eſpecially ſuch as would not ſacrifice their Loyalty and conſciences to the nerves and cement of this *Rebellion*, called the *Covenant*. For inſtance, when a Warrant for Ejection of certain Fellows of S. *Johns* College was iſſued out under hand and ſeal, and their names expreſly mentioned in it, yet Mr. *Aſh* knows very well who it was that expunged Mr. *Henmans* name, and put in M. *Boteler's*, without ſo much as writing the Warrant over again.

And now (ſeeing what courſes were taken) it will not ſeem ſtrange to the Reader, to hear that no leſs than 32. Fellows, (together with the Maſter) have been thruſt out of the ſaid College, the emoluments of whoſe places have been ever ſince ſwallowed up by not half the number, and not content with that neither. And in an

Queens Coll.

other they have made a through Reformation, *Root and Branch*, leaving neither Fellow nor Scholar. In others indeed they have left perhaps one or two, (or more as they ſee good)

good) like *Gibeonites, to hew wood and draw water*, till ſuch time as they have diſcovered unto them all the myſteries concerning their College Revenues, and by that time they will find enow godly men of their own Tribe, Learned enough to pocket the profits of two Fellowſhips apiece, which is the end of all this bleſſed Reformation. Thus is their old pretence of *Regulation* vaniſhed, in place whereof their true intention of a total *Extirpation* of the whole ancient Body of the Univerſity doth now ſo plainly appear, that they which run may read it; which though a great many would not believe, till by woful experience they found it, yet was it conſpicuous enough from the very beginning to any that was but tolerably provident in matters of this nature.

For it was hardly poſſibly that *Cambridge* ſhould be free from theſe two crying ſins of *Sacrilege* and *Rebellion*, which the devil hath long endeavoured to make this whole Kingdom guilty of: and to that end (miſ-calling them by the names of *Religion* and *Liberty*) had masked under the counterfeit vizard of a *Covenant for Reformation*: by which means though the ſimplicity of the vulgar was much abuſed, to the extreme hazard of this once flouriſhing Church and State; yet ſeeing it could not be able to endure the ſtrict ſearch, which in ſuch an Univerſity of all ſorts of Learned and conſcientious Men it was not like to eſcape; it could not be otherwiſe expected, but that thoſe who were his inſtruments herein, would lay a ſure foundation, and (how moderate ſoever their pretences were) reform *Root and Branch*, as they called it, that ſeeing they could not make the Univerſity of *Cambridge* to Rebel by taking their Covenant, they might

at

at leaſt make a Rebellious Univerſity at *Cambridge* which ſhould take it.

And to this end thoſe new intruders which falſly call themſelves Maſters and Fellows of our ſeveral Colleges, inſtead of thoſe ſolemn Oaths which our pious and prudent Founders and *Legiſlators* enjoyned to be taken, (and without taking of which, no man can pretend any right to any of their foundations) only take their *Covenant* again, and make a Proteſtation to reform all our wholſom Laws and Statutes according to that *Covenant*.

A *Covenant with Hell*, begot between *Munſter* and *Mecha*, by the help of a Jeſuite, the moſt impious and unchriſtian confederacy that their grand Maſter the devil could contrive: the chief end whereof is to dethrone the *Lords anointed*, and throw down the Church and Apoſtolical Government thereof, and to force not only their Fellow-Subjects to contradict their Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, but even their moſt gracious Sovereign to perjury, in violating this his ſacred Oath which he ſolemnly made at his Coronation. And to compleat that their moſt horrid and heinous ſin, to joyn in Arms with a *foreign Nation*, to lay deſolate their own native Country, to ſtain this Earth with the Blood of their own Country-men and Fellow-Subjects, and to expoſe the treaſures of *England*, the Cream of theſe fruitful Vallies, to the empty and hungry maw of a Rebellious Scot: and then vow never to have peace, but what ſhall be written in the Blood of their Enemies (His Majeſty and His Loyal Subjects,) and laſtly, moſt cruelly and wickedly to exhort and ſolicit all Proteſtants in the Chriſtian World to undertake the like courſe with them by riſing in Rebellious Arms; thereby expoſing the Throats

Throats and Lives of all our Brethren the Proteſtants in France and elſe where to the juſt jealouſie of their ſeveral Princes. And yet (for ſooth) this *Covenant* is made the foundation of the great work of their glorious *Reformation*, and under pretence of refuſing this we muſt be baniſht, and thruſt out of all we have.

It will not be more than what upon trial will be found true, if we here mention a miſtery which many (we conceive) will not a little wonder at, *viz.* That this *Covenant*, for which all this perſecution hath been, conſiſteth of 6. Articles, and thoſe Articles of 666. words. This is not the firſt time that a perſecution hath ariſen in *England* upon 6. Articles, (witneſs thoſe in the Reign of King *Henry* the 8*th.**) But as for the *number of the Beaſt*, to anſwer directly to the words of thoſe ſix Articles, it is a thing, which (conſidering Gods bleſſed providence in every particular thing) hath made many of us and others ſeriouſly and often to reflect upon it; though we were never ſo ſuperſtitiouſly *Caballiſtical* as to aſcribe much to numbers. This diſcovery (we confeſs) was not made by any of us, but by a very judicious and worthy Divine, formerly of our Univerſity, and then a Priſoner (for his Conſcience) within the precincts of it, and not yet reſtored to his liberty, but removed to *London*. And therefore we ſhall forbear to inſiſt any farther, either upon it, or the occaſion of it.

* *See* Mr. *Fox*, *Act. and Mon. Vol.* 2. *p.* 443. *Edit. London.* 1631.

Mr. *Geaſt.*

For our own particulars we ſhall only add thus much, that ſeeing ſome of our own Reaſons with which we had Armed our ſelves againſt that *Miſtery*

of iniquity have ſince that time been publiſhed to the World (in ſuch humility of phraſe as well became Chriſtian ſufferers, though in ſuch diſtraction as may ſufficiently teſtify who were the Authors and what their Condition) we appeal to any who with Judgment and moderation hath or ſhall read the ſame; whether we have cauſleſly and fooliſhly trifled away thoſe fair advantages wherewith God by the means of our renowned Benefactors had endowed us, for the advancement of his Glory, and further propagation of Learning and true Religion; or whether we had not rather ſuffer'd an unjuſt deprival of all our livelyhoods under the mercileſs hands of cruel Tyrants, who neither fear God nor reſpect the juſt ſcruples of tender Conſciences.

Mr. *Baldero.* For when a Member of our Univerſity was brought upon this occaſion before the Earl of *Mancheſter*, and being not ſatisfied in Conſcience, deſired his Lordſhip that his Chaplain (then preſent) might reſolve him in ſome Scruples about it; to this motion (being then thought not unreaſonable by his Lordſhip, and much preſſed by ſome that were there preſent) his Reverend Chaplain Learnedly replyed before the whole Company, that *he came not thither to reſolve Mens Conſciences, but to Preach to his Lordſhip.* Whereupon the Gentleman was not long after ſent up Priſoner to *London* by the ſaid Earl for tendring the Reaſons of his refuſing the Covenant, though invited and required thereunto by his Lordſhip: And there without farther hearing committed to Priſon, where he continued a long time at exceſſive charges, which is all the ſatisfaction he

he could find (or any other can expect) from them, for the ſcruples of a tender Conſcience.

Thus are we impriſoned or baniſhed for our conſciences, being not ſo much as accuſed of any thing elſe, only ſuſpected of Loyalty to our King, and Fidelity to our Mother the Church of *England*; and not only ſo, but quite ſtript of all our livelyhood, and expoſed to beggery, having nothing left us to ſuſtain the neceſſities of nature, and many of us no friends to go to, but diſtitute and forlorn, not knowing whither to bend one ſtep when we ſet footing out of Cambridge, having one only companion, which will make us rejoyce in our utmoſt afflictions, *viz. A clear Conſcience in a righteous cauſe*: humbly ſubmitting our ſelves to the chaſtiſement of the Almighty, who after he hath tryed us, will at laſt caſt his rods into the fire.

As for us, God forbid that we ſhould take up any railing or curſing, who are commanded only to *bleſs*: we are ſo far from that, that we have rather choſen to let the names of our greateſt perſecuters rot in our ruines, than ſo much as mention them with our Pen, ſave only where neceſſity compelled us unto it.

But though we ſpare their names, we hope we may without offence to any deſcribe their qualities: And therefore if Poſterity ſhall ask, Who thruſt out one of the *eyes of this Kingdom*? Who made Eloquence dumb, Phyloſophy ſottiſh, widowed the Arts, and drove the Muſes from their Ancient habitation? Who pluck'd the Reverend and Orthodox *Profeſſors* out of their Chairs, and ſilenced them in Priſon or their graves? Who turned Religion into Rebellion, and changed the Apoſtolical Chair into a Desk for Blaſphemy, and tore the garland from

off the head of Learning, to place it on the dull browes of Diſloyal Ignorance? If they ſhall ask, who made thoſe Ancient and beautiful Chappels, the ſweet remembrancers and Monuments of our fore-fathers *Charity*, and kind fomenters of their Childrens *devotion*, to become ruinous heaps of duſt and ſtones? or who unhived thoſe numerous ſwarms of labouring *Bees*, which uſed to drop honey-dews over all this Kingdom, to place in their rooms ſwarms of ſenſleſs *Drones*? Tis quickly anſwered, thoſe that were, who endeavouring to ſhare three Crowns, and put them in their own pockets, have transformed this free Kingdom into a large Goal, to *keep the liberty of the Subject*: They who maintain 100000. Robbers and Murtherers by Sea and Land, to protect our lives, and the propriety of our goods: That have gone a *King-catching* theſe three years, *hunting* their moſt gracious Sovereign *like a Partridge on the mountains* in his own *defence*; They who have poſſeſt themſelves of His Majeſties Towns, Navy, and Magazines, and Robbed him of all his Revenues, to make him a *glorious King*: Who have multiplyed Oaths, Proteſtations, Vows, Leagues and Covenants for the *eaſe of tender conſciences*: Filling all Pulpits with Jugglers for the *Cauſe*, canting Sedition, Atheiſm, and Rebellion, to root out Popery and Babylon, and ſettle the Kingdom of Chriſt: who from a trembling guilt of a legal trial have engaged three flouriſhing Kingdoms, and left them weltring in their own Blood; They (laſtly) which when they had glutted themſelves with ſpoil and rapine, hiſſed for a *foreign Viper* to come and eat up the bowels of their dear Mother: *The very ſame* have ſtopt the mouth of all Learning,

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(following here in the example of their elder Brother the *Turk*) leſt any ſhould be wiſer than themſelves, or Poſterity know what a World of wickedneſs they have committed.

And now ſeeing they are not content to deprive us of our Eſtates, but (which is much more greivous unto us) have alſo Robbed us of our good names, branding all of us in our ſeveral writs of Ejectment with a black Character of *Miſdemeanors* in general (and yet not any one particular was alledged againſt any one of us, which were then there, much leſs offered to be proved by any one ſingle witneſs, although eſpecial care was taken by an Ordinance for appointing a Committee to ſit at *Cambridge* for that purpoſe) we challenge and conjure them as they will one day anſwer for this ſlander and oppreſſion, that they declare and prove what thoſe *Miſdemeanors* are; which if they do, the ſhame and guilt will be ours: if not (as we are confident they cannot) we muſt appeal herein from theſe unjuſt Judges to the impartial Tribunal of the righteous Judg of Heaven and Earth, who knows our integrity, and to whom we ſubmit our ſelves and cauſe, Humbly beſeeching him not to lay this Sin to their charge. For though for our many ſins againſt him we may juſtly receive at his hands, heavier Judgments than theſe: yet our Innocence will plead *Not Guilty*, to the face of any Man who ſhall object againſt us any Civil *Miſdemeanors*, whereby we can more juſtly be deprived of our Fellowſhips than any free Subject in *England* of his fee Simple, if they pleaſe to ſay he is guilty of *Miſdemeanors*.

And as it hath pleaſed our gracious Maſter (whoſe Miniſters we are) to make us examples

(though but of ſuffering) to the reſt of our Brethren: So we hope he will continue unto us his grace of *humilation under his mighty hand*, as an earneſt of his *exalting us in due time*: And in the interim, that he will lay no more upon us, than he ſhall be pleaſed to ſtrengthen our infirmities to bear: And that he will ſtill preſerve unto us a *good conſcience, that whereas* our perſecutors *ſpeak evil of us as of evil doers, they may be aſhamed that falſly accuſe our good converſation in Chriſt.*

FINIS

Mercurius Ruſticus, &c.

V.

The Cathedral Church of Peterborough *Robbed, defac'd and ſpoil'd by* Cromwel *and his Schiſmatical adherents, &c.*

COuld we ſooner have produced a certain, and full relation of the obſervable circumſtances about the ruines and deſolations of the ſometimes flouriſhing, though now demoliſhed *Cathedral* of *Peterborough*, the ſame might juſtly have challenged to have been inſerted before this time and place, both in reſpect of the dignity of the Ancient, Religious and Royal Founders, the ſame of the irreligious and unworthy defacers, the admirable viciſſitude of its own condition, and reaſons of its Fatal doom, having ſuffered not ſo much by the fury of the *Danes*, becauſe a rich Monaſtery, as by the zeal of *Cromwel*, becauſe an Epiſcopal *See*: and (if his knowlege reached ſo high) for that it had been ſo much and often honoured by the Princes of this Nation in ſeveral ages.

When *Peada* the firſt Chriſtian King of the *Mercians* to propagate the faith of Chriſt, laid the foundation, but had a ſudden period put to his life and pious intentions by his unnatural and wicked Mother, *Wolpher* his Brother, albeit at firſt averſe, yet afterwards a convert to Chriſtianity, (to expire the Murder of his two Sons whom he had cruelly put to death for embracing the Goſpel before him) by

the help of his Brother *Ethelred*, and his Siſters *Kimburga*, and *Kinſwith*, having finiſhed that work in the year of our Lord 633. Conſecrated it to the memory of S. *Peter* (whence the place ever ſince hath been ſtiled *Peterborough*, which before was called *Medeſwel-hamſted*, or *Medeſhamſted*) and it continued for the ſpace of two hundred and fourteen years, in ſuch glory, that in the Judgment of our Learned Antiquary, *Monaſterium fuit longè Celebratiſſimum*, till the *Danes* maſſacred the Monks and deſtroyed that place of Devotion, which was after an 108. years reſtored to its former ſtate, by *Ethelwould* Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, aſiſted by King *Edger* and *Adulph* his Chancellour, about the years of our Lord 960. in which it remained, until covetous Sacrilege began to get the upper hand of wel-meaning charity in his Reign, who was as fitly, as truely ſaid to have had *Ingentes virtutes, nec minora vitia*, though at the undoing of its Kindred, this had leaſt reaſon to complain, being then advanced to a Biſhops *See*; But this third woe hath ſo much disfigured that Majeſty which till then this building retained in its fore-front, this *Cromwel* hath ſo far out-vied in acts of Piety his Precedent, that *Cromwel* in *Henry* the 8. time, this place hath now ſuffered in ſo great a manner for its Loyalty, as that we know not where to enter upon the narration of the ſame, except at the great Weſt-window (where his Soldiers made their firſt breach and entrance) which was adorned with ſuch variety of Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, as will evidence them to be deformers of that through-Reformation in our bleſſed Queens time of happy memory, whom notwithſtanding they ſo highly cryed up. From thence they preſently hurried to the Choire, where as ſoon

as

as they had broken open the doors, they, according to their trade and cuſtom in other places, fell on tearing in pieces the Books of *Divine ſervice*, and ſacred *Anthems*, yea (which may ſeem more ſtrange) they were ſo hot againſt Preaching or hearing Sermons, that all the ſeats of the Auditours were plucked up and the *Pulpit*, the place of the Divine Oracle, and the Book ſeat pulled down with that black-mouthed cry, *Down with that Throne of Antichriſt, down with it even to the ground.* And when their zeal had driven them, to that height of impiety, that ſome ſtanders by could not behold it without great reluctancy, which moved one of them to requeſt *Cromwel* that he would pleaſe to ſtay his Soldiers from further defacing and ruining that place, all the ſatisfaction he could get, was but a provocation to further miſchief, replying, that his Gods were a pulling down, and when the other anſwered *that the God he ſerved was beyond the reach of Soldiers*, Cromwel told him *that they did God good ſervice in that action*, as if even in theſe days were fulfilled that prophecy of our Saviour, *John* 16. 2. *The time is coming whoſoever doth the* greateſt *Miſchief will think he ſerveth God.* But obſerve the wages that divine Juſtice repayed one of them for their work, which may teſtifie how he accepted of the ſame; When they had demoliſhed the Choire, the Eaſt-end was the next they aimed at, where one eſpying in the roof right over the *Communion-Table*, our *Saviour* pourtraied, coming in glory with his holy Angels, and at the 4. corners, 4. Evangeliſts (none of which they will endure, as knowing how oppoſite they are unto them) he charged his Muſquet to ſhatter them down, but by the rebound of his own ſhot, was ſtruck blind; If he did his God good

good thereby, he did himſelf an ill turn, his wickedneſs falling on his own pate; He laid a long while in a woful condition, and never recovered his former ſight: His life by Gods mercy was repreived, that he might repent, but he was ſurely ſcourged, that he might take notice, there is puniſhment for Sacrilege, and bear witneſs of that truth unto his fellows, although he found more ſavour than *Caliſthenes*, who attempting to burn the temples by ſetting fire on the Gates, was for that act himſelf burned: or *Alcimus*, who whilſt he was pulling the houſe of God down, was ſtruck with a Palſie, and dyed in torment. Some would have thought, that that remarkable judgment overtaking him ſo on the ſudden, ſufflaminated their running on, and that ſtriking of him blind, ſhould have opened their eyes. But let favour be ſhewed to the wicked, yet they will not learn righteouſneſs, in the land of uprightneſs will they deal unjuſtly, and will not behold the Majeſty of the Lord; But Lord, when thy hand is lifted up, they will not ſee, as thou foretoldeſt by thy Prophet *Eſay* 26. 10. 11. 13. it ſhould come to paſs, *When other Lords beſides thee have dominion over us*; They were not at all deterred, neither left any ways unattempted to get down that roof, which ladders failed, they cut the Bell-ropes (*wich if rightly applyed, might have cured their itch*) to eke out their tackling, till they reached it with their Poleaxes, and brake down the carved works. *Pſal.* 7. 4. Afterwards eſpying the rare ſtructure of Stoneworks over the Altar, admired by all travellers for the excellent artifices, which was no ways guilty of ſuperſtitious workmanſhip, they made all of it rubbiſh, breaking up alſo the rails of which they com-

compiled bone-fires, tumbling the *Communion-Table* over and over, they were alſo ſo offended with all memorials of the dead (knowing themſelves in the number of thoſe whoſe memories at the beſt ſhall periſh as if they had never been) that not one Monument in the Church eſcaped undefaced, no not of the pious benefactors, (whoſe accuſation was ſufficient, they had done good to the Church) not thoſe two fair Tombs of *Katharine Queen Dowager of Spain*, the *Repudiate* of *King Henry* the 8*th.* and *Mary* albeit *Queen* of *Scots*. It was ſo great a crime to have been *Queens*, the marble walls, and guards of irons wherewith they were ſurrounded and incircled could not preſerve them in repoſe from all their miſeries, but they would add this one unto the reſt, to lay the *Emblems* of their honours in the duſt, pulling away the herſe of black velvet, and carrying away whatſoever was vendible: When their unhallowed toylings had made them out of wind, they took breath afreſh on two pair of Organs, piping with the very ſame about the Market place, laſcivious Jiggs, whilſt their Comrades danced after them, ſome in the Coaps, others with the Surplices, and down they brake the Bellows to blow the coals of their further miſchief, and leſt any ſhould ring auke for the fire they had make, they left the Bells ſpeechleſs, taking out their clappers, which they ſold with the Braſs they flaied from the graven ſtones, and the Tin and Iron from other parts of the Church and Chappels belonging thereto, which were many and richly adorned, but the Daughters faired no better than their Mother; there was not ſuffered any window to remain unſhattered, or remarkable place in them unruined, their intent being to leave thoſe conſecrated

crated walls as a room fitted for vermin to neſtle in, or which was worſe for Cap. *Aſhwell* to exerciſe his Soldiers in, where while he was in town, he made his Rendezvous, and when they went away, ſet fire on ſome part of the wood-work, to have burnt the remainder down, if it had not timely been diſcovered; Neither did the Cloyſters attending, ſcape better than thoſe they were made to wait upon, though theſe both in their roof and glazing might be compared with the chiefeſt *Cathedrals*, the firſt ſquare being beautified with the Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament, the ſecond of the New, the third ſhewed the whole relation of thoſe by whom the Church was builded, the fourth preſented us with all the *Effigies* of our *Kings* ſince *William* the *Conquerour*: But it ſeems, thoſe unreaſonable and wicked men, care for ſcripture, and Princes, and Pious Monuments all alike, their wide throats were as open Sepulchres, their Sacrilegious appetites (being yet unſatisfied with devouring) muſt needs ſwallow up the Lands appertaining to that Church, to whith that they might pretend the juſter title, they broke open the Charter-houſe, Plundered away the great Charter, all the Evidences, leaſes, and other writings belonging thereunto, manifeſting their parties deſires to have all Eſtates of others, to come, and be at their arbitrary diſpoſals, and they unto whom in right they are due, to lie as theſe places and Perſons at this day, Mourning in Sack-cloth and Aſhes.

Mer-

Mercurius Belgicus:

OR,

A briefe Chronology of the Battels, Sieges, Conflicts, and other moſt remakable paſſages from the beginning of this Rebellion, to the 25*th.* of *March*, 1646.

Together with

A Catalogue of the Perſons of Quality ſlain on both ſides.

CICERO.

Incerti ſunt exitus pugnarum, Marſque eſi communis, qui ſæpe ſpoliantem, jam & exultantem evertit, & perculit ab abjecto.

Printed in the Year,
1685.

The Preface.

Readers,

YOU *have here a candid and impartial Epitomy of an unnatural War, Subjects banding againſt their lawful Prince, Brother againſt* Brother, *and Father againſt Son. Read but the ſaid enſuing Story, and therein conſider the number and quality of Perſons ſlain, the deſtruction of Houſes and Families, the deſolation of Cities and Towns, the increaſe of Widows and Orphans, the Tyranny and inhumanity of our new* Legiſlators *over their own Fellow-Subjects, and you will eaſily conclude of theſe, as* Cicero *did of* Sylla's *time,*

——Nemo illo invito, nec bona, nec patriam, nec vitam retinere potueirt.

In earneſt, it may well be wondred whence theſe men have their minds, God, nor man, nor Nature ever made them thus. To be ſhort, the Reader may here ſee the flux and reflux of Fortune de la Guerre, *now this party flouriſheth, and that goes down, anon that flouriſheth, and this goes down, as if the guilt of our ſins were drawing a heavy Judgment from Heaven upon this Land, and theſe Rebels were ordained for the inſtruments of it. But let us hope for better. And particularly, that God in the richneſs of his mercy, will look*

down

down upon these macerated Kingdoms, and periodize these distractions, That Religion *may again flourish in its purity, maugre the Plots and impieties of all* Seditiaries *and* Schismaticks, *That His Sacred* Majesty *may be re-established in His just Rights and Prerogatives, that Parliaments may move in their own and known Centre, the Ancient* Laws *of the Land re-inforced and freed from fellow-subjects Tyranny and Arbitration, and the Subject re-estated in his Aucient Liberties, freed from Murder, Rapine and Plunder: which that we may quickly see, let it be the Subject of ever good Christian Prayer.*

Memo-

Memorable

OCCURRENCES

since the beginning of this

REBELLION.

Anno Dom. 1641.

IN *December* 1641. The Houſe of Commons publiſhed a Remonſtrance of the State of the Kingdom, therein ſetting forth all the errors of his Majeſties Government, a meer deſign to alienate the affection of his Subjects from him.

The tenth of *January* following, his Majeſty with the Queen, Prince, and Duke of *Yorke*, left White-hall, and went to Hampton Court to avoid the danger of thoſe frequent tumults then hazarding the ſafety of his Royal Perſon.

February the 23*d.* the Queens Majeſty took ſhipping at *Dover*, having been driven before from *White-hall* by the frequent tumults of the Rebels, And ſoon after His Majeſty went to *New-market* and from thence to *Yorke*, where (after the Rebels had Guards for three Months before) the Gentry of the Country raiſed a Guard for his Majeſties Perſon.

Anno Dom. 1642.

MAY the 20*th.* it was voted by both Houſes, *That the* King *intended to levie War againſt the Parliament*: which they did on purpoſe to excuſe themſelves for raiſing a Rebellion againſt His Majeſty, as appeared within few days after.

July the ſecond the Kings ſhip called the *Providence*, Landed in the *Creek* of *Kenningham* near *Hull*, till which time His Majeſty had not a Barrel of Powder, nor any Arms, or Ammunition whatſoever.

July the 12*th.* the pretended two Houſes Voted, *that the Earl of* Eſſex *ſhould be General of their Army, and that they would live and die with him.*

Auguſt the firſt, the Earl of *Eſſex* cauſed all the men then raiſed (being in number about 10000) to be committed to Officers, and divided into Regiments, which men had been raiſing ever ſince the 12*th.* of *July* 1642. at which time he was made General of the Rebels.

Auguſt the ſixth the Earl of *Bedford* having fruitleſſely beſieged the Lord Marqueſs of *Hertford* in *Sherburn Caſtle* for four days before, retreated to *Yevell*; the Noble Marqueſs ſallied after him, and with a ſmall number fell on that great body of the Rebels, Kill'd above 140 whereof 9 Commanders, took divers Priſoners and routed the reſt; ſo as he marched away, and after divided his ſmall Forces, going himſelf into *Wales*, and Sir *Ralph* (now Lord) *Hopton* into *Cornwall*, of both which there followed ſo good an effect.

Auguſt the 22*d.* His Majeſty ſet up his Standard Royal

Royal at *Nottingham*, for raiſing of Forces to ſuppreſs the Rebels then marching againſt him.

September the 23*d*. Prince *RUPERT* with about 11 Troops of Horſe gave a great overthrow to the Rebels in *Wikefield* near *Worceſter*, where Colonel *Sands* that commanded in chief, received his mortal wound, Major *Douglas* (a *Scot*) and divers other Captains and Officers ſlain and drowned; Captain *Wingate* a Member of the Houſe of Commons, with four Coronets taken, and two more torn in pieces. This body of the Rebels was obſerved to be the flower of their Cavalry.

October the 23*d*. was that ſignal great battel fought between *Keynton* and *Edg-hill* by his Majeſties Army, and that of the Rebels led by the Earl of *Eſſex*: wherein the Rebels loſt above 70 Colours of Coronets and Enſigns, and His Majeſty but only 16 Enſigns and not one Coronet. The exact number that were ſlain on both ſides in this Battel is not known: But it is certain that the Rebels loſt above three for one. Men of eminence of his Majeſties Forces, who were ſlain in the Battel were, the two Noble and valiant Lords, *Robert* Earl of *Lindſey* Lord High Chamberlain of *England*, and *George* Lord D. *Aubigney* Brother to the Duke of *Richmond*, and *Lenox*, Sir *Edmund Verney*, Knight Marſhal to His Majeſty, with ſome other worthy Centlemen, and Soldiers, but beſides theſe three named there was not one Noble Man or Knight kill'd, which was an extraordinary mercy of Almighty God, conſidering what a glorious ſight of Princes, Dukes, Marqueſſes, Earls, Viſcounts, Barons, Knights and Gentlemen of all Orders, were not only preſent but engaged themſelves againſt the Rebels as much or more than Common

Soldiers, which they moſt cheerfully did by example of His ſacred MAJESTY, whoſe Royal undaunted Courage put life into every man, expoſing His Sacred Perſon to ſo much danger as all good men do tremble to remember; His Royal Sons (the two young Princes) *CHARLES* Prince of *Wales*, and *JAMES* Duke of *Yorke*, being alſo in the field in very much danger, if God whoſe cauſe it was) had not covered their heads in the day of Battel. The Rebels as they had few men of quality to loſe, ſo thoſe they had, were ſenſible of their guilt, which then they expreſſed by their flight, ſome ſculking into holes and Saw-pits, and others running out before they were well in the field. They loſt of note the Lord St. *John*, eldeſt Son to the Earl of *Bullingbrooke*, Sir *Charles Eſſex*, with many inferiour Officers.

October the 27*th*. His Majeſty to compleat his Victory in *Keynton* field, drew his whole Army before *Banbury*; but after the firing of one piece of Ordnance, the Rebels ſubmitted to His Majeſties mercy(which were in number about 800 Foot (of the Earl of *Peterboroughs*, and Lord *Says* Regiments) with 10 Colours, and a Troop of Horſe) and yeilded the Town and Caſtle to the King: at which time the Earl of *Eſſex* with his ſhattered Force, were crept over the River *Avon* into *Warwick* (full eight Miles backward from the place where they were beaten) there to ſecure thoſe few he had left under the protection of the ſtrong ſituate Town and Caſtle, leaving behind him above 20 Waggons loaded with Powder and other Ammunition.

November the 12*th*. His Maieſty after four hours fight forced the Town of *Brainford*, where Lieutenant

nant Colonel *Quarles* that commanded in chief was ſlain, and at leaſt 400 more of the Rebels kill'd and drowned, as many taken Priſoners, with little loſs to His Majeſties part, theſe thus taken and kill'd, were obſerved to be the beſt foot Soldiers the Rebels had.

November the 13*th.* (being Sunday) certain of the Rebels had come down the *Thames* from *Kingſton*, with 13 pieces of Ordnance, which (ſo ſoon as they could ſee) they fired againſt *Sion* houſe, and His Majeſties Train of Artillery; but did little or no harm. Whereupon Order was preſently given for drawing down ſome Pieces into the Meadow and to the River ſide againſt them; which was accordingly done: and likewiſe a Demy-Cannon planted near the South-end of the Town. All which were ſo judiciouſly plied, that they ſhot through their Boats and Barges, and at laſt fired the Powder in one of them, which blew up divers of the Rebels: Thoſe Rebels which eſcaped took them to their heels, leaving behind them their mangled Boats and Barges, with all their Ordnance, and the remainder of their Ammunition, on which His Majeſty preſently ſeiſed, and afterwards made an honourable and ſafe retreat to the City of *Oxford.*

December the 5*th.* His Majeſties Forces under the command of *Lieutenant General Wilmot*, having his own Regiment of Horſe, with the Lord *Grandiſons*, and Lord *Digbies*, and Sir *William Pennimans*, and Colonel *Blagues* Regiments of Foot, and Colonel *Uſhers*, and Colonel *Grayes* of Dragoons, took the Town of *Marlborough*, defended by *Robert Ramſey* (a Scot) and about 500 Foot; *Ramſey* and divers of the chief Rebels brought Priſoners to *Oxford*; all their Arms taken, and four Colours.

On the ſame 5*th.* day, the Earl of *Newcaſtle* laid ſiege to *Tadcaſter*, where at that time was all the ſtrength of the Rebels in *Yorkeſhire* (excepting *Hull*) and by ſeveral aſſaults on the Town (from Ten of the Clock in the morning, till Seven at night) kill'd Cap. *Lyſter*, and about 60 more of the Rebels, who found ſuch hot ſervice that they ſtole away in the night to *Cawood* and *Selby*, leaving *Tadcaſter* fortified for His Majeſties ſervice.

January the 19*th.* a great Victory was obtained by the Lord *Hopton*, near *Bodmin*, in the County of *Cornwal*, where was ſlain in the purſuit 200 of the Rebels, and 700 taken Priſoners (amongſt whom was Sir *Shilſton Colmadee*) and eight Colours; good ſtore of Ammunition, and five excellent braſs Guns, and one of Iron.

January the 22*d.* the Lord *Hopton* aſſaulted *Saltaſh*, forced the Town, where he took Ten pieces of Ordnance, 700 more Priſoners, 4000 Arms, and a Ship with ſixteen pieces of Ordnance.

January the 27*th.* certain of the Rebels under the command of Maſter *John Hampden*, to the number of 1800 Foot, and ſeven or eight Troops of Horſe, with two pieces of Ordnance, came before *Brill*, and made an aſſault upon it: But were ſo bravely repulſed by His Majeſties forces there, under the command of Sir *Gilbert Gerard* (the then Governour thereof) that they made all poſſible haſt away; His Majeſties Horſe having the purſuit of them, for above 4 miles, about 80 of them being found dead, and betwixt 40 or 50 men wounded, which they had left together in a private Houſe.

February the 1*ſt.* Lieutenant General *King*, and Lieutenant General *Goring* coming from Newcaſtle with a great Convoy, of much Arms and Ammunition:

nition: and being faced at *Yarum*, with 400 Foot, three Troops of Horſe, and two pieces of Ordnance of the Rebels, fell upon them, ſlew many, took the reſt of the Foot, and moſt of the Horſe Priſoners, with their Ordnance and Baggage.

February the 2*d*. *Cyrenceſter*, (or *Ciceſter*) in *Glouceſter-ſhire* was taken by his Highneſs Prince *Rupert*, with the loſs of leſs than 20 men of his Army, there being above 300 of the Rebels ſlain, and near 1200 taken Priſoners. Of Colours taken, one Coronet, two of Dragoons, and fourteen Foot Enſigns, together with all their Ordnance, Arms, and Ammunition.

February the 13*th*. the QUEENS Majeſty left the *Hague*, and went to *Sciveling*. And on the 16 day Her Majeſty imbarked again in the Princeſs Royal of Great *Brittain*. And on the Sunday after came within ſight of *Flamborough-head*.

February the 20*th* She caſt Anchor in the Harbour of *Burlington-bay*. And the 22*d*. day following (upon ſight of 1000 of his excellency the Earl of *Newcaſtle*'s Horſe) landed at *Burlington* Key.

February the 24*th*. in the morning four Ships and a Pinnace, in the Rebels ſervice, (which came over night into the Road) made above 100 great ſhot at the houſes in the Key, for two hours, ſhooting Croſs-bar-ſhot, and Bullets of twelve pound weight, all of them aiming ſo near as they could, at the houſe were the Queen lay. Inſomuch that her ſacred Majeſty was forced to make what haſt ſhe could out of Her Bed, and to get under an hill to ſave Her life from the fury of thoſe Bloody Rebels, who endeavoured to Murther Her. But God Almighty preſerved Her Majeſty both by Sea and Land.

March the 18*th.* and 19*th.* was a great Battel on *Hopton-heath* in *Staffordſhire*, wherein *Gell* and *Brereton* (two cowardly Rebels) were routed by His Majeſties Forces under the command of the Right Honourable *Spencer* then Earl of *Northampton*, in which fight, above 300 of the Rebels were taken and kill'd; at the leaſt 200 more wounded; abve 300 of their Horſe taken, four pieces of Cannon, and a caſe of Drakes, with ſome Ammunition, here was the moſt Noble and valiant Earl of *Northampton* unfortunately ſlain, with C. *Middleton* and ſome few others on His Majeſties ſide.

March the 23*d. Grantham* was taken in, by ſome of His Majeſties Forces under the Command of Colonel *Charles Cavendiſh:* wherein were taken 360 Priſoners, with all the Captains and Officers, three foot Enſigns, two Cornets, together with three loads of Arms and Ammunition. And afterwards the works demoliſhed.

Anno Dom. 1643.

APRĪL the third Prince *Rupert* entered, and poſſeſſed that ſeditious Town of *Burmingham*, wherein was 300 Foot, and two Troops of Horſe, who being gallantly charged by the Welch-men, in leſs than half an hour forſook their Breaſt-works, and retired to their Barricadoes within the Town, wherein they found ſuch ſlender defence, that they took them to their heels, and that ſo faſt, that though they were purſued as ſoon as the Prince had poſſeſſed the Town, yet few of their Horſe were overtaken, only about 80 of the Rebels were kill'd, and as many Priſoners taken; together with about 150 Muſquets,

quets, and betwixt 4 and 500 Swords, and three Colours; In this ſervice the Noble Earl of *Denbigh* received a wound, whereof he afterwards died.

April the 11*th.* there was a fight near unto *Ancaſter* in the County of *Lincoln*, betwixt the Kings Forces under the command of Colonel *Cavendiſh*, and the Rebels of that County, under young *Hotham* (their then General) in which fight the moſt part of the Rebels were ſlain, and taken Priſoners, their General put to flight, and their whole Body totally routed.

On the 21*ſt.* day (being Friday) the Cloſe at *Lichfield* (after three weeks ſiege, and the loſs of ſome men) was yeilded up to Prince *Rupert*, together with the Ordnance, and Ammunition, all ſorts of Arms (except the Horſe-mens Arms, and a certain number of Muſquets) and all ſuch Treaſure which had been formerly conveyed in thither and did not properly belong to the Soldiers there. Theſe Soldiers were part of thoſe Forces under the command of the late Lord *Brook* (a great Leader in this Rebellion, and a maliciious enemy to the Church) who was kill'd in his aſſaulting this Church by a ſhot into the eye, on S. *Chads* day who was the firſt Biſhop of this See, in memory of whom this Cathedral was built, and called S. *Chads* Church.

The laſt day of *April* his Excellency the Earl of *Newcaſtles* Forces, encountered with, and totally routed a whole Body of the Rebels (conſiſting of above 3000 men) which were going to relieve the Town of *Leeds*, killed 150 of them in the place, took 240 Priſoners, three pieces of Ordnance, together with all their Victual and Ammunition.

May

May the 6*th*. *James* Earl of *Northampton* (the true Heir of his Fathers Loyalty and valour) encountered with a Body of the Rebels in *Middleton Cheny Town-field*, near *Banbury* (conſiſting of about 700 Foot, and five Troops of Horſe) where he wholly routed their Foot, killed 217 upon the plain, took above 300 Priſoners, all their Ordnance and Ammunition, 416 Muſquets, 150 Pikes, and above 500 Swords, purſued the fugitive Horſe, and killed, and took many of them: the reſt made what haſt they could to *Northampton*. In this fight his Lordſhip loſt but three men, and thoſe not of any note: Nor had above one Officer ſo much as hurt.

Upon the 16*th*. of *May* the Lord *Hopton* aſſaulted the great Rebellious Body then intrenched near *Stratton* on the Borders of *Devonſhire*, fought with them full ten hours, and having ſpent his Ammunition, inſomuch that he had not powder left to ſerve one hour longer, fell upon the Rebels with Swords, Pikes, and Muſquets ſtocks: And (with unexpreſſible valour) wholly routed the Rebels Army, killed many hundreds of them in the place; wounded many more; took 1700 Priſoners, whereof above 30 Commanders, all their Cannon, being 11 pieces of Braſs Ordnance, and 4 of Iron; 2 Morter pieces; 75 Barrels of Powder, with Shot and Match proportionable, betwixt 2 and 3000 Arms; and 3000l in mony; there being not above 46 of the Kings Forces killed and hurt, and amongſt thoſe not any one Commander or Gentleman of Quality.

May the 23*d*. The Queen was moſt traiterouſly voted a Traitour, for her love ſo exemplarily expreſſed to the King Her Husband.

May the 30*th*. Maſter *Robert Yeomans* and Maſter *George*

George Boucher, two Citizens of *Briſtoll*, were there publickly Murthered by Colonel *Nathanial Fines* for their Loyalty to His Majeſty.

June the 18*th*. 1643. His Highneſs Prince *Rupert* beat up the Quarters of the Rebels at *Poſtcombe* and *Chinner* in *Oxfordſhire*, killed ſome 50 of the Rebels there Quartered, took about 120 Priſoners, almoſt all their Horſes and Arms, and three of Sir *Samuel Lukes* Dragoon-Cornets: obtained a great victory in *Chalgrove* field, and utterly defeated the Rebels Horſe-men and Dragooners, ſlew divers of their Commanders, eſpecially Colonel *John Hampden* (one of the *five Members* accuſed of high Treaſon) who in this fight received his mortal wound, in this very *Chalgrove* field, where he firſt Muſtered, and drew up men in Arms to put in execution the Rebellious Ordinance for the *Militia*.

On *Friday* the laſt of *June*: His Excellency the Earl of *Newcaſtle* obtained a great victory againſt the Northern Rebels under the Lord *Fairfax* upon *Aderton-heath*, within the County of *Yorke*. In which fight my Lord ſoon put the Rebels into ſuch confuſion, that they could not be reduced again into any Order; until he had gained all their five pieces of Cannon; which he preſently turned againſt them; the ſight whereof did ſo terrifie them, that they made what haſt they could towards *Leedes*. But finding that his Excellencies horſe had intercepted that paſſage; their laſt ſhift was to recover *Bradford*, which was done in ſuch a diſorderly manner, that his Excellency in the purſuit of them killed and took above 2000, whereof above 1500 Priſoners. As for their General *Fairfax*, he with much adoe made ſhift with one poor Troop of Horſe to

get

get (at night) into *Leeds*, leaving the reſt to the mercy of the Victor.

July the 1*ſt*. The Earl of *Eſſex* being with his Army at *Tame* in *Oxfordſhire*, ſent Colonel *Middleton* with 500 horſe and Dragoons to *Padbury* to waylay Prince *Rupert* and his Forces from returning from *Buckingham* to *Oxford*, while *Eſſex* with his Army fell on the Prince, but Sir *Charles Lucas* by his Scouts diſcovered the Rebels deſign, and accordingly met them with three Troops of his own Regiment, wherewith he routed all *Middletons* 400 horſe and Dragoons, purſued them to their paſs at *Werthillbrook*, followed them through the foard (in deſpight of all their Muſquettiers there) ſlew above 100. took 40 Priſoners, and prevented the Rebels hopeful deſign.

The ſame day the Marqueſs of *Newcaſtle* beſieged *Bradford*, beſtowed upon it above 40 ſhot from his great Artillery; and the morrow after made himſelf Maſter of the Town. In which he took 2000 Priſoners, with all the Horſe Arms, and Ammunition, which either the Rebels found in the Town, or brought thither with them.

Hereupon the Rebels deſerted the Town of *Halifax*, and preſently after Sir *Hugh Cholmely* fell upon *Beverly*, and took it for his Majeſty.

July the 5*th*. Maſter *Tomkins* and Maſter *Challoner* were moſt barbarouſly Murthered by the Rebels in *London* for their Fidelity to his Majeſty; And the ſame fifth day, there was a fight on *Landſdownhill*, betwixt His Majeſties Forces under the command of the Marqueſs of *Hartford*, and the Rebels under Sir *William Waller*; who (after 11 hours fight) ſtuck their lighted matches in the hedges, and ran quite away, leaving behind them above 500 Muſquets,

quets, 14 barrels of Powder, a whole Stand of Pikes, with good ſtore of all ſorts of Arms. Their Foot were abſolutely routed, and all diſperſed: his loſs of Officers and horſe was great, many hundreds of his men were killed; His Majeſties forces having the pillage of the field. And here was that moſt valiant Knight Sir *Bevill Greenvill* unfortunately ſlain in the Front of his men, with ſome others of leſs Quality.

The 13*th.* of *July* about four a Clock in the Afternoon the King and Queens Majeſty met at *Edgehill*, where the Rebels had received their main overthrow: and the ſame day and hour His Majeſties Forces under the Command of the Lord *Wilmot* Lieutenant General of the Horſe, the Earl of *Carnarvon*, the Earl of *Crawford*, and the Lord *Biron* obtained another great and ſtrange victory upon *Round-way-down*, with 1500 horſe, and two ſmal pieces of Cannon only: wherewith they totally routed the Rebels Army under the Command of the old-beaten Soldier Sir *William Waller*, conſiſting of above 2500 Foot, and 2000 Horſe, beſides 500 Dragoons, with 8 pieces of Braſs Ordnance: ſlew 600 of them in the place, took above 900 Priſoners, all their Cannon, Arms, Ammunition, Waggons, Baggage, and Victual, 28 Foot-Enſigns, 9 Cornets, and left not one Rebel, but what was either killed, taken Priſoner, or narrowly eſcaped.

Upon the 24*th.* of *July* his Highneſs Prince *Rupert* having joyned his Forces to his Brothers, and the whole body of their ſtrength being brought together, they ſate down before *Briſtol*, and began their Batteries. And the 26 day (with unexpreſſible valour) they gained the Out-works, and the 27 day following the City and Caſtle was delivered up to

his

His ſacred Majeſty, with all the Ordnance, Arms and Ammunition. At this ſiege were ſlain on His Majeſties part Sir *Nicolas Slanning*, one of the *Lunsfords*, with ſome few others, and that valiant Lord, the Lord *Grandiſon*, did here receive a wound.

Auguſt the 3*d*. *Corf-caſtle* in the Iſle of *Purbecke* (which had been ſo often before beſieged by Sir *Walter Earle*) but had always beaten off the Rebels, and killed their Cannoniers, was once more fallen upon by the Rebels, who were ſo bravely received by Captain *Laurence*, that 60 of them were kill'd in the place: the reſt hearing of the moſt valiant Earl of *Carnarvons* approach, ran away.

Soon after, the Earl of *Carnarvon*, Summoned *Dorcheſter*, which was thereupon delivered up to his Lordſhip, with all the Arms, Ammunition, and Cannon: which were diſpoſed of for His Majeſties uſe.

About the 9*th*. of *Auguſt*, the Caſtle and Iſle of *Portland* were reduced again under His Majeſties command; And the Town and Haven of *Weymouth* and *Melcombe* ſubmitted to His Majeſty.

Auguſt the 20*th*. Colonel *Jo. Digby* defeated the Rebels of *Biddeford* and *Barnſtable*, killed 100 of their Foot, took 211 Officers and common Soldiers Priſoners, (moſt of which were miſerably wounded) two pieces of Ordnance, ſix barrels of Powder, 400 weight of Bullet, 200 and a half of Match, and above 300 Arms; beſides all the Foot-Officers horſes: Purſued their horſe to the very works of *Biddeford*, and returned victoriouſly, without the loſs of more than one man, not one of the reſt of his Soldiers being ſo much as hurt all that day.

Upon the 2*d*. and 3*d*, of *September*, the Towns of

of *Biddeford*, *Appleford*, and *Barnſtable*, delivered up their ſeveral Garriſons to His Majeſty.

Upon the ſame 3*d.* of *September*, Prince *Maurice* gave a very hot aſſault upon the City of *Exeter*, and battered the Walls, whereupon the Rebels deſired Parley; but refuſing the conditions, the aſſault was afterwards eagerly purſued, and the next day after won the great Sconce, turned the Ordnance there againſt the Town. Whereupon the Rebels craved to be admitted unto thoſe conditions which before they rejected, and obtained the ſame, delivered up the Town and Caſtle to the Prince his Highneſs, with all the Ordnance, Arms, and Ammunition, after it had been blockt up and beſieged about ſix weeks.

September the 17*th.* the Rebels Army (ſtealing out of *Glouceſterſhire* towards *London*) ſurpriſed part of a new raiſed Regiment of His Majeſties horſe at *Cirenceſter*, but were overtaken by Prince *Rupert* with His Majeſties horſe, near *Auburne* in *Wiltſhire*, where he gave them two charges, the one by a commanded Party under Colonel *Urrey*, the other by the Queens Regiment, commanded by the Lord *Iermin*, who performed it ſo well on the Rebels whole Army, that many great bodies of Foot were routed, and many of them ſlain in the place, without any loſs to His Majeſties Forces, ſave two common Soldiers killed, and the Marqueſs *de la Vieuville* taken Priſoner, (who was afterwards Murthered by the Rebels in cold Blood) and the Lord *Digby* and Lord *Iermyn* lightly wounded: by which two charges the Rebels Army was ſo retarded, that His Majeſty had time to overtake them with his Foot, and on *Wedneſday* after (the 20*th.* of this month) upon an Hill (near *Newberry* and *Exborne-heath*) His Majeſty fought

fought with the Rebels, who were ſeated in the moſt advantageous place imaginable: yet in deſpight of all their Cannon, Foot, and Horſe, His Majeſty beat them from their ground; gained the Hill, and one piece of their braſs Ordnance, and quickly routed all their horſe upon the Heath. The moſt that were killed in this fight of His Majeſties Forces, exceeded not the number of 300, though above 600 of the Rebels were ſlain, and a very great number wounded. In this fight were ſlain the moſt Noble and valiant Earl of *Carnarvon*, the Earl of *Sunderland*, the Lord Viſcount *Faulkland*, Col. *Morgan*, Captain *William Symcots*, with ſome other Gentlemen and Commanders. After this fight the Rebels were further purſued. and routed again, ſo as they fled into *Reading*, where they durſt not ſtay, but left the Town for His Majeſty.

September the 25*th*. That pernicious confederacy, called the National covenant, was taken by the Members of the Houſe of Commons at *Weſtminſter*, in S. *Margarets Church*.

October the 18*th*. the Pince of *Harcourt* Lord Ambaſſadour Extraordinary from the *French* King and Queen Regent, (after he had been moſt barbarouſly uſed in his paſſage by the Rebels) came ſafe into *Oxford*, where he had entertainment more ſuitable to the worth of ſo great a Perſonage.

In this month of *October*, His Majeſties Forces under the command of the Lord *Widdrington*, and Colonel *Henderſon* a Scot received a defeat near *Horn-caſtle* in *Lincolnſhire*, by the Rebels under the command of *Mancheſter*, *Cromwel*, and *Fairfax*; there were taken Priſoners near 600 of His Majeſties forces, Sir *Ingram Hopton* and ſome few others ſlain, not without ſome conſiderable loſs to the Rebels,

it cannot be ſaid that in any other Battel ſince this Rebellion, but this, that His Majeſties forces made a diſhonourable retreat, where the fault was I, cannot ſay.

November the 11*th.* an Ordinance for authorizing the counterfeit great Seal.

November the 21*ſt.* Sir *William Armine*, and others (ſent by the Houſes at *Weſtminſter*) arrived at *Edenborough* with Articles of accord, and advance Mony, to haſten the *Scots* Invaſion.

November the 27*th.* the Kings Meſſenger Hang'd at *London* for diſcharging his duty in ſerving His Majeſties Writ.

December the 4*th. Hawarden-caſtle* ſurrendred to His Majeſties Forces.

December the 8*th. John Pym* died (*de morbo pediculoſo*) at *Derby* houſe in *Weſtminſter*, in which place the medley *Scots*, and others ſit, and hatch their contrivances for ſupport of the preſent Rebellion.

December the 12*th. Beeſton* Caſtle aſſaulted, and taken for His Majeſty.

December the 21*ſt. Lapley* houſe taken by Captain *Heavenningham* for His Majeſty.

December the 28*th.* Colonel *Nathaniel Fines*, one of the firſt that appeared in this Rebellion, was in a Court of War at S. *Albans* by his fellow Rebels ſentenced to be Hanged for a Coward.

December the 29*th.* The ſtately Screen of copper richly gilt, ſet up by King *Henry* the ſeventh in his Chappel at *Weſtminſter*, was by order of the Houſe reformed, That is, broken down, and ſold to Tinkers.

Anno Dom. 1644.

January the 16*th.* The perfidious *Scots* (contrary to the ſolemn Pacification) invaded this Kingdom.

January the 22*d.* The Members of Parliament aſſembled at *Oxford* according to His Majeſties Proclamation.

March the 2*d.* The *Scots* came over the River of *Tyne*, General *King* purſuing their rear, forced them into *Sunderland*, whereupon the Marqueſs of *Newcaſtle* ſent for Sir *Charles Lucas* out of *Yorkeſhire*, who had been Ordered to ſtay there to fortifie *Doncaſter*.

March the 13*th. Hopton* Caſtle in *Shropſhire* taken by Col. *Woodhouſe* for His Majeſty.

March the 18*th. Wardour* Caſtle in *Wiltſhire* after long ſiege was taken by Sir *Francis Dodington* for His Majeſty.

March the 22*d. Newarke*, after three weeks ſiege was happily relieved by his Highneſs Prince *Rupert*; in which action the Rebels forces there were totally defeated, all their Arms and Ammunition conſiſting of 4000 Muſquets, 11 pieces of braſs Ordnance, 2 Mortar pieces, and about 50 barrels of Powder, *&c.* were taken. And ſoon after, *Lincoln*, *Sleeford*, and *Gainsborough* were quitted by the Rebels, and many pieces of Ordnance, with good ſtore of Arms left behind them.

March the 23*d. Sturton* Caſtle in *Staffordſhire* rendred to Sir *Gilbert Gerard*, Governour of *Worceſter* for His Majeſty.

March the 24*th.* The *Scots* being much provoked

to

to come out of *Sunderland*, came to *Bowdon-hill*, whence with great loſs they were forced back into their Trenches, but next morning they came with many of their horſe and foot on the Marqueſs of *Newcaſtles* Rear, and had ſo diſordered it, that the whole Army was endangered, but Sir *Charles Lucas*, who was then in the right Wing, haſted to the Rear, and with his own Regiment fell upon the Rebels Lanciers and routed them, which made the reſt fly from purſuing their advantage.

March the 24*th*. *Apley* houſe in *Shropſhire*, Garriſoned by the Rebels, was taken by His Majeſties Forces, commanded by Col. *Ellis*.

April the 3*d*. *Longford* houſe in *Shropſhire* rendred to his Highneſs Prince *Rupert*, wherein was taken 100 Muſquets, *&c*. and about the ſame time, *Tongue-caſtle* in the ſame County was likewiſe ſurrendred to his Highneſs.

April the 13*th*. The Rebels from *Glouceſter* aſſaulted *Newent* (then a Garriſon commanded by Colonel *Mynne*) but were gallantly repulſed and purſued, leaving behind them two pieces of their Cannon, and many dead bodies before the Works.

April the 17*th*. The Queens Majeſty began her Journey from *Oxford* into the Weſt.

April the 17*th*. *Brampton Bryan* in *Herefordſhire* (a Caſtle of Sir *Robert Harleys*) after three weeks ſiege, and the loſs of 7 or 8 men, ſummoned and rendred (at mercy only) to Sir *Michael Woodhouſe*, wherein was taken 67 men, 100 Arms, two Barrels of Powder, ſome Plate, and a whole years proviſion.

April the 17*th*. *Dunfreize* in *Scotland* taken in by the Marqueſs of *Montroſs*, *&c*. for His Ma-

jeſty, with all the Ordnance, Arms, and Ammunition.

April the 22*d*. *Stutcombe* in *Dorſetſhire* aſſaulted and entred by the force of his Highneſs Prince *Maurice*, wherein was taken 5 Captains, and 16 other Officers, 114 Soldiers, with all their Arms, 6 Colours, one piece of Cannon, and two Murtherers, good ſtore of Ammunition, and one *Seditious Lecturer*.

May the 6*th*. His Majeſties Forces in *Latham* houſe in *Lancaſhire* made, amongſt divers others, a moſt remarkable ſally; wherein they killed many of the beſiegers in their trenches, and continued the execution to the park ſide, and ſlew near 300 Rebels, took 3 great pieces of Ordnance, having ſince the 10. of *April* then laſt taken 7 of their Cannon, beſides one Mortar-piece, many Colours, and killed above 600 of them.

May the 12*th*. The Rebels from *Plymouth* aſſaulting *Mount-Edgcombe* houſe in *Cornwal* (which was only defended by thirty Muſquettiers) were bravely repulſed and eighty of them killed in the place.

May the 24*th*. The Rebels having formed 2. Armies, (conſiſting for the moſt part of the *London* Trained-bands and Auxiliaries under the command of the Earl of *Eſſex* and Sir *William Waller*) this day joyned about *Blewbury* in *Berkeſhire*, and bent their courſe towards *Abingdon*.

May the 25*th*. Prince *Rupert* aſſaulted and took *Stopford*, a ſtrong Garriſon of the Rebels in *Cheſhire*, together with all their Cannon, moſt of their Arms and Ammunition, and about 800 of them Priſoners. Hereupon *Latham* houſe after at leaſt 18 weeks ſiege, was timely relieved by his

hisHighneſs Prince *Ruperts* approachinto thoſeparts.

May the 28*th*. His Highneſs Prince *Rupert* ſummoned *Bolton*, (the Geneva of *Lancaſhire* as the Brethren call it, the firſt Town in that County and conſequently in *England*, that put in execution the Militia, as the readieſt means to ruin the Kingdom. But they out of a zealous confidince Hanged one of the Princes Captains which they had not long before taken Priſoner, whereupon the Prince ſtormed the Town, and in the two attempt took it, wherein were kill'd at leaſt 800 Rebels, 600 Priſoners taken, with all their Colours, Ordnance, Arms, and Ammunition. The juſtice of which act was foreſeen by Mr. *Booker*, who about this time had noted it in his Almanack thus, *Authores diſſentionum & ſanguinis profuſionum, abſque dubio mercede ſua mulctabuntur.*

May the 29*th*. The Rebels Armies ſevered, The Earl of *Eſſex* marching from *Abingdon* to *Iſlip*, with purpoſe to diſtreſs *Oxford* on the North part, as *Waller* at *Abingdon* on the South part.

May the 30*th*. The Rebels attempted to croſs the River *Charwell* at *Goſworth-bridge*, but were gallantly repulſed by a ſmall party of His Majeſties Forces that had the guard of that paſs.

May the 31*ſt*. *Waller* attemping to paſs *Iſis* at *Newbridg*, and being then repulſed, retired to *Abingdon*, where he, to revenge himſelf, demoliſhed *Abingdon* Croſs, defaced the Church, burnt all the Tables and Cheſs-boards in *Abingdon*, and Plundered moſt of the People of their goods.

June the 1*ſt*. The Rebels did attempt in ſeveral places at once, to croſs the river *Charwell*, but could ſpeed at none, being ſtill beaten off with great loſs, and particularly at *Goſworth*-bridg, where they loſt above 100 men.

June the 3*d*. His Majeſty perceiving the Rebels intention to beſiege *Oxford*, left a ſufficient ſtrength for defence thereof, and (to disburthen the City of unneceſſary force,) marched with the reſt of his Army this evening towards *Worceſter*.

June the 4*th*. the Earl of *Eſſex* perceiving the Kings Forces drawn away, paſſed *Charwell* with his Army, and hearing of His Majeſties departure from *Oxford*, haſtned after, but upon *Campsfield* near *Woodſtock* there fell upon his Army ſuch a prodigious and violent ſtorm of hail and rain, accompanied with ſuch terrible thunder and lightening for the ſpace of two hours, that ſome of them took occaſion to ſay, that the Conjurers at *Oxford* had engaged all their Familiars to work them a deſpight, there being ſome hail as big as Nutmegs. Others more nearly touched with an apprehenſion of the wickedneſs of their actions, confeſſed, that they ſuffered the *violence of Heaven*. No ſuch ſtorm being ſeen at *Oxford*, nor in any the adjacent Villages. But the beſotted Rebels contemning this preſage from Heaven, went on to their own ruin.

June the 5*th*. The Earl of *Eſſex* went this day as far as *Chipping-Norton* after the King.

June the 6*th*. But unwilling to loſe his labour any longer, returned to *Burford*, where he deputed Sir *William Waller* to proceed in the adventure of King-catching, that himſelf might have the ſole honour of taking in *Leſtithiell*.

June the 11*th*. *Dudley* Caſtle (which had been gallantly defended by Lieutenant Col. *Beaumont* for three weeks before) was relieved, and the ſiege raiſed by His Majeſties Forces ſent from *Worceſter*, who took two Colours of the Rebels horſe, two Majors

Majors of Foot, two Captains, three Lieutenants, kill'd about 100 in the fight, and took above 50 common Soldiers Priſoners, without any conſiderable loſs on His Majeſties part.

June the 12*th.* Col. *Gage* with ſome forces from *Oxford* took in *Borſtall* houſe, a Garriſon of the Rebels in *Buckinghamſhire.*

June the 18*th.* His Majeſty in *Worceſterſhire* having intelligence that the Rebels Armies were now ſevered, (whilſt Sir *William Waller* to get before the King ran into *Staffordſhire*) reſolved to reinforce himſelf with the Regiments left at *Oxford,* and encounter Sir *William,* to which end he returned and came this day to *Witney.*

June the 20*th.* His Highneſs Prince *Rupert* being then in *Lancaſhire* clearing the County, Colonel *Shuttleworth* with 400 Rebels came to beat up ſome of his quarters, and fell in at *Blackburne.* Where that vigilant Commander Sir *Charles Lucas* was ſo ready for him, that he killed and took above 100 of the Rebels, making the reſt run for their lives.

June the 22*d.* Sir *William Waller* having run himſelf out of breath, gave over the purſuit of the King, (the rather for that His Majeſty was provided for him.) Whereupon His Majeſty directed his march towards the Rebels aſſociated Counties, and came this night to *Buckingham,* where he received the joyful newes of His Queens ſafe delivery of the Princeſs *Henrietta,* who was born at *Exeter* the 16*th.* of this month.

June the 25*th.* Sir *Charles Lucas* hearing Colonel *Shuttleworth* had gathered 300 horſe and 100 Dragoons at *Colne* on the Borders of *Yoreſhire,* marched to him, and fell on with ſuch skill and courage that

he totally routed all the Rebels both horſe and Dragoons, had execution for three miles, wounded *Shuttleworth* himſelf, who with very few others eſcaped; all the reſt Sir *Charles* killed and took, and brought their Colours with the Priſoners to Prince *Rupert*.

June the 26*th*. *Waller* to recruit his weary Army from the Garriſons of *Glouceſter*, *Warwick*, *Coventry*, *Northampton*, and *Kenelmworth-caſtle*, had this day a rendezvouz in *Keinton* field, whereof the King having notice turned his march towards him, and quartered this night at *Brackley*.

June the 28*th*. This day the King coming before *Banbury*, found *Waller* drawn up in Battalia Weſtward from the Town, on the ſide of *Crouch* hill, taking advantage of the hills, bogs, and ditches.

June the 29*th*. His Majeſty diſcerning that *Waller* would not come into the plain, nor could be aſſaulted as he lay but with much diſadvantage, removed ſomewhat Northwards, to ſee if thereby he could draw him from his ſtation, which ſucceeded accordingly, for *Waller* likewiſe advanced on the other ſide the River, whereupon the King at *Cropready* marched further off the River, leaving the Bridg in hope to draw them over, which *Waller* greedily apprehending as an advantage, put over 2000 horſe and a great body of foot, with 14 pieces of Cannon. The Rebels being thus divided were immediately charged by the Kings Rear, the brave Earl of *Clevelands* horſe, and Sir *Bernard Aſtleys* foot, routing all that had paſt the Bridg whilſt the Earl of *Northampton* charged the reſt of the Rebels horſe that were fording over: In this fight were ſlain at leaſt 300 Rebels, and many of them taken Priſoners with their

their 14 pieces; there were ſlain on His Majeſties part two gallant Knights, Sir *William Butler* and Sir *William Clarke*, and not above 14 common Soldiers beſides, and ſo much for *Wallers* Army this Summer.

July the 3*d*. The King having thus defeated one of the Rebels Armies bent Weſtwards after the other, and came this day to *Eveſham* to refreſh his Soldiers after their hard duty, from whence he ſent to *Weſtminſter* his meſſage for Peace of the 4*th*. of *July*.

In the beginning of this month his Highneſs Prince *Rupert* marched out of *Lancaſhire* with a conſiderable Army for the relief of *Yorke*, which had been two months beſieged by an aggregate body of Rebels, conſiſting of the Earl of *Mancheſters* Army, the Lord *Fairfax*, and the Rebellious Scots under command of *Leſley*. The Prince had no ſooner relieved *Yorke*, but drew forth after the Rebels, and in *Marſtone* Moore there began a terrible fight, wherein his Highneſs had at firſt much the better, took the Rebels Ordnance, and many of them Priſoners, inſomuch that *Leſley* and the Lord *Fairfax* thinking all had been loſt, fled many miles from the place where the Battel was fought, and never came to the remainder of their Armies till two days after the fight, but in concluſion (whether by fate which attends the event of War, or by neglect I know not) the fortune of the day turned, and the Rebels recovered their loſt Ordnance and took ſome of the Princes baggage, and with it Sir *Charles Lucas*, Col. *Porter*, and Col. *Tillier* Priſoners. In this Battel were ſlain on His Majeſties part, the Lord *Cary*, Sir *Thomas Metham*, Col. *Ewer*, Col. *Townley*, with ſome others of note, and about 1500 com-

common Soldiers. On the Rebels part were ſlain Sir *Charles Fairfax* (younger ſon to the Lord *Fairfax*) with many other of their Commanders, and at leaſt 3000 common Soldiers.

This done, the Rebels rally, and ſit down again before *Yorke*, which was valiantly defended for three weeks after by Sir *Tho. Glenham*, and then delivered upon honourable conditions, to march away with Arms, Bag and Baggage, which conditions were moſt perfidiouſly broken by the Rebels.

July the 6*th*. The Lord *Hopton* routed 350 of the Rebels near *Warmiſter*, which were purſued above 20 miles by Sir *Francis Dodington*.

July the 15*th*. The King came to *Bath* with his Army, which day the Queens Majeſty arrived ſafe at *Breſt* in *Britanny*, notwithſtanding 50 great ſhot made at her by *Batty*, the Rebels Vice-Admiral.

July the 23*d*. The King made His ſpeech to the *Summerſetſhire* men on *Kings-moore*, who came in to His Majeſties aſſiſtance very cheerfully.

July the 31*ſt*. *Middleton* the Scot furiouſly aſſaulted *Denington* Caſtle, and received a moſt ſhameful repulſe, leaving dead behind him one Col. eight Captains, one Sergeant Major, with many inferiour Officers, and Soldiers.

Auguſt the 1*ſt*. His Majeſty with his Army paſſed into *Cornwal* over *Tamar* at *Polton* bridg in purſuit of the Earl of *Eſſex* whom he had now chaſed through *Devonſhire*.

Auguſt the 25*th*. The King gained from the Rebels the Caſtle of *Leſtithiel*, (where their Army lay ſtrongly encamped) and in it took Col. *Butler*, and ſome others Priſoners.

Auguſt

Auguſt the 30*th.* The Rebels horſe in the night paſſed between His Majeſties Quarters and fled towards *Plymouth.*

Augnſt the 31*ſt.* The Rebels Foot making towards *Foy* were beaten from five pieces of their Ordnance.

September the 2*d.* The Rebels being deſerted by their General the Earl of *Eſſex*, (who with the Lord *Roberts* fled to *Plymouth* in a Cock-boat the night paſt,) this day yeilded up to His Majeſty all their Train of Artillery, *viz.* 49 pieces of fair braſs Ordnance, 200 and odd barrels of Gunpowder, with match, ball, *&c.* proportionable, above 700 Carriages, and betwixt eight and 9000 Arms. His Majeſty out of his wonted Clemency granting them their lives.

September the 5*th.* His Majeſty having obtained ſo compleat a victory over the Rebels, did (as formerly after the defeat of *Waller*) from *Taveſtock* ſend his ſecond meſſage of Peace to *Wiſtminſter.*

In the beginning of this month His Majeſties forces in *Scotland* under the command of his Excellency *James* Lord Marqueſs of *Montroſſe*, and General Major *Mackdonald* (who not long before landed in that Kingdom with 1000 *Iriſh*) obtained a great victory over the Rebels there upon *Newbigging* Moore, near S. *Johns Town*, where were kill'd above 1200 Rebels, among which was the Laird of *Rires* and ſome others of note, and ſeven braſs Pieces taken; this done, His Majeſties forces purſued them to S. *Johns Town* and took it, and therein and in the battel took 2000 of the Rebels Priſoners, with two pieces of Ordnance more, all their Arms, Ammunition, and Baggage, and this done with

with the loſs of not above 60 men on His Majeſties part. The Rebels in this battel were commanded by the Earl of *Tullibairne*, the Lord *Drummond*, the Lord *Elcho*, and Sir *James Scot* of *Roſſy*, their word was *Jeſus*, *no Quarter*.

And within a fortnight after this ſucceſs, his Excellency the Marqueſs of *Montroſſe* and Major Gen. *Mackdonald* obtained a ſecond victory over another body of Rebels in that Kingdom commanded by the Lord *Forbes*, *Burly* and others near *Aberdeen*, wherein the Marqueſs kill'd and took Priſoners at leaſt 1000 with three pieces of Cannon, and all their baggage, without any conſiderable loſs on His Majeſties part; among the Priſoners taken by the Marqueſs, there was Sir *William Forbes* of *Craigyvar*, and *John Forbes* of *Boyuly* with others of note: And ſoon after the Marqueſs took the Town of *Aberdeen*, with all the Ordnance, Ammunition and Arms, and many of the fugitive Rebels therein.

September the 11*th*. The Garriſon of *Baſing* (after 18 weeks ſiege wherein the Rebels loſt many hundreds of their men,) was relieved from *Oxford* by Sir *Henry Gage*.

Septemb. the 12*th*. *Ilfercombe* in *Devonſhire* rendered to General *Goring* for His Majeſty.

September the 17*th*. *Barnſtaple* in *Devonſhire* (that had revolted upon the Earl of *Eſſex* this approach) ſubmitted to His Majeſty, and obtained from him their ſecond pardon.

September the 23*d*. Col. *John Fines* (having beſieged the Caſtle of *Banbury* above a month before) hired his men to ſtorm it in five places, in all which they were ſhamefully beaten off with great loſs.

October

October the 7*th.* in the night Sir *Richard Greenvile* took the Town of *Saltaſh* by ſtorming, wherein 400 Rebels were kill'd, and at leaſt 300 taken Priſoners with their Arms, this Town had been quitted by His Majeſties forces not long before without any conſiderable loſs.

October the 25*th.* The Earl of *Northampton* and Sir *Henry Gage* raiſed the ſiege of *Banbury* Caſtle, fell upon Col. *John Fines* his flying Troops, ſlew about 60 of them, took above 100 Priſoners, with about 200 horſes, one piece of Ordnance, all their Ammunition, and many Arms.

October the 27*th.* The Rebels having thus loſt two of their Armies, called the third (under the Earl of *Mancheſters* command) out of the Aſſociated Counties, and forced other Regiments out of *London* to withſtand the King, who was now advanced to *Newberry* with part of his Army, where the Rebels apprehending a great advantage in regard that the reſt of His Majeſties forces were not come up, fell upon His Majeſties quarters, but were beaten off, with the ſlaughter of above 1000 of their men, whereof Major *Urrey* with ſome other of their prime Commanders were part, with the loſs of Sir *Anthony St. Leager*, and leſs than 100 others on His Majeſties ſide, who had the pillage of the field; here the valiant Earl of *Cleveland* was caſually taken Priſoner, having his horſe firſt kill'd under him.

November the 6*th.* His Majeſty had his rendezvouz on *Bullington-green*, betwixt *Wallingford* and *Oxford.*

November the 9*th.* His Army came to *Dennington* Caſtle, which ſince His Majeſties marching thence, had been again beſieged by the Rebels, and raiſed the

the ſiege, the Rebels not daring to withſtand his Army.

November the 17*th.* The King having ſome days expected the Rebels, who it ſeems were loth to hazard the laſt ſtake, advanced towards them to *Hungerford*, upon whoſe approach the Rebels left the field. Whereupon His Majeſty ſent Sir *Henry Gage* with a party to ſupply the wants of *Baſing*, that had been beſieged all this Summer by five Colonels and their Regiments, but the Rebels had raiſed the ſiege before his approach.

November the 19*th. Monmouth* that had lately been betrayed by *Kirle*, was bravely regained by the Lord *Herbert* and *Ragland*, wherein was taken the Rebels whole Committee, 14 pieces of Ordnance, with ſtore of Arms and Ammunition, 30 Officers and common Soldiers proportionable, whereby *South-Wales* is much ſecured.

November the 23*d.* The King having thus victoriouſly defeated two of their Armies and driven away the third, came to *Oxford* to entertain an overture of Peace, (certain Propoſitions being the ſame day come thither from *London*) having diſpoſed of his Army to their Winter Quarters.

November the 26*th.* A Vote paſſed by the members of the Houſe of Commons at *Weſtminſter* for the utter aboliſhing and taking away of the Book of *Common-Prayer*, with intention to ſet up a new device to be called a Directory in its room.

December the 13*th.* His Majeſty (out of his wonted deſire of Peace) ſent the Duke of *Richmond* and Earl of *Southampton* to the Houſes of Parliament at *Weſtminſter* for a Treaty, as the beſt expedient for Peace.

About

About the middle of this month *Helmſley* Caſtle in *Yorkeſhire*, (which had been gallantly defended during 16 weeks ſiege by Capt. *Jordan Croſland*, and ſome others) was delivered up to the Rebels under command of the Lord *Fairfax*, upon honourable conditions to march away, the Governour and Officers with their horſes and Arms, the reſt without Arms. In this ſiege the Defendants (amongſt others) made one remarkable ſalley wherein they took Sergeant Major General *Forbs* a Scot Priſoner with divers others, here did Sir *T. Fairfax* alſo receive a ſhot in the Shoulder from the Caſtle.

December the 22*d.* Colonel *Eyre* with ſome horſe from *Newarke*, took two Troops of horſe at *Upton* belonging to the Rebels of *Nottingham*, brought the Men, Colours, Horſes, and Arms, all ſafe to *Newarke.*

December the 23*d.* Sir *Alexander Carew* was beheaded on *Tower-hill* by Martial Law, for intending to deliver up the Iſland at *Plymouth* to His Majeſty; he was obſerved to be moſt violent againſt His Majeſty in the beginning of this Rebellion, but it ſhould ſeem he had of late ſome diſpoſition to be a convert, which made his fellow Members think fit to diſpatch him to another World.

December the 24. Sir *William Vaughan* Governour of *Shrawarden* Caſtle for His Majeſty, fell on a party of Rebels at *Welch Poole* cammanded by Sir *John Price*, kill'd ſome, wounded others, took 47 Priſoners, 64 horſe and many Arms.

December the 28*th.* A party of the Lord *Gorings* Forces took Maſter *Blakes* houſe at *Pinnel* near *Calne* in *Wiltſhire*, and in it 59 Rebels, but more Arms.

December

December the 31*ſt*. The Members at *Weſtminſter* Voted Sir *Thomas Fairfax* to be their new General, caſhiering the Earl of *Eſſex*, with whom they had formerly ſworn to live and die.

January the 1*ſt*. Young *Hotham* was beheaded on *Tower-hill*, and Sir *John Hotham* his Father the morrow after, both by Martial Law. Here the Reader may take notice of a ſpecial mark of Gods judgment, for (the 23 *April* 1642.) when old *Hotham* denied His Majeſty admittance into *Hull*, he held up his hands and prayed *God never to proſper him or his poſterity if he were not His Majeſties Loyal Subject*: And now ſee both Father and Son adjudged by their fellow Members, and condemned by their own beloved Marſhal Law, for intending to deliver up *Hull* to His Majeſty.

The ſame firſt of *January*, the Lord *Aſtley* took *Lypyate* Houſe in *Glouceſterſhire*, and in it 45 Priſoners with all their Arms, Victuals and Ammunition.

Soon after this, Sir *Marmaduke Langdale* totally routed Col. *Ludlowes* Regiment of horſe at *Salisbury*, took five Rebel-Captains Priſoners, beſides under-Officers, and 80 common Soldiers, 150 Horſe and Arms, with there Colours, *Ludlow* himſelf hardly eſcaping.

January the 10*th*. The Lord Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury* was beheaded on *Tower-hill*. It would be too long here (where we aim at brevity) to ſet down the particulars of his impriſonments, the prepoſterous proceedings againſt him in his Trial, and his pious magnanimity at the time of his death, his Sermon on the Scaffold (whereof here follows a true copy) will ſatisfie the World that he died innocently, and (which is more) that His Majeſty

jeſty hath been unjuſtly accuſed of an inclination to Popery.

Good People,

THis is an uncomfortable time to Preach, yet I ſhall begin with a Text of Scripture, *Heb.* 12. 2. *Let us run with patience that race which is ſet before us, Looking unto Jeſus the author and finiſher of our Faith, who for the joy that was ſet before him, endured the Croſs, deſpiſing the ſhame, and it ſet down at the right hand of the Throne of God.*

I have been long in my *Race*, and how I have lookedto *Jeſus the author and finiſher of my Faith*, He beſt knows: I am now come to the end of my *Race*, and here I find the *Croſs*, a death *of ſhame*; but *the ſhame* muſt be *deſpiſed*, or no coming to the *right hand of God*; *Jeſus deſpiſed the ſhame* for me, and God forbid but I ſhould *deſpiſe the ſhame* for Him; I am going apace (*as you ſee*) towards the *Red-Sea*, and my feet are now upon the very brink of it; an Argument, I hope, that God is bringing me into *the Land of promiſe*, for that was *the way through which he led his People:* But before they came to it, He inſtituted a *Paſſeover* for them, a *Lamb* it was, but it muſt be *eaten with ſour Herbs*, I ſhall obey, and labour to digeſt the *ſour Herbs*, as well as the *Lambe*. And I ſhall remember it is *the Lords Paſſeover*; I ſhall not think of the *Herbs*, nor be angry with the hand which gathereth them; but look up only to him who inſtituted that, and governs theſe; For men can have *no more power over me than what is given them from above*. I am not in love with this paſſage, through the *Red-Sea*, for I have the weakneſs and infirmities of fleſh and blood plentifully in me; And I have prayed with my Saviour, *ut tranſiret*

Calix iſte, that *this Cup* of red Wine *might paſs from me:* But if not, *Gods will (not mine) be done*; and I ſhall moſt willingly *drink of this Cup* as deep as he pleaſes, and enter this Sea, yea and paſs through it, *in the way that he ſhall lead me.*

But I would have it remembred (Good People) that when Gods Servants were in this boiſterous Sea, and *Aaron* among them, the *Ægyptians* which perſecuted them (and did in a manner drive them into that Sea) were drowned in the ſame Waters, while they were in purſuit of them; I know *my God whom I ſerve,* is as able to deliver me from this Sea of Blood, as he was to deliver the *three Children* from the Furnace, and (I moſt humbly thank my Saviour for it) my Reſolution is now, as theirs was then; They *would not worſhip the Image the King had ſet up,* nor will I the imaginations which the People are ſetting up; nor will I forſake the *Temple and the truth of God*, to follow the bleating of *Jereboams* Calf in *Dan* and in *Bethel.* And as *for this People*, they are at this day miſerably miſled, (God of his mercy open their Eyes that they may ſee the right way) for at this day *the Blind lead the Blind,* and if they go on, *both will certainly fall into the ditch.* For my ſelf, I am (and acknowledg it in all humility) a moſt grievous ſinner many ways, by thought, word, and deed, and I cannot doubt, but that God hath mercy in ſtore for me (a poor penitent) as well as for other ſinners, I have now upon this ſad occaſion, ranſacked every corner of my Heart, and yet (I thank God) I have not found (among the many) any one ſin which deſerves death by any known Law of this Kingdom; And yet hereby I charge nothing upon my Judges; for if they proceed upon proofe (by valuable witneſſes) I or any other innocent, may

may by juſtly condemned; And (I thank God) though the weight of the ſentence lye heavy upon me, I am as quiet within, as ever I was in my life. And though I am not only the firſt Arch-Biſhop, but the firſt man that ever died by an *Ordinance of Parliament*, yet ſome of my Predeceſſors have gone this way, though not by this means; For *Elphegus* was hurried away and loſt his head by the *Danes*; and *Simon Sudbury* in the fury of *Wat Tyler* and his fellows; Before theſe, S. *John Baptiſt* had his head danced off by a lewd Woman; and S. *Cyprian* Arch-Biſhop of *Carthage*, ſubmitted his head to a perſecuting Sword. Many examples (great and good) and they teach me patience; for I hope my Cauſe in Heaven will look of another dye, than the colour that is put upon it here. And ſome comfort it is to me, not only that I go the way of theſe great men in their ſeveral Generations, but alſo that my Charge (as foul as 'tis made) looks like that of the *Jews* againſt S. *Paul*, (*Acts* 25. 3.) For he was accuſed for the *Law* and the *Temple*, *i. e. Religion*; And like that of S. *Stephen* (*Acts* 6. 14.) for breaking the *Ordinances which Moſes gave*, *i. e.* Law and Religion, *the holy place and the Temple* (*verſ.* 13.) But you will ſay, do I then compare my ſelf with the integrity of S. *Paul* and *Stephen*? No, far be that from me; I only raiſe a comfort to my ſelf, that theſe great Saints and Servants of God were laid at in their times, as I am now. And it is memorable, that S. *Paul* who helped on this Accuſation againſt S. *Stephen*, did after fall under the very ſame himſelf. Yea, but here is a great clamour that I would have brought in Popery; I ſhall anſwer that more fully by and by; In the mean time you know what the Phariſees ſaid againſt

Chriſt himſelf, *If we let him alone, all men will believe in him*, Et venient Romani, *and the Romans will come, and take away both our Place and Nation.* Here was a cauſeleſs Cry againſt Chriſt that *the Romans will come*; And ſee how juſt the judgment of God was; they crucified Chriſt for fear leſt the *Romans* ſhould come, and his death was it which brought in the *Romans* upon them, God puniſhing them with that which they moſt feared: and I pray God this clamour of *Venient Romani* (of which I have given no cauſe) help not to bring them in; for the Pope never had ſuch a Harveſt in *England* ſince the Reformation, as he hath now upon the Sects and Diviſions that are amongſt us. In the mean time, *by Honour and diſhonour, by good report, and evil report, as a deceiver and yet true*, am I paſſing through this World, 2 *Cor.* 6. 8. --- Some particulars alſo I think it not amiſs to ſpeak of.

And firſt, this I ſhall be bold to ſpeak of the King our gracious Sovereign; He hath been much traduced alſo for bringing in of Popery; but on my Conſcience (of which I ſhall give God a very preſent account) I know Him to be as free from this charge, as any man living; and I hold Him to be as ſound a Proteſtant (according to the Religion by Law eſtabliſhed) as any man in this Kingdom; And that he will venture His life as far, and as freely for it; and I think I do, or ſhould know, both His affection to Religion, and his grounds for it, as fully as any man in *England*.

The ſecond particular is concerning this great and Populous City, (which God bleſs) Here hath been of late, a faſhion taken up, to gather hands, and then go to the Great Court of this Kingdom, (the Parliament) and clamour for Juſtice, as if that great

great and wiſe Court, before whom the Cauſes come, (which are unknown to the many) could not, or would not do Juſtice, but at their appointment. A way, which may endanger many an *Innocent* man, and pluck his blood upon their own heads, and perhaps upon the Cities alſo: And this hath been lately practiſed againſt my ſelf; The Magiſtrates ſtanding ſtill, and ſuffering them openly to proceed from Pariſh to Pariſh without check; God forgive the ſetters of this (with all my heart I beg it) but many well meaning People are caught by it. In S. *Stephens* caſe, when nothing elſe would ſerve, *they ſtirred up the People againſt him*; and *Herod* went the ſame way, when he had kill'd S. *James*, yet he would not venture upon S. *Peter*, till he found how the other *pleaſed the People*. But take heed of having your *hands full of blood*, for there is a time (beſt known to himſelf) when God (above other ſins) *makes Inquiſition for blood*, and when that Inquiſition is on foot, the *Pſalmiſt* tells us, *That God remembers* (but that is not all) *He remembers and forgets not the complaint of the poor*, that is, whoſe blood is ſhed by oppreſſion, *verſe* 9. take heed of this, *It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God*, but then eſpecially, *when he is making Inquiſition for blood*; And (with my Prayers to avert it) I do heartily deſire this City to remember the Propheſie that is expreſſed, *Jer.* 26. 14. 15. *As for me, behold I am in your hand: do with me as ſeemeth good and meet unto you. But know ye for certain, that if ye put me to death, ye ſhall ſurely bring innocent blood upon your ſelves, and upon this City, and upon the Inhabitants thereof*, &c.

The third particular is the poor Church of *England*. It hath flouriſhed and been a ſhelter to other

neighbouring Churches, when ſtorms have driven upon them. But, alas, now it is in a ſtorm it ſelf, and God only knows whether, or how it ſhall get out; and (which is worſe than a ſtorm from without) it is become like an *Oak* cleft to ſhivers with wedges made out of its own body, and at every cleft prophaneneſs and Irreligion is entering in, while as *Proſper* ſpakes (in his ſecond Book *De vitæ contemptu cap.*4.) *Men that introduce prophaneſs are cloaked over with the name* Religionis Imaginariæ, *of Imaginary Religion*; for we have loſt the Subſtance and dwell too much in Opinion, and that Church which all the Jeſuits machinations could not ruin, is fallen into danger by her own.

The laſt particular (for I am not willing to be too long) is my ſelf; I was born and baptized in the boſom of the Church of *England* eſtabliſhed by Law; in that profeſſion I have ever ſince lived, and in that I come now to dye; This is no time to diſſemble with God, leaſt of all in matter of Religion; and therefore I deſire it may be remembred, I have always lived in the Proteſtant Religion, eſtabliſhed in *England*, and in that I now come to dye. What clamours and ſlanders I have endured for labouring to keep an Uniformity in the external ſervice of God, according to the Doctrin and Diſcipline of this Church, all men know, and I have abundantly felt.

Now at laſt I am accuſed of *High Treaſon* in Parliament: a crime which my Soul ever abhorred; this Treaſon was charged to conſiſt of theſe two parts, *An endeavour to ſubvert the Laws of the Land*, and a like *Endeavour to overthrow the true Proteſtant Religion eſtabliſhed by Law*. Beſides my Anſwers to the ſeveral Charges, I proteſted my innocency in both

both Houſes. *It was ſaid, Priſoners proteſtations at the Bar muſt not be taken.* I can bring no witneſs of my heart and the intentions thereof; therefore I muſt come to my Proteſtation, not at the Bar, but my Proteſtation at this hour and inſtant of my death; in which I hope all men will be ſuch charitable Chriſtians, as not to think I would dye and diſſemble, being inſtantly to give God an account for the truth of it: I do therefore here in the preſence of *God*, and his holy Angels, take it upon my death, That I never endeavoured the ſubverſion either of *Law* or *Religion*; and I deſire you all to remember this Proteſt of mine concerning mine innocency, in theſe, and from all Treaſons whatſoever. I have been accuſed likewiſe as an Enemy to Parliaments: No, I underſtand them and the benefit that comes by them too well to be ſo; But I did miſlike the miſgovernments of ſome Parliaments many ways, and I had good reaſon for it; for *Corruptio optimi eſt peſſima*, there is no corruption in the World ſo bad, as that which is of the beſt thing in it ſelf: for the better the thing is in nature, the worſe it is, corupted. And that being the higheſt Court, over which no other hath juriſdiction, when tis miſ-informed or miſgoverned, the Subject is left without all remedy. But I have done, I forgive all the World, all and every of thoſe bitter Enemies which have perſecuted me, and humbly deſire to be forgiven of God firſt, and then of every man, whether I have offended him or not, if he do but conceive that I have. Lord do thou forgive me, and I beg forgiveneſs of him, And ſo I heartily deſire you to joyn in Prayer with me.

O *Eternal God and merciful Father, look down upon me in mercy, in the riches and fulneſs of all thy mercies look upon me; but not till thou haſt nailed my ſins to the Croſs of Chriſt, not till thou haſt bathed me in the blood of Chriſt, not till I have hid my ſelf in the wounds of Chriſt: that ſo the puniſhment due unto my ſins may paſs over me. And ſince thou art pleaſed to try me to the uttermoſt, I humbly beſeech thee give me now in this great inſtant, full patience, proportionable comfort, and a heart ready to dye for thy honour, the Kings happineſs, and this Churches preſervation. And my zeal to theſe (far from Arrogancy be it ſpoken) is all the ſin (human frailties excepted, and all incidents thereto) which is yet known to me in this particular for which I now come to ſuffer; I ſay in this particular of Treaſon; but otherwiſe my ſins are many and great: Lord pardon them all, and thoſe eſpecially (what ever they are) which have drawn down this preſent judgment upon me: and when thou haſt given me ſtrength to bear it, do with me as ſeems beſt in thine own eyes: and carry me through death that I may look upon it in what viſage ſoever it ſhall appear to me,* Amen. *And that there may be a ſtop of this iſſue of blood, in this more than miſerable Kingdom,* (I ſhall deſire that I may pray for the People too, as well as for my ſelf) O *Lord, I beſeech thee, give grace of repentance to all Blood-thirſty People; but if they will not repent,* O *Lord confound all their devices, defeat and fruſtrate all their deſigns and endeavours upon them, which are or ſhall be contrary to the Glory of thy great Name, the truth and ſincerity of Religion, the eſtabliſhment of the King and his poſterity after him in their juſt rights and Priviledges, the honour and conſervation of Parliaments in their juſt power, the preſervation of this poor Church in her truth, peace, and patri-*

patrimony, and the ſettlement of this diſtracted and diſtreſſed People under their ancient Laws, and in their native Liberties. And when thou haſt done all this in meer mercy for them, O Lord, fill their hearts with thankfulneſs, and with Religious dutiful obedience to thee and thy Commandments all their days: So Amen, *Lord Jeſus* Amen, *and receive my Soul into thy Boſom* Amen. Our Father which art in Heaven, *&c.*

January the 11*th.* Sir *Henry Gage* Governour of *Oxford* marched thence with a party of horſe and foot towards *Abingdon* with intention to raiſe a Fort at *Cullom* bridg, but *Brown* (having treacherous notice of the deſign) was prepared accordingly, which begat a hot skirmiſh, wherein the Rebels loſt Major *Bradbury*, and at leaſt 30 others ſlain, and on His Majeſties part not above 7 common Soldiers; but by great misfortune Sir *Henry Gage* himſelf marching in the front of his men did here receive a fatalſhot, whereof within few hours after he dyed. His Body was afterwards interred at *Oxford* with funebrious exequies and ſolemnities anſwerable to his merits; who having done His Majeſty ſpecial ſervice, was (whilſt living) generally beloved, and dead is ſtill univerſally lamented. His daily refreſhed memory makes me treſpaſs on the Readers patience with this

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ELEGY

Upon the never-enough lamented Death of

Sir *HENRY GAGE*,

the moſt deſired Governour of

OXFORD.

So Titus *called was*, The Worlds delight,
And ſtraight-way dy'd; The envious Siſters ſpight
Still the great favourite: The darling head
Unto the Fates is always forfeited.
Our Life's a Chaſe, where (tho the whole Herd fly)
The goodlyeſt Deer is ſingled out to dye.
And as in Beaſts, the fatteſt ever bleeds:
So amongſt men, he that doth braveſt deeds.
He might have liv'd, had but a Coward fear
Kept him ſecurely ſculking in the rear:
Or like ſome ſucking Colonel, whoſe edg
Durſt not advance a foot from a thick hedg:
Or like the wary Skippon, *had ſo ſure*
A ſuit of Arms, he might (beſieg'd) endure:
Or like the politick Lords, of different skill,
Who thought a Saw-pit ſafer, or a Hill;
Whoſe valour in two Organs too did lye
Diſtinct; the ones in's ear, th'others in his eye.
Puppets of War! Thy name ſhall be divine,
And happily augment the number Nine,
But that the Heroes, and the Muſes ſtrive

To

To own thee dead, who wert them all, alive.
Such an exact compoſure was in thee,
Neither exceeding Mars, *nor* Mercury.
Twas juſt, tho hard, thou ſhouldſt dye Governour
Of th' Kings chief Fort of Learning, and of War.
Thy death was truly for thy Garriſon,
Thou dy'dſt projecting her Redemption.
What unto Baſing *twice (ſucceſſeful ſpirit)*
Was done, th'haſt effected here in merit.
The Bridg was broken down: The Fort alone
GAGE was himſelf, the firſt and the laſt ſtone.
Go burn thy Faggots Brown; *and grieve thy Rage*
Lets thee out-live the gentle graſp of GAGE.
And when thou read'ſt in thy Britanicus
The boaſted ſtory of his death, ſay thus:
The Valour I have ſhewn in this, was Crime,
And *GAGES* Death will brand me to all Time.

In this month a fair new Ship called the *John of London* belonging to the *Eaſt-India* Merchants, was brought to *Briſtol* (by the Loyalty of Capt. *Mucknell* and the reſt of the Officers and Mariners of the Ship) for His Majeſties ſervice, wherein were 26 pieces of Ordnance mounted, 17000. *l.* in Mony, beſides ſome other good Commodities. For which good ſervice the ſaid Captain *Mucknell* had the honour to be the firſt Knight that ever the Prince of *Wales* made.

And within a few days after another Ship called *the Fame of London*, (of burthen 450 Tuns, with 28 pieces of Ordnance mounted) was by Tempeſt forced into *Dartmouth*, where ſhe was ſeiſed on for His Majeſties ſervice, as lawful prize, being bound for *Dover* or *London*. The Ship had been abroad 4 years, and was now returning homewards from the

the *West-Indies*, laden with Bullion, Oyl, Couchaneille, and other rich Commodities, to the value of 40000*l.* at leaſt.

January the 30*th.* The Treaty began at *Uxbridg*, wherein the candour of His Majeſties reall intentions and deſires of Peace was very perſpicuous: For His Majeſty did not only Arm his Commiſſioners or any ten of them with a very large and powerful Commiſſion to treat of, conclude and ſettle a firm Peace in all His Dominions, but did alſo by Proclamation appoint a ſolemn Faſt on the 5*th.* day of *February* then next for a bleſſing on that Treaty, with a Form of Common-Prayer ſet forth by His Majeſties ſpecial Command to be uſed in all Churhes and Chappels within this Kingdom. One of which Prayers drawn by His Majeſties ſpecial direction and dictate, I here afford the Reader.

The Prayer.

O *Moſt merciful Father, Lord God of Peace and Truth, we a People ſorely afflicted by the ſcourge of an unnatural War, do here earneſtly beſeech Thee, to command a Bleſſing from Heaven upon this preſent Treaty, begun for the eſtabliſhment of an happy Peace. Soften the moſt obduarte hearts with a true Chriſtian deſire af ſaving thoſe mens blood, for whom Chriſt himſelf hath ſhed His. Or if the guilt of our great ſins cauſe this Treaty to break off in vain, Lord let the Truth clearly appear, who thoſe men are, which under pretence of the Publick good do purſue their own private ends; that this People may be no longer ſo blindly miſerable, as not to ſee, at leaſt in this their Day, the things that belong unto their Peace. Grant this gracious God, for his ſake who is our Peace it ſelf, even Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.* Amen.

February

Febrùary the 9*th*. Sir *Walter Haſtings* Governour of *Portland* Caſtle for His Majeſty, took the great Fort at *Weymouth*, and within two day after Sir *Lewis Dives* took the middle Fort and Town of *Weymouth*, and in a skirmiſh there ſlew Major *Sydenham* (a forward Rebel) with ſome others. This Town and Forts were not many days held by His Majeſties Forces, but were as unfortunately loſt, as happily gained.

February the 15*th*. *Rowdon* houſe neer *Chippenham* in *Wiltſhire* (after 9 days ſiege) was taken by His Majeſties Forces, and in it 120 good Horſe, above 200 Foot, with their Arms and proviſions, Col. *Stevens* the Mock-ſheriff of *Glouceſterſhire*, ſix Captains, and above 20 inferiour Officers, all at mercy.

February the 20*th*. The Lord *Macguire*, an Iriſh Baron, was executed by the common hangman at Tyburn by command of the Members at *Weſtminſter*. In the Hiſtory of which execution recorded in many of their own Pamphlets written then and upon that ſubject, the Reader may obſerve two Queſtions asked by Mr. *Gibbs*, one of the Sheriffs of *London*, and anſwered by that Lord the very inſtant before his death; The firſt was, Whether he knew of any Commiſſion the King had granted to the Iriſh Rebels, for the commotion they had raiſed in their Country? he anſwered, *That he never knew nor heard of any*. The ſecond was, Whether there was not ſome agreement made by the Iriſh Commiſſioners, before the Rebellion firſt brake out with the Recuſants of *England*? He anſwered, *That to his knowledg, there was never an one in* England, *either Catholick or Proteſtant, that knew of it, but one, and he was an Iriſh man, and a Proteſtant, and he came to*

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the knowledg of it but by chance, not as he was an actor in it.

Out of which, and out of that delivered by the Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury* on the Scaffold immediately before his death, the World may evidently ſee His Majeſty irrefragably cleared, by two acts of the Rebels own cruelty, from two of the moſt ſcandalous aſperſions, by which the malice of theſe forging Rebels hath from time to time endeavcured to make His ſacred Majeſty odious to His People. *Salutem ex inimicis noſtris*, may the King well ſay, ſeeing his Enemies actions turned to his juſtification, quite contrary to their intendments. The firſt was *an imagined inclination in His Majeſty to Popery*; The ſecond, *a pretended commiſſionating of the Iriſh Rebellion.* In the firſt, the Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*. In this, the Lord *Macguire*, both at their very dying hours, have rendred His Majeſty as innocent, as the Rebels intended him odious. I ſay innocent, becauſe we know the worſt of Rebels cannot but credit thoſe Perſons eſpecially teſtifying at ſuch time when they were immediately after to give an account of all their actions to the knower of all hearts. Nor can any one believe, but the Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury* (who was daily converſant with His Majeſty in matters of Religion) muſt needs know the very depth of his heart therein; And the Lord *Macguire* (who was privy to the firſt motion of the Iriſh Rebellion) muſt likewiſe of neceſſity have known of the Kings Commiſſion, if any ſuch thing had been.

February the 22*d*. The Treaty at *Uxbridg*, was broken up, though His Majeſty ſent a particular meſſage, and his Commiſſioners did earneſtly deſire that the ſame might be continued. In this Treaty

Treaty His Majeſties Commiſſioners condeſcended much, but thoſe of *Weſtminſter* would abate nothing of the rigour of their firſt unheard-of Propoſitions, which was the cauſe the Treaty took no better effect.

February the 22*d.* The Town of *Shrewsbury* was (by treachery in the night) delivered to Col. *Mitton* the Rebellious Governour of *Wem.* Here you may ſee the Rebels Maſter-piece, in hatching this treacherous Plot in the time of Treaty, wherein they uſed the name of Peace, only as a maſque for their deſigns, but intended nothing leſs. In this Town the Rebels did moſt barbarouſly execute 13 of His Majeſties Soldiers, which his Highneſs Prince *Rupert* did ſoon after juſtly requite, (*lege talionis*) by hanging up a like number of theirs, which he had taken without Quarter given.

February the 25*th.* Sir *Marmaduke Langdale* routed a great Body of Rebels conſiſting of at leaſt 1200 Horſe and Dragoons, commanded by Col. *Roſſiter*, a Scot, neer *Melton Mowbray*, in *Leiceſterſhire*, kill'd above 30 of them, too 46 Priſoners, with four Colours of horſe, with the loſs of Sir *John Girlington* a gallant Knight, Capt. *Gaſcoigne*, and not above 6 or 7 common Soldiers on His Majeſties part.

February the 25*th.* Col. *Roger Molineux* with a party of Horſe from *Newarke* took the Rebels Committee at *Wirkſworth* in *Darbyſhire*, where they were gathering contribution, *viz.* Mr. *Wigfall*, (Sir *John Gells* Son in Law) Mr. *Edward Charleton*, Mr. *Buxton*, Major *Molins*, Capt. *Harſtaffe*, Lieutenant *Boteler*, about 70 Troopers and Dragooners, with all their Horſe and Arms, and 400*l.* in Mony. In this action ſome of the Rebels were kill'd, where-

of

of Mr. *Sellors*, a buſie Sequeſtrator, was one, and on His Majeſties part only one man loſt.

February the 26*th*. Sir *William* and Sir *Charles Compton* (Brothers to the Noble Earl of *Northampton*) with 300 horſe routed 400 of the Rebels horſe of *Northampton* neer *Daventry* in that County, kill'd 13, wounded many, took 36 Priſoners, with 50 Horſe, and good ſtore of Arms.

In the latter end of this month, a party of His Majeſties Forces from *Hereford* took *Caſtle-ditch*, (a Garriſon of the Rebels on the borders of that County) and in it Col. *Hopton* the Governour, (Son to Sir *Richard Hopton*) his Under-officers, above 60 Foot Soldiers, with their Arms and Proviſions, and ſome Horſe.

March the 1*ſt*. *Pontfract* Caſtle (that had been long beſieged, not without much loſs to the Rebels, by frequent ſallies made by the Defendants and otherwiſe) was relieved by Sir *Marmaduke Langdale*, who there utterly defeated the Lord *Fairfax* whole Army, kill'd 300 on the place, beſides many drowned, took above 700 Priſoners, whereof 44 Officers, 22 Colours of Foot, being all the Rebels had, and 26 Standards of Horſe, with 34 double Barrels of Powder, and a proportionable quantity of Match and Bullet, and 2500 Foot Arms, beſides Horſe Arms, and other ſpoil. In this action were ſlain many of the Rebels chief Officers, as Col. *Armyn*, Col. *Thornton*, Col. *Malevery*, with others; On His Majeſties part no Officer ſlain, and but very few common Soldiers.

March the 6*th*. Sir *Charles Compton* with his Regiment of horſe took 72 Pack-horſes at *Hawford* on the borders of *Warwickſhire*, being richly laden with the Rebels wealth of *Glouceſter*, and intended for

for *London*; with theſe Sir *Charles* alſo took their Convoy of at leaſt 100 Horſe, and neer 70 Priſoners, with a Lieutenant, one Cornet and his Colours, having firſt kill'd 12 Rebels on the place, without loſs of any one man, and but one hurt.

March the *7th.* Major *Abercromy* a Rebellious Scot was ſlain neer *Stratton Audley* in *Buckinghamſhire*, and 17 of his men taken by a party from His Majeſties Gariſon of *Borſtal* houſe.

March the *14th.* Col. *Long* the high Sheriff of *Wiltſhire* with his own Regiment of horſe only, gallantly charged a great body of *Wallers* horſe neer the *Devizes*, and did good execution on them; but being much over-powered by the Rebels numbers, was at length taken Priſoner with ſome part of his Regiment; which was within few days after ſufficiently requited by the Lord *Goring*, who took above 700 of *Wallers* horſe in thoſe parts.

March the *15th.* A Party of His Majeſties horſe from *Pontfract* Caſtle fell on Colonel *Brandlings* Quarters at *Badſworth*, four miles from *Doncaſter*, took 67 Rebels Priſoners, whereof 13 Officers, 130 horſe, and 1000*l.* in Mony.

March the *18th.* The Earl of *Northampton* with his three young Brothers, (in all whom Gallantry is hereditary) routed a great Body of the Rebels horſe of *Northampton* neer *Abthorp*, kill'd neer 30 Rebels, whereof Captain *Lidcote* was one, and hurt many more, took 26 Priſoners, and this with the loſs of 5 Troopers only on His Majeſties part.

The ſame *18th.* of *March*, *Beeſton* Caſtle in *Cheſhire* (that had been bravely defended for 17 weeks before by Capt. *Valet*, and as vainly beſieged

by Prince *RUPERTS* approach into thoſe parts.

March the 24*th*. The Lower Members at *Weſtminſter* Vote the clauſe *for preſervation of His Majeſties Perſon*, to be left out in *Thomas Fairfax* his Commiſſion. Thus do the Rebels

1. Swear to live and die with their own General *Eſſex*, yet upon ſecond thoughts they diſoblige themſelves from that Oath, and caſhier him of his command.
2. Covenant to preſerve His Majeſties Perſon and Authority, and yet afterwards Authorize Sir *Thomas Fairfax* to kill him if he can.
3. They vow to maintain the Proteſtant Religion, yet condemn and diſcountenance the eſſential parts thereof, and introduce Irreligion and Prophaneſs.

Now tell me, Reader, what Tropological ſence can ſave this jugling from flat and literal Perjury? not all the addition of their Abrogative to their Legiſlative power, For this is indeed to abrogate Chriſtianity as well as Loyalty out of the World: To give leave to kill the Kings Perſon in the field, and yet to cheat men into a conceipt of preſerving His Majeſty in *William Lenthal's* Chair: To make the World believe they are Proteſtants, when they permit and authorize an illiterate Aſſembly of Non-Divines to diſcountenance the 39 Articles, diſpute about expunging the fifth Article of the Apoſtles Creed: To antiquate the Lords Prayer out of the Church Service, and turn out the long-ſetled Service of Common-Prayer out of the Church, to give way to a long winded extemporary non-ſence in the room thereof.

O tempora! O mores!

Are not theſe fine Law-makers, who violate the Laws of God and holy Church, as well as thoſe themſelves were born unto, to make way for their own *Chimeraes*? Would not any true Zelot pawn his Soul upon theſe mens Conſciences, who make no Conſcience of breaking their own Oaths? Would not any wiſe man melt his Fortunes to maintain theſe mens Cauſe, who have no cauſe for what they do? Yes, he that could be made to believe Perjury were Fidelity; Treaſon, Loyalty; Blaſphemy, Sanctity; Atheiſm, Religion; the Speakers Cuſhion, the Kings Majeſty; may likewiſe poſſibly believe that theſe Rebels intend the Churches, Kings, and Common-wealths good.

Poſt-monita.

THe Reader may take notice of two omiſſions; The firſt in *February* 1642. about which time His Majeſties Forces from *Hereford*, commanded by Sir *Richard Lawdy*, encountred the Rebels of *Glouceſter* at *Cover* on the borders of that County, routed their whole Body, kill'd and took moſt of the Rebels Commanders, and many common Soldiers, with four Drakes; yet this Victory came not off without ſome loſs, for Sir *Richard Lawdy* himſelf was here ſlain by a ſhot out of a window in *Cover* Town, with 5 common Soldiers only on His Majeſties part.

The other in the beginning of *July*, 1643. about which time Col. (now Lord) *Fermyn* with thoſe Forces that guarded Her Majeſty out of the

North, assisted by Col. *Hastings*, now Lord *Lowghborough*, took *Burton upon Trent* in *Staffordshire* by assault, wherein there was taken Col. *Houghton* the Governour, with all the inferiour Officers, above 400 common Soldiers, 8 pieces of Ordnance, and good store of Ammunition, and this done without any considerable loss.

The End.

Mercurius Belgicus:
OR,
Memorable Occurrences, in *Anno* 1645.

MARCH the 25*th.* 1645. The Lord *Goring* routed a party of the Rebels horſe at *Pitmaſter* neer *Taunton* in *Summerſetſhire*, ſlew Major *Roy* that commanded them, took 100 horſe and Arms, and about 50 Priſoners.

April the 1*ſt.* Major General Sir *John Digby* with a brigade of horſe and Dragoons beat up the Rebels Quarters at and about *Wincaunton*, took 100 Priſoners, 2 Colours, 300 horſe and as many Arms, without any conſiderable loſs on His Majeſties part.

April the 5*th.* A party of the Lord *Gorings* horſe routed Colonel *Pophams* Regiment in *Wiltſhire*, kill'd 40 of them, took Major *Car* that commanded them, with at leaſt 120 Priſoners with their horſes and Arms.

April the 14*th.* the ſiege of *High-archall* in *Shropſhire*, which had been continued by the Rebels for the ſpace of 17 days, was raiſed by themſelves: during this ſiege, the defendants commanded by Sir *Vincent Corbet* and Capt. *Armorer*, in ſeveral ſallies kill'd and took at leaſt 500 Rebels and 4 pieces of Ordnance.

April the 19*th.* A party of His Majeſties Forces from *Newark* took the Fort at *Nottingham* Bridg by *Scalado,* took ſome 50 Rebels in it (beſides an Enſign and 10 others kill'd and drowned) 30 horſe, 200 Arms, and 5 pieces of Ordnance; This Fort His Majeſties Forces held about 11 days, and then quitted it without any loſs.

April the 22*d.* Col. *Maſſeyes* Forces were totally routed by Prince *Rupert* at *Ledbury* in *Hereford-ſhire,* where above 100 of them were ſlain, Major *Backhouſe,* and neer 400 Priſoners taken, whereof 27 Officers, beſides many hundred of Arms with all their Baggage, and this done with the loſs of but 5 common Soldiers only on His Majeſties part.

April the 23*d.* Major General *Laughorne* lying at the ſiege of *Newcaſtle Emblin* in *Carmarden-ſhire,* was totally defeated by His Majeſties Forces commanded by Col. (now Lord) *Gerard,* who kill'd 200 of his men on the place, took neer 500 Priſoners, with all their Arms, Ordnance and Baggage, with the loſs only of about 26 men on His Majeſties part, and ſome hurt.

April the 24*th.* Col. *Cromwell* the *Independent* General routed a party of 200 of His Majeſties horſe neer *Oxford,* and no ſooner ſummoned *Blechington* houſe, but 'twas delivered up to him by Col. *Windebank* the Governour, who was ſoon after Condemned therefore by a Counſel of War, and executed at *Oxford* accordingly.

April the 30*th. Cromwell* aſſaulted His Majeſties Garriſon of *Farrington,* commanded as then by Lieutenant Colonel *Burges,* who defended the place with ſuch gallantry, that *Cromwell* was repulſed with the loſs of neer 200 men, beſides what were

were wounded, a Captain and ſome others alſo taken Priſoners.

May the *7th.* The Lord *Goring* routed a ſtrong party of *Cromwells* horſe near *New-bridge* betwixt *Oxford-ſhire* and *Barkſhire*, kill'd and wounded at leaſt 80, took Major *Bethell* that commanded in chief, Priſoner, with divers common Soldiers and 2 Colours.

In the beginning of this month that unheard-of cruelty was put in practiſe in and about *London* by certain perſons, men and women appointed and authorized to inveigle and intice Children from their Parents, and without their knowledge, and ſo convey them on Shipboard to be ſold and tranſported to new Plantations, the Lord knows where. This ſo much diſcontented the People, that the houſes at *Weſtminſter* were glad to diſavow the thing, and forthwith make an order againſt it.

May the *11th.* His Majeſties Forces made a gallant ſally from *Scarborough* Caſtle, wounded Sir *John Meldrum*, that commanded the ſiege, whereof he not long after dyed, ſlew Colonel *Cockeram*, Lieutenant Colonel *Stanley*, Major *Dent*, Captain *Piercy*, and 50 others, whereof moſt Commanders, and took divers Priſoners: On His Majeſties part were only ſlain Capt. *Gower* and ſome 4 common Soldiers.

Soon after Capt. *Zachary* that commanded one of the Ships in the harbour of the Rebels, Received a ſhot from the Caſtle, whereof he dyed.

May the *15th. Hawkeſley* houſe a Garriſon of the Rebels in *Worceſter-ſhire* was ſurrendred to His Majeſty, the Governour Captain *Gouge*, and 80 Soldiers ſubmitting to mercy, and the houſe afterwards ſlighted.

This done His Majeſty with his Army marched towards *Cheſter*, which had been long beſieged by Sir *William Bruerton*, but before His Majeſty came within 20 miles of it, the Rebels raiſed their ſiege.

May the 26*th*. *Maſſey* took *Eveſholme* in *Worceſterſhire* a Garriſon of His Majeſties by ſtorm, and in it Col. *Leg* the Governour, and ſome 300 common Soldiers, with the loſs only of about 20 men kill'd, but more wounded.

May the 30*th*. His Majeſties Army ſate down before *Leiceſter* and the morrow morning early took it by ſtorm, and in it the whole *Committee*. Sir *Robert Pye* and many hundred Priſoners, many horſes, much Powder, Arms and Ordnance, and great ſtore of wealth. In the aſſault on His Majeſties part were ſlain Col. St. *George* and about 80 others, but of the Rebels about 120.

The ſame day the Rebels quitted their ſeveral Garriſons of *Bagworth*, *Colehorton*, *Kirby-bellows* and *Burleigh*. Whilſt His Majeſties Army was thus buſied at *Leiceſt*. Sir *Thomas Fairfax* (the Rebels new General) lay ſome 15 days blocking up of *Oxford*, though fruitleſsly, for by ſeveral Sallies thence, he loſt many of his men, ſome kill'd, others taken Priſoners, and not a ſmall number running away, ſo that he raiſed his ſiege thence the beginning of *June*; And *June* 4. he aſſaulted *Borſtall* houſe commanded by Sir *William Campion* for His Majeſty, but was beaten off with the loſs of 300 of his men, the brave Garriſon loſing but one man, and 4 hurt.

June the 6*th*. there fell a ſtrange hail ſtorm in that part of *Liceſterſhire* which is in and about *Loughborough*, ſome of the Hailſtones were as big

as

as ſmall hens eggs, and the leaſt as big as muſquet bullets: it deſtroyed the Corn and did much hurt in that part of the Country were it fell.

June the 9*th*. His Majeſties Forces encountred a body of Rebels near *Stokeſey* in *Shorp-ſhire*, but being over-powred, were forced to retreat with the loſs of Sir *William Croft*, a gallant Gentleman, and ſome others.

June the 14*th*. Was that fatal Battle at *Naesby-Down* in *Northamptonſhire*, where His Majeſties Army (till then victorious) was now by the incertainty of War much worſted, his foot, Ordnance and Baggage moſt loſt. In this battel, Sir *Peter Brown*, Sir *Thomas Dalliſon*, Gol. *Bawd*, Major *Wilſon*, and Capt. *Thorold* on His Majeſties part were ſlain, the whole number on both ſides ſlain was conceived not to exceed 400. but more wounded. Above all the Rebels cruelty was remarkable in killing upon cold Blood at leaſt 100 Women, whereof ſome of quality, being Commanders Wives, and this done under pretence that they were Iriſh Women.

June the 18*th*. *Leiceſter* was re-taken by the Rebels upon Articles that His Majeſties Soldiers within ſhould march away, the Officers with horſes and Arms, and the common Soldiers without, which Agreement was moſt perfidiouſly broken by the Rebels.

The ſame 18*th*. of *June* a party from *Newark* commanded by Capt. *Wright* routed 200 of the Rebels horſe at *Riby* in *Lincolnſhire*, ſlew their Commander in chief, Lieutenant Col. *Harrington*, with ſome others, and took 50 Priſoners, with their horſe and Arms.

June the 28*th*. The City of *Carliſle* was delivered to the Scots (after it had been gallantly defended 42. weeks

42 weeks by Sir *Thomas Glenham* and Sir *Henry Stradling*, the Governour of the City and Citadel) upon very honourable conditions, to march away with Arms, Bag and Baggage, Colours flying, drums beating, *&c.*

July the *4th.* Sir *William Vaughan* with a party of horſe beat up the Rebels Quarters near *Bramcroft* Caſtle in *Shropſhire*, took 50 Priſoners and 80 horſe. And next morning *July* 5. (having received ſome more ſupplies from His Majeſties Garriſons in thoſe parts) marched to *Higharchall*, then a ſecond time beſieged by the Rebels, and behaved himſelf ſo gallantly that he totally routed the beſiegers, kill'd 100 on the place, and took 400 Priſoners, with all their Baggage and Carriages, without any conſiderable loſs.

July the *10th.* A brigade of the Lord *Gorings* Army being put to guard a paſs at *Langport* in *Somerſetſhire* were over-powered by the Rebels and ſo forced to a diſorderly retreat with the loſs of 300 men kill'd and taken, but above all, here that gallant and reſolute Genleman Sir *John Digby* received a hurt, whereof he not long after dyed.

July the *16th. Chippenham* a new erected Garriſon of the Rebels in *Wiltſhire* was taken by Col. *James Long*, and in it 100 Priſoners, 300 Arms, and about 20 Rebels ſlain.

The ſame day a Party from *Newark* ſurpriſed *Welbeck* houſe, took 200 Priſoners in it, 3 pieces of Cannon, and above 300 Arms.

July the *21ſt. Pontefract* Caſtle, after above three months ſiege, and many notable ſallies, was delivered to the Rebels by Col. *Lowder* the Governour, upon honourable conditions.

July

July the 22*d*. *Bridgwater* was taken by Sir *Thomas Fairfax* by aſſault, not without much loſs of blood to the aſſailants, and of goods to ther poor Towns-People.

July the 25*th*. The ſtrong Caſtle of *Scarborough* after long ſiege was delivered to the Rebels by Sir *Hugh Cholmley* upon condition to march away, *&c.*

Auguſt the 1*ſt*. A party of His Majeſties Forces from *Newark* took *Torkeſey* houſe in *Lincolnſhire* by *Scalado*, and in it 140 Priſoners, and about 8 of the Garriſon ſlain, and but two men on His Majeſties part.

Aug. the 8*th*. Capt. *Allen* a forward Rebel and his whole Troop were taken on the borders of *Lincolnſhire* by a party from *Belvoire* Caſtle.

Aug. the 15*th*. *Sherburne* Caſtle in *Somerſetſhire* after much battery was won by aſſault, and Sir *Lewis Dives* the Governour taken Priſoner. In this action the Rebels loſt Major *Dove*, 5 Captains, and many common Soldiers.

Aug. the 17*th*. The moſt noble and gallant Marqueſs of *Montroſſe* utterly defeated an Army conſiſting of at leaſt 12000. Rebels in *Kilſeith* field near *Glaſcow* in *Scotland*, ſlew 3500 on the place, took their bag, and baggage and Ordnance, with 2000 Priſoners, and the next day the Marqueſs received the ſubmiſſion of 9 Lords in behalf of His Majeſty, and in a manner became Maſter of all *Scotland*.

Aug. the 24*th*. His Majeſties Forces took *Huntington*, (after a ſmall skirmiſh, wherein Capt. *Bennet* and ſome other Rebels were ſlain.) In this Town were taken 400 Horſe, 200 Priſoners, and good ſtore of Arms.

Aug.

Aug. the 31*ſt.* A party from *Newarke* marched as far as *Barton* upon *Humber*, and there took Sir *Alexander Hope* a Scot, with his two Brothers, and ſome other conſiderable Priſoners, with a good booty in mony and jewels, and brought all ſafe to *Newarke.*

Sept. the 2*d.* The Scots (that had lain 5 weeks before *Hereford*) ſuddenly raiſed their ſiege, by reaſon of His Majeſties approach with his Army into thoſe parts. During the time of this Siege were ſlain of the Scots, Major General *Crawford*, and Lieutenant Col. *Gurdon*, with at leaſt 600 common Soldiers. At this ſiege was alſo ſlain Doctor *Scudamore*, but on His Majeſties part no conſiderable number, nor any conſiderable perſon loſt.

Sept. 6*th.* His Majeſties Forces From *Oxford* beat up the Rebels Quarters at *Tame*, kill'd divers, took Priſoners Adjutant General *Pride*, with divers other Officers and common Soldiers. They alſo took 3 Colours and above 200 Horſe, and this done with the loſs only of Captain *Gardiner* a gallant young Gentleman, and ſome few more on His Majeſties part.

Sept. the 9*th.* Maſter *Stroud*, one of the five Members, and one of the principal promoters of theſe troubles, dyed of a peſtilential Fever, to ſay no worſe of it.

Sept. the 11*th.* *Briſtol* was delivered upon Conditions by Prince *Rupert* after about three weeks ſiege, part of the City was won by aſſault; which as the Rebels gained not without ſome loſs, ſo was their loſs, no ways equivalent to the importance of the place. During this Siege, in Sallies, and in defending the Aſſault, His Majeſty loſt four eminent perſons, (*viz.*) Sir *Bernard Aſhley*, Sir *Richard Crane*,

Crane, Colonel *Taylor*, and Major *Garneer* a Frenchman.

Sept. the 13*th.* A Brigade of the Marqueſs of *Montroſs* his Forces received a defeat at *Philip-haugh* in *Tividale* in *Scotland*, wherein the Lord *Ogleby* and ſome others of note were taken Priſoners, and ſome ſlain. This was the firſt clear defeat that ever that noble Marqueſs, or any conſiderable part of his Army received ſince the beginning of this War.

September 22*d.* The Caſtle of the *Devizes* in *Wiltſhire* was ſurrendred to the Rebels upon Conditions, *&c.*

Sept. the 24*th.* 5000 of His Majeſties horſe encountred a greater Body of the Rebels at *Routon-heath* near *Weſtcheſter*, then beſieged. In this Battel His Majeſties Army was worſted, having loſt that gallant Gentleman, the Lord *Bernard Steward*, Earl of *Lichfield*, and ſome others. The Rebels here (as in moſt other places) loſt no men of Quality, having very few or none in their Army to loſe.

September the 26*th. Barckley* Caſtle in *Glouceſterſhire* was ſurrendred to the Rebels upon Conditions, *&c.*

October the 1*ſt. Sandall* Caſtle in *York-ſhire* was likewiſe delivered to the Rebels, after a long ſiege, upon Conditions, *&c.*

October the 6*th. Wincheſter* Caſtle was likewiſe delivered upon compoſition, *&c.*

October the 14*th. Baſing* houſe was taken by ſtorm, the defendants not having a ſufficient number within to man their works, the noble Marqueſs of *Wincheſter* (that had ſo long and gallantly defended this his own houſe) was here taken Priſoner with about 200 others, and at leaſt 100 of the defendants

fendants ſlain, many whereof in cold blood, not without ſome loſs to the Aſſailants.

October the 15*th.* A Brigade of His Majeſties horſe marchimg Northward under command of the Lord *Digby*, and Sir *Marmaduke Langdale* ſurprized 800 of the Rebels foot at *Sherborne* in *Yorke-ſhire*, but before they had diſpoſed of the Priſoners and their Arms, a freſh party encountred them, reſcued the Priſoners, diſordered His Majeſties Forces, ſlew Sir *Richard Hutton*, and ſome others.

October the 16*th.* *Tiverton* Caſtle in *Devonſhire* taken by aſſault by Sir *Thomas Fairfax*'s Forces, the Governour and the reſt within all at mercy, *&c.*

October the 27*th.* *Shelford* houſe in *Nottinghamſhire* was taken by the Rebels by ſtorm, the valiant Governour Col. *Stanhop* defended it, even to the laſt man, himſelf and near 200 others were ſlain by the Mercileſs Rebels after they were entered the houſe, having firſt loſt about 60 of their men in the aſſault.

November the 5*th.* *Boulton* Caſtle in *Yorke-ſhire* hat had been long and gallantly defended by Colonel *Scroop* the Governour and owner of it, was ſurrendred to the Rebels upon Conditions, *&c.*

Novemb. the 16*th.* *Beeſton* Caſtle in *Cheſhire* (after long ſiege) was likewiſe ſurrendred to the Rebels upon Conditions.

Novemb. the 22*d.* The ſtables and outworks of *Belvoir* Caſtle were gained by ſtorm, in which action the Rebels loſt 100 of their men and more wounded, the defendants retreating all into the Caſtle with the loſs of 2 men only ſlain and ſome few hurt.

December

December the 1*ſt*. The houſe of *Commons* at *Weſtminſter* Vote the King to confer ſeveral honours upon ſeveral Members of each houſe, and (*inter alios*) a *Dukedom* on the Earl of *Eſſex* and the Heirs Males of his body lawfully begotten, *&c.*

The ſame 1*ſt*. of *December* a party of His Majeſties Forces from *Aſhby de la zouch* took a Troop of horſe and ſome foot Soldiers conveying certain Rebels goods from *Darby* to *Leiceſter*.

December ihe 4*th*. *Latham* houſe (that had ſo long and gallantly defended it ſelf, and ſo often offended the Rebels) was ſurrendred to them upon conditions, *&c.*

December the 5*th*. His Majeſty ſent to the *Parliament* at *Weſtminſter* to deſire that the D. of *Richmond*, E. of *Southampton*, Mr. *Aſhburnham*, and Mr. *Palmer*, might have a ſafe Conduct to bring Propoſitions of Peace.

December the 18*th*. His Majeſty ſent a ſecond Letter, with the moſt powerful perſwaſions imaginable, that a ſafe Conduct might be granted according to his deſire in his former Letter, but both had one denial in a Letter of the 25*th*. of *Dec.*

December the 18*th*. The Loyal City of *Hereford* was by the perfidiouſneſs of ſome within, and the bribery of others without, delivered up to the Rebels without any ſiege, or almoſt any bloodſhed, whereby the perſons and goods of many Gentlemen of quality and other loyal Subjects fell into the hands of the mercileſs Victors.

December the 22*d*. The *Lords* at *Weſtminſter* (to the eternal diſhonour of that Houſe) put it to the Vote, Whether *Chriſtmas* day ſhould be kept or no? For truly to blot out that, and the memory of *Chriſts* Paſſion, is the neareſt way to introduce *Judaiſm*.

Decemb

Decemb. the 26*th.* His Majeſty ſent a third meſſage, wherein he offered to repair perſonally to *London* for concluding a Peace, but this found no better acceptance than the two former.

Decemb. the 29*th.* His Majeſty ſent anſwer to the *Parliaments* Letter of the 25. of this month, and did then again uſe the beſt perſwaſions he could to beget in them admittance of a Perſonal Treaty; both which laſt received a denial from the Parliament by a Letter dated *Jan.* 13. 1645.

January the 1*ſt.* The *Newarkers* (to welcome in the New year) made a gallant ſally upon General *Pointz* his Quarters at *Stoke,* kill'd and took above 220. with good ſtore of Arms and other Booty, without any valuable loſs.

Jan. the 14*th.* His Majeſty ſent a fifth Meſſage, inviting to *Peace.*

January the 17*th.* His Majeſty ſent Anſwer to the *Parliaments* Letter of the 13*th.* of *January,* with many gracious expreſſions of his deſire of *Peace.*

Jan. the 18*th. Dartmouth* was taken by Sir *Thomas Fairfax,* part of it by ſtorm, and other part by Compoſition.

Jan. the 20*th.* Sir *John Cansfield* with a party of horſe from *Oxford* beat up the Rebels Quarters at *Marlborough,* took Col. *Ayres,* the Rebels Governour of the *Devizes,* Mr. *Goddard* a Committee-man, Cap. *White* their Commiſſary General, 3 Troops of Horſe, 100 Foot Soldiers, with good ſtore of Arms and Ammunition, with the loſs of but 3 or 4 men ſlain, and not many hurt.

The ſame day a party from *Aſhby-de-la Zouche* took *Aſtley Caſtle* in *Warwickſhire,* by *Scalado,* and in it the Governour, with ſome 30 others, with good ſtore of Arms.

Jan.

Jan. the 24*th.* His Majeſty ſent a ſeventh Letter in fuller Anſwer of the *Parliaments* Letter of the 13*th.* of this month, with earneſt deſire of a ſatisfactory Anſwer to his former Letters, the aim of all which ſtill levelled at the peace and welfare of this bleeding Kingdom.

Jan. the 29*th.* His Majeſty ſent an eighth Letter to the *Parliament*, with many gracious condeſcendings for Peace, but their ears were ſtill deaf to ſuch pious motions.

Jan. the 30*th.* A party from *Ragland* Caſtle commanded by the Lord *Charles Sommerſet*, took the Town of *Carlion* in *Monmouth-ſhire*, wherein were 200 of the Rebels Foot Soldiers, and a Troop of Horſe, ſome of which were ſlain, others drowned, and the reſt taken Priſoners.

Feb. the 1*ſt.* The ſame party alſo took the Town of *Newport* in that County, after a ſharp fight, wherein 200 Rebels fell, agd as many were taken Priſoners in the Town, His Majeſties Forces in this action not loſing one man, but had about 30 wounded.

Feb. the 3*d.* *Belvoir* Caſtle that had been defended for near three months by Sir *Gervas Lucas* was now ſurrendred to the Rebels upon Honourable Conditions to march away, with Bag and Baggage, &c.

The ſame 3*d.* of *Feb.* *Weſtcheſter* that had been gallantly defended by the Lord *Byron* above five months was likewiſe ſurrendred upon Conditions to march away, *&c.*

Feb. the 6*th.* *Dunſter* Caſtle in *Sommerſetſhire*, that had been long beſieged by the Rebels, was relieved by that try'd Soldier Major General *Webb.*

Feb. the 7*th.* A party of His Majeſties Forces entred the Town of *Warham* in *Dorſetſhire*, took Col. *Butler* the Governor, two Committee men, and ſome others, and thence marched to *Corf* Caſtle then beſieged, which they relieved, took a Mortar-Peice of the Rebels, and made a ſafe Retreat without any Loſs.

Feb. the 15*th.* A little but ſharp encounter hapned between a party of His Majeſties Forces from *Titbury* Caſtle, and a like party of Rebels from *Barton* houſe in *Darbyſhire*, wherein after above half an hours diſpute, ſome ſlain and many hurt on each ſide, the Rebels were Routed and many of them taken Priſoners.

Feb. the 18*th.* A party of Rebels near *Uttoxeter* in *Staffordſhire*, were routed by His Majeſties Forces, who ſlew Captain *Watſon* their Commander in chief, with Captain *Hard-ſtaffe* and divers others, and took 60 Priſoners, but more Horſes and good ſtore of Arms. In this action His Majeſty loſt Captain *Sares* only of Note and three Troopers.

Feb. 26*th.* His Majeſty ſent a ninth Letter to *Weſtminſter* to deſire an Anſwer of his former Letters, ſtill preſſing for Peace.

Feb. 16*th.* The ſtrong Caſtle of *Corf* which had been lately relieved, was delivered into the hands of the Rebels by the Treachery and perfidiouſneſs of one Lieutenant Colonel *Pitman.*

March the 2*d.* A party of His Majeſties Forces from *Oxford* entred the Town of *Abbington*, ſeiſed upon the Ordnance and Magazin, yet for want of a ſufficient ſupply were forced to retreat with ſome Priſoners, and few ſlain on either ſide.

March

March the 12*th.* The Lord *Hopton* being much overpowered by the Rebels in the Weſt was neceſſitated to accept of Conditions for the disbanding his Army, *&c.*

March the 21*ſt.* the Lord *Aſhley* commanding a Brigade of horſe and foot from *Worceſter-ſhire* which were intended for *Oxford*, were ſet upon by an aggregate body of the Rebels on the edg of *Glouceſterſhire* and defeated, the foot moſt taken with my Lord himſelf and ſome of the horſe, the remainder eſcaped and got to *Oxford.* Thus had His Majeſty two Armies defeated in leſs than a fortnight, yet we are confident when Almighty God hath ſufficiently puniſh'd the ſins of this Nation, he will in his good time reſtore a pious King to his juſt rights, and his bleeding Kingdoms to peace and union in deſpight of all Sectaries and Opponents.

March the 23*d. His Majeſty* (never weary in acting any thing tending to Peace) ſent his tenth Meſſage to this effect, *That in caſe he might have the faith of his two houſes of Parliament for the preſervation of his Honour, perſon, and eſtate, and that liberty might be given to all thoſe that do and have adhered to His Majeſty, to enjoy their Eſtates, without any ſequeſtration, or being compelled to take any Oaths, not enjoined by Law, he would then disband his forces, diſmantle his Garriſons, return to and reſide with his two Houſes of Parliament*, &c. And could more be offered by, or expected from a Gracious King? If the Ears of the Parliament continue deaf to ſo reaſonable a motion, the World will eaſily perceive their intentions are not conform to their often profeſſions: And His Majeſty will be abundantly cleared before God and man for any enſuing miſeries that ſhall (by want of an Accommodation) befal theſe Kingdoms, whereunto God of his goodneſs afford *Peace* and *Truth.*

Reader,

THere remains now nothing to compleat this ſhort ſad ſtory, but a Catalogue of the Perſons of Note ſlain in theſe laſt four years, (not to ſpeak of thoſe many thouſands of inferiour Rank) which may well challenge even from an adamantine heart the tribute of a bleeding eye, the rather, ſince there's hardly any ſtory can parallel theſe calamities, which if truly reſented, will exact from all good Chriſtians an earneſt and continual ſupplication, that Almighty God would pleaſe to avert his anger from us, and ſet a period to theſe diſtractions.

A Catalogue of the Names of all, or the moſt part of the Lords, Knights, and men of Quality ſlain or Executed by Law-Martial on both ſides, ſince the beginning of this Unnatural War, to the 25*th.* of *March*, 1646.

On His Majeſties part ſlain,

EArl of *Lindſey.*
Earl of *Northampton.*
Earl of *Carnarvon.*
Earl of *Sunderland.*
Earl of *Litchfield.*
Earl of *Kingſtone.*
Marqueſs *de Vieuville*, a French man.
Lord Viſcount *Faulkland*
Lord *d' Aubigny.*
Lord *John Steward.*
Lord *Grandiſon.*
Lord *Cary*, eldeſt Son to the E. of *Monmouth.*
An Outlandiſh Lord ſlain at *Nottingham*, who was a near kinſman to the Prince of *Orange.*

Sir *Edmon. Verney.*
Sir *Bevill Grenvile.*
Sir *Nicholas Slanning.*
Sir *Richard Lawdy.*
Sir *Ingram Hopton.*
Sir *William Butler.*
Sir *William Clark.*
Sir *Thomas Metham.*
Sir *Anthony Maunſell.*
Sir *Anthony St. Leger.*
Sir *Henry Gage.*
Sir *John Girlington.*
Sir *William Mainwaring.*
Sir *John Digby.*
Sir *William Crofts.*
Sir *John Smith.*
Sir *Thomas Gardiner* and his Brother.
Sir *Peter Brown.*
Sir *Thomas Dalliſon.*
Sir *Bernard Aſhley.*
Sir *Richard Crane.*
Sir *Richard Hutton.*
Sir *Gilbert Gerard.*
Sir *William Wentworth.*

Sir *Cha. Blunt* by Mutiny.
Sir *Jo. Scudamore* in a Duel,
Colonel *Blague.* } Exe-
Col. *Windebank.* } cu-
Sir *Joh. Cademan.* } ted,
by Martial Law: The firſt for Treachery, the ſecond for Cowardiſe, and the third Beheaded at *Briſtol* for killing an Officer there

Col. *Howard.*
Col. *Lunsford.*
Col. *Trevanian.*
Col. *Morgan.*
Col. *Eure.*
Col. *Cavendiſh.*
Col. *Townley.*
Col. *Herve.*
Col. *Ferdinando Stanhop* and Col. *Stanhop*, Sons to the Earl of *Cheſterfield.*
Col. *Marrow.*
Col. *Prideaux.*
Col. *Mynne.*
Col. *Manning.*
Col. *Slaughter.*
Col. *Bernard.*
Col. *S. George.*
Col. *Taylor.*
Col. *Bawd.*
Col. *Carnaby.*
Col. *Bentall.*
Lieut. Col. *Markham.*
Maſter *Sackvile*, Son to the Earl of *Dorſet.*

Perſons

Perſons of Note ſlain on the Parliaments part: where the Reader may obſerve, that as His Majeſty had on his ſide ten Gentlemen at leaſt for every one on their ſide; it muſt by conſequence follow, that he muſt loſe many more of Note than they.

THe Lord *S. John*, eldeſt Son to the E. of *Bullingbrook*.
Lord *Brook*.
Sir *Charles Eſſex*.
Sir *William Fairfax*.
Sir *Charles Fairfax*.
Sir *John Meldrum*.
Major Gen. *Crawford*.
Col. *John Hampden*, one of the 5. Members.
Col. *Sands*.
Col. *Armyne*.
Col. *Thornton*.
Col. *Liſter*.
Col. *Meldrum*.
Col. *Malevory*.
Col. *Cockeram*.
Lieutenant Col. *Stanley*.
Lieut. Col. *Quarles*.
Lieut. Col. *Harrington*.
Lieut. Col. *Gurdon*.
Major *Dowglas*.
Doctor *Scudamore*.

Executed on the Parliaments ſide by Law-Martial, (not to ſpeak of the E. of *Strafford* and the Arch-Biſhop of *Cant.*)

Sir *Alexander Carew.*
Sir *John Hotham* and his Son.
Maſter *Tomkins.*
Maſter *Chaloner.*
} At LONDON.

Maſter *Bourchier.*
Maſter *Yomans.*
} At BRISTOLL.

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